BRITANNIA

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BRITANNIA

is edited and published at Inveresk House, Strand, London.

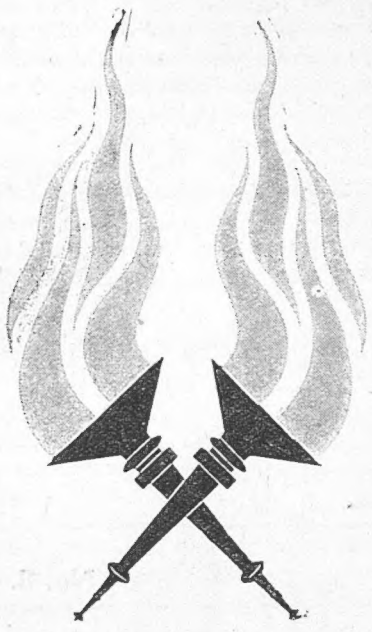
Telephone: City 1522 (16 lines). *Telegrams: "Flamtorch," Rand, London.*

Governing Director: Gilbert Frankau. Editor: Crawfurd Price. Business Manager: Wm. W. J. Studd

This paper is registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage: British Isles, 1½d. per copy: Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: other places abroad, 3d.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE FLARE of THE TORCHES



By GILBERT FRANKAU

WHAT *IS* THIS DE-RATING?

ANY man who starts a paper with the avowed object of writing "the truth as he sees it" lays himself open to the bitterest accusations. And because the main accusation launched against me since the inception of BRITANNIA has been that I am a "destructionist," it is not without some diffidence that I again attack those now in authority over us for a measure which I have already described as "sired by Undue Haste out of Political Consternation," and which, in the opinion of every expert who has taken the trouble to examine it thoroughly, will do this country of ours an infinity of harm.

I refer to the present Government's De-rating proposals; one of the main planks in its next Election programme; but a plank of such poor wood that only a Johnny-Head-in-Air would dare tread it across the abyss of unemployment which is Great Britain's greatest danger to-day.

THESE proposals, as apart from the complicated Bill now before the Commons, are in their essence simple ones. The new petrol tax is estimated to bring in the sum of £29,000,000. This sum, *but not a stiver more than this sum*, is to be applied to the relief of the rates on "all buildings occupied in an industrial capacity"—the relief granted being 75 per cent. of the rates.

The term "buildings occupied in an industrial capacity" was originally qualified by a clause which has so far baffled everybody except the people who drafted it; and Mr. Churchill in his Budget speech made an equally baffling reference to "the classifying of areas." But the proposals themselves, in so far as single-minded people like myself are concerned, still boil down to the easy slogan "seventy-five per cent., fifteen shillings in the pound sterling, off all industrial rates."

Now this, at first thought, seems good business for British industry. A factory paying £100,000 in rates will get a reduction of £75,000; will either add that £75,000 to its profits or use it to reduce selling prices—and so reach Utopia at a single bound.

It was this first thought about the proposals, no doubt, which induced a certain section of our Press, some months back, to hail de-rating as "the first real attempt to help our depressed industries." And it is again not without diffidence that I attack the Press in question for having so long left its readers in the comfortable delusion that our depressed industries will benefit from this preposterous scheme.

OUR depressed industries, as a matter of cold fact, will hardly benefit at all from it. Our prosperous industries will get a bonus (less 4s. in the £ income tax), for which they have not asked, and which will not be sufficient to lower their prices to the consumer. And the bulk of our ratepayers, the occupiers of shops, dwelling houses and offices, may find their rates mounting by four, five, and even ten shillings to the pound sterling, if the present Government gets its way.

This statement is indubitable; and can be proved to you, if you will only have the patience to follow me, in a few lines. For the purpose of this proof we need only three figures, all of them supplied by the Treasury, and a little study of a Bill conveniently forgotten by the propagandists of the present proposals, "The Rating and Valuation Act, 1925."

NOW the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925, shorn of its legal phraseology, allows our depressed industries to apply for a drastic reduction of rates, which will come into force next April. And as these depressed industries, even before the passing of that Act, had already applied (as they were fully entitled to) for rate reductions, it is obvious that the more depressed an industry, the lower its rates will be, and consequently the smaller its relief. In the year 1921, for instance, eighteen steel firms on the Clyde, assessed at approximately £397,000, were successful in getting their assessment reduced by £208,000; and these assessments will, in all probability, be again, and formidably, reduced by April, 1929.

After which let us examine—and however complicated this may seem, it is the duty of every voter to examine them—the Treasury figures for the years 1927–8. These figures are as follows. Total rates paid in Great Britain, £173,456,000. Rates paid by prosperous industries and all other classes of ratepayers, £121,877,000. Rates paid by depressed industries, £51,579,000.

These last rates, I repeat, are to be reduced again in April, 1929.

AND having got thus far, let me also repeat, because so many people are still vague about it, that the total amount available for rate reduction *is* only £29,000,000 (of which £4,000,000 was to go to the Railways, which have already lost nearly an equivalent amount of profits in the first six months of this year), and that the 75 per cent. applies to all industries whether depressed or not.

The brewers, as an example of this, were to receive half-a-million, in the hope that beer prices might be lower—despite the fact that a reduction of even a

halfpenny a pint to the consumer on our total beer consumption would cost the brewers *fifteen million pounds a year.*

It is indeed no exaggeration to say that de-rating, as at present outlined, will not benefit the real consumers among our population, the working and the middle classes, by a single shilling. One-fifth of the money allocated, say £6,000,000, will go straight back to our spendthrift Treasury in the form of more income tax; the rest will show either as a slight increase in profit for flourishing industries, or a very slight modification of losses for those industries, coal, iron and steel in particular, which have already come close to losing their all.

While in addition—and this, really, is the deadliest indictment of de-rating—since the amount available is certainly not half, possibly not even a quarter, of the amount necessary to take 75 per cent. off the rates paid by "all buildings occupied in an industrial capacity," it follows as an irrefutable consequence that the rates on all other classes of property must eventually go up.

IF, say—and I do beg of all my readers to follow this closely—the total amount required to take 75 per cent. off the rates paid by "all buildings occupied in an industrial capacity" is, as it appears from the figures supplied to me, sixty million pounds sterling, and the amount earned by the petrol-tax is twenty-nine million pounds sterling, the difference between these two figures, thirty-one million pounds sterling, will have to be found by the rest of the ratepayers.

And if finding these thirty-one million pounds sterling does not mean that the rates on all shops, offices and dwelling-houses in Great Britain must eventually be increased by four, five, ten, or even fifteen shillings in the pound sterling, mathematics are a sheer delusion and accountancy a calculated fraud.

But since mathematics are no delusion, and accountancy the most exact of the sciences, BRITANNIA stands by them rather than by political jugglery; and, in the cause of true Conservatism, calls on those now in authority over us to drop these present proposals before it is too late. The local rates paid by our depressed industries, coal included, can be reduced to the minimum under existing legislation. Our prosperous industries do not seek, and have never demanded, an illogical bonus. The owners of shops, offices and dwelling-houses are already taxed and rated to the depths of their pockets. De-rating will not help them. It will not help Conservatism to win a single vote in a single constituency. In the end it will help nobody.

WHEREAS, if those twenty-nine millions of pounds already being taken not only from private motorists but from every omnibus, every taxi-cab and every farmer's tractor, were handed over in one "de-rating block grant" to our hard-hit and highly-rated railways, freights between inland producer and inland consumer could be so reduced that food prices would fall throughout the country, and freights between inland factories or collieries and the docks from which their products go for export to such an extent that we could once more start competing in our lost markets overseas.

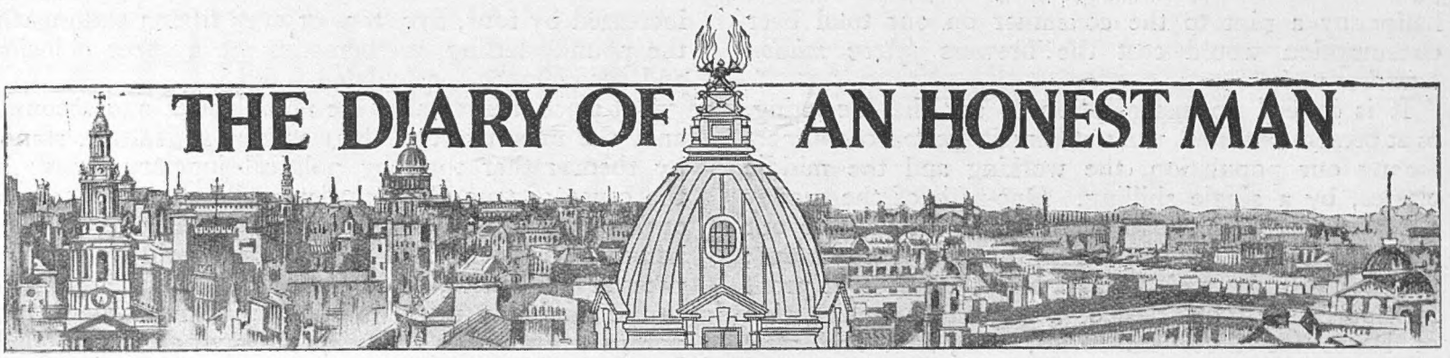
In our heavy industries the cost of carriage, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, is six times the cost of local rating. Is it not, therefore, more expedient to use our twenty-nine millions for relieving the greater evil rather than the less?

Lord Birkenhead for BRITANNIA

PURSUANT to their considered policy of securing the best brains in the British Empire for BRITANNIA, British National Newspapers, Ltd., have the honour to announce the signature of a long and exclusive contract with Lord Birkenhead.

Under this contract Lord Birkenhead, an article from whose pen appears in this issue, will shortly confine his entire journalistic activities to BRITANNIA, contributing thereto a weekly feature dealing with the most vital political, literary, legal and historical questions of our day.

We feel sure that this announcement—probably the most important ever made in journalism—will meet with the general approval of our readers, and still further enhance the prestige of BRITANNIA, both at home and overseas.



Is it Peace?

MR. BALDWIN, surveying the world, rejoices in the atmosphere of peace which he finds around him. I envy him his complacency. He finds, if not in the League of Nations, at least in the advance of wireless, a guarantee of good will among men. What he forgets, or ignores, is the lesson of the past ten years. Open diplomacy has been tried and fails, not because the will to peace does not exist, but because the different peoples of the world have been thrown continually into fits of irritation or even anger by the utterances of foreign statesmen all working for peace at the top of their voices, and one and all convinced that they alone are really pure of heart.

The only safeguard has been that not everyone reads the Press in which the magnanimous utterances of the friends of peace are reported. But Mr. Baldwin's threat of an era of wireless diplomacy is alarming. What the world needs is a ten years' silence and not a continuance of what the *Daily Herald* with unconscious sagacity described last Saturday as "the battle for peace."

Disarmament—The Truth at Last.

"*HAVING few fueling stations . . . and scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting 5 in. or 6 in. guns, it is obvious that we are entitled to a larger number of warships than a nation having these advantages.*" This straightforward declaration by the President of the United States in his armistice day address is of the first importance. It places in a hard bright light the ambitions (perfectly legitimate and admitted with equally perfect frankness) which inspire the United States in their impassioned pleas for naval disarmament. Why a nation with far flung possessions overseas and a vast sea-borne trade is for that reason to be content with a smaller number of warships than a nation with fewer dependencies and fewer merchant ships to defend is less clear.

Mr. Coolidge went on to say that at present the United States is at a great disadvantage. Great Britain when present programmes are complete will have 68 cruisers and America only 40. The President did not think it necessary to add that 40 of our 68 cruisers are small vessels useless for ocean work, and that while we have, built or building, 20 cruisers of post-war design, America has 33. He merely quotes the misleading figures and informs the world that "it is obvious that world standards of defence require us to have more cruisers."

Even the disastrous records of post-war open diplomacy contain few more remarkable examples of its dangers. A misleading statement has been made to the world and the world will believe it unless this country challenges the statement with equal publicity. Yet of such statements are bred the irritation and distrust which menace the peace of the world.

Poincare and Caillaux.

MONSIEUR POINCARE has reconstructed his Government by moving to the right, and France and Europe are spared the renewal of anxiety for the stability of the franc. The action of the Radicals in resigning was inspired by the ambitions of M. Caillaux to reconstruct gradually if not at once the "cartel des gauches" or left wing coalition. This threat will probably be sufficient at least for a time to secure M. Poincaré a majority in the Chamber. The French are the least romantic nation in Europe, and they will not exchange a stable exchange for the perorations of the most eloquent demagogues. They have had their lesson. Is it impossible for us as well as the French to learn from it?

Tact.

The British Medical Association have addressed a protest to the Ministry of Health against unnecessary noise. Obviously dogs bark too much, men motor too much, and porters do not handle milk churns with sufficient delicacy and restraint. But the memorandum does not add that politicians talk too much; it only asks whether noise is not in danger of destroying our civilisation. Doctors are notoriously tactful.

Labour and Scotland.

THE new Nationalist Party in Scotland, which made its first appearance at the election for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, when their candidate, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, almost defeated Mr. Baldwin, has frightened the Labour Party. Mr. William Adamson and six other Scottish Socialists have tabled an amendment to the address regretting that there is no mention in the King's speech of any proposal for home rule for Scotland.

There is, of course, nothing that they regret less. (No Scotsman ever regretted coming to London at the expense of the English taxpayer.) But they are afraid of losing their seats to Nationalist candidates at the next election. The whole business is a remarkable and displeasing commentary on the way great problems are played with in the interests of party politics. A vast constitutional change should not be slipped into the programme of His Majesty's Opposition by the back door.

A Practical Lesson.

AN English company, the Ford Motor Car Company, Limited, is to take over the sole trading rights of the Ford Companies all over Europe. The colossal site at Dagenham, in Essex, is to be used for a factory, which, when completed, will turn out 200,000 cars a year—cars manufactured with British labour and assembled with British machinery. Who will pretend that without the safeguarding duties on motor cars this sensational scheme would have been planned in this way? The head of the new enterprise will be Sir Percival Perry, an Englishman knighted for his war services.

A Threat to Industry.

THE National Federation of Employers Organisations and the Federation of British Industries are considering, as I write, their answer to the proposal addressed to them by Lord Melchett and the general council of the Trades Union Congress to establish, in co-operation with the Trades Unions, a National Industrial Council. This council is to provide for systematic and continuous consultation between employers and employed and for maintaining joint conciliation boards for the prevention of disputes.

It must not be too readily assumed that it will be a wise thing to set up this council. How many of our industrial disputes are due to the attempt to negotiate and operate national agreements? How many men are kept out of employment by the attempt of the Unions to apply uniform rules to different localities and to firms with widely differing resources?

Are not these matters better arranged between employers and representatives of the men they employ (without regard to the several unions to which these men may belong)? A few years ago the men themselves were inclined to think so, and just after the war the so-called shop stewards movement, which took the "shop" as its unit, seriously challenged the authority of the Trades Unions which take the craft as the basis for organisation.

I have never been sure that the "shop stewards" movement was not a wise one. After all, the firm is the productive unit. The object of industrial co-operation is neither to raise nor to depress the normal rates of wages, but to increase the efficiency of every single piece of productive machinery.

War Literature.

MR. R. H. MOTTRAM, the author of the famous *Spanish Farm Trilogy*, has just re-issued a number of his shorter war sketches under the title *Ten Years Ago*. Mr. Mottram is the best of the war novelists. He suffers neither from envy nor conceit, but he achieves for all his self-effacement a just judgment on fools and knaves. Unlike Mr. C. E. Montague or Mr. A. P. Herbert (though both have written fine war books) he is not obsessed by the bravery of the man who runs away or the unimaginable neutral strain endured by young men with a literary bent.

When all is said and done, the bravest and best were those who did their work without thinking very much about it. They worked their way up from private to colonel often enough, and to-day they are either dead or forgotten. These are the men of whom Mr. Mottram writes and they are the significant ones. The reactions of a highly strung poet to a machine gun may be more interesting to literary people, but to them only.

Tramways and the Socialist Fallacy.

THE L.C.C. propose to place their tramway system under the management of the London Traffic Combine. The Socialist comment is that this means handing over a public service to private control. No better instance of the Socialist fallacy could be found. Socialists are obsessed by the belief that if you hand over a piece of machinery to a popularly elected body it comes under popular control.

If people would begin to think in terms of their daily experience they would reach the opposite conclusion. The private citizen is powerless against the inefficiency of the telephone system which he "controls." He can get

a wireless set installed in ten minutes by half a hundred firms whom he does not control in words but does in practice. And he controls Lord Ashfield's combine in the same way. He can take their power away from them or enforce a change in management at any moment. The combine know it. The only people who do not are the Labour Party, who think that the British Public can only speak through the mouths of professional politicians. Democrats think differently and they prefer to speak for themselves.

A Chance for Barmen.

THERE is a water famine on the Riviera. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody any good, and the feverish search by Riviera barmen for an alternative ingredient for their cocktails can hardly fail to lead to something really startling in the way of a new drink. I have heard that one bold spirit is even experimenting with gin. However, we shall probably hear the truth about this when Lord Beaverbrook returns from his annual visit to Cannes.

Liberals and Land Armaments.

LORD CUSHENDUN, in the House of Lords, has formally burned the Anglo-French naval "Pact." But the occasion of its demise has been seized by the *Daily Herald* with a cynical disregard not only for truth but of the decencies of international intercourse to denounce "our shameful bargain with France." Meanwhile the Liberals have rushed in with an amendment attacking the French point of view in regard both to naval and military disarmament, and in particular denouncing the "exclusion of reservists from the computation of military strengths as making possible the permanent military preponderance of a power or group of powers." This seems to me to be rubbish.

As a correspondent has written to me on this rather technical question, I should perhaps explain why. If the army of Ruritania is limited to 500,000 men and reservists of military age count as soldiers, it is obvious that no form of short service army is possible. Even on a three years' service basis, there would be so many reservists of military age at the end of three years that the army would have to be disbanded. A long service professional army on the British model is inevitable if reservists are regarded without qualification as "effectives."

A professional army is notoriously more expensive man for man than a conscript army, because recruits have to be attracted. It is also dangerously ready to the hand of any unscrupulous or aggressive Government. The system also confers a decided advantage on wealthy States. It is only when reservists are excluded from the calculation that a national militia of the new type favoured in France and Belgium is possible.

A national militia has from the point of view of peace two overriding advantages: (*a*) it cannot effectively take the offensive until it has been embodied and trained for a further period of at least six months; (*b*) it cannot be mobilised at all unless nine-tenths of the people are behind the Government of the day. Further, if the numbers to be called up each year and the duration of the term of service are limited, no one nation can secure except by agreement any preponderance over any other.

The Modesty of Schoolmasters.

THE silly season has ended as usual with an attack on the public schools, this time by Miss Storm Jameson, and as usual the public school headmasters have rushed in to the defence. If ever I read in the Press the statement that "in the English public school we have the finest educational instrument in the world," I know without looking further that the speaker is a public schoolmaster. I have never yet been disappointed. The quotation I give is from a speech by the headmaster of Harrow. It is indeed one of our oddest traits to take people at their own valuation. The only man who has ever expressed a doubt about his own omniscience and been forgiven by the British public is Lord Balfour. And that was only because, perhaps rightly, they didn't believe him!

Wanted, More Criminals.

MR. FENNER BROCKWAY, the conscientious secretary of the Independent Labour Party, dislikes our prisons intensely. He dislikes them almost as much as he dislikes the police, and he has written a book to say why. The thing that worries him is precisely what would reassure anyone else, and that is that nearly four-fifths of our prisoners are habitual offenders.

He argues from this that the prison system is not a deterrent. The facts prove the opposite. The prison system deters from crime all but a small class of professional criminals. If our prisons were full of first offenders, which Mr. Brockway would regard as a satisfactory sign of progress, it would mean that in spite of the threat of imprisonment new criminals were coming forward every year. I prefer the present system. But then I am not a candidate for Parliament.

An Unprecedented Misrepresentation.

THE American Presidential election has resulted in what is grotesquely called an unprecedented Republican triumph. Actually the result is merely an electoral freak. On a poll of nearly 40,000,000, it is estimated that Mr. Smith received 18,000,000 votes as against 22,000,000 for Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover's majority, in other words, was roughly 10 per cent. of the total poll. In 1924 Mr. Coolidge's majority was 7,400,000 on a poll of 29,000,000, or 25 per cent. In 1920 the Republican majority was nearly a third of the total poll. This year, on the contrary, a 5 per cent. turnover of votes would have given the Democrats as sweeping a majority in the electoral college as that which Mr. Hoover received.

As Englishmen we take no sides in the contest of personalities. The candidate of yesterday is to-day the President-elect of a friendly State, and it would be a mere impertinence to discuss his personal qualifications.

But the particulars of the voting are important, because a freak majority in the electoral college is used by a section of the British Press to suggest that no Roman Catholic and no anti-prohibitionist will ever again be allowed to stand for the American Presidency. The facts suggest exactly the contrary. They prove that a Roman Catholic can enjoy the confidence of millions of liberal-minded people, and that a huge phalanx of voters are more than doubtful of the success of prohibition. The facts are important to students of politics all over the world. Why are they being concealed?

Temperance Reformers—Please Note!

STATISTICS for 1927 show that in Finland 168,217 arrests were made, of which 96,000 were for drunkenness, and another 35,000 for other offences against the drink laws. The population of Finland is less than 3,000,000, and the record of 47 arrests per thousand of population has never been approached elsewhere. The explanation is quite simple. Finland is a "dry" country.

Safeguarding.

FIGURES just issued show that in the glove industry in the last quarter before safeguarding duties were imposed, 8,122 people were employed in producing 126,089 pairs of gloves. In the quarter ending last June 9,730 people produced 201,978 pairs of gloves.

These figures are valuable. Why cannot we have similar detailed figures for other safeguarded industries and also figures of exports and imports? They are buried effectively in the Board of Trade Returns which the ordinary man never sees. As we are governed by the opinions of the ordinary man it is desirable that he should be given the facts to enable him to judge intelligently.

Insurance or Dole?

THE last session of this Parliament began with the inevitable debate on unemployment. It was more than usually unreal, because no party claims to be possessed of a remedy. Mr. Winston Churchill for this reason enjoyed an easy if somewhat barren triumph. In a speech of characteristic vigour and honesty he admitted that there was nothing that he could do to reduce unemployment except to assist industry to find its own feet.

He made an attack, however, on those who describe unemployment insurance as "the dole," which seems to be wholly misconceived. The term "dole," of course, is a rather foolish exaggeration, but one basic fact is that the unemployment fund is insolvent.

This very week a bill is to be rushed through to increase the borrowing powers of the Fund from thirty to forty millions. This means in plain English that the Fund is paying benefit in excess of the value of the contributions received. But even if this were not so, the case against the present system of unemployment insurance is that more than half the workman's premium is paid for him by some one else. To compare the benefits received, as Mr. Churchill did, to the dividends received by an investor is therefore hardly correct. The unemployment insurance scheme does, in fact, subsidise an unemployed man at the expense of his fellows. This may be right, but, if so, why not admit it?

Where Do They Go?

LAST year 1,898,500 motor licenses were issued. In 1921 only 873,700 motor vehicles were using the roads. There are more than twice as many to-day.

The mystery is where all these motorists go to. You see them in thousands pouring out of every town and suburb, and in the evening you see them pouring back. But what happens to them in the interval? The doctrine that it is better to travel joyfully than to arrive can be pressed too far. Even joy riders must stop before or after the collision.

We are told that people read less, think less, drink less, and all this is put down, I think, rightly, to the motor car. But what do motorists do? Do they admire the scenery, or visit ruins, or sit upon the radiator and tell sad stories of the deaths of pedestrians? Can anyone solve the problem?

Living Dangerously.

MOUNT Etna, which has been in eruption at frequent intervals since 453 B.C., has once again spread desolation through the valley of Santa Venera and Giarre. The tenacity of the inhabitants of the villages resolute to remain in possession of gardens, orchards and fields which are among the most fertile as well as the most beautiful in the world is a remarkable example of human courage.

Words fail me when I read a plea in the *Daily News* to forbid "these people" to return to their houses when the present danger is over. Has our Christian contemporary never heard that he who saves his life shall lose it? The Sicilian peasants are liberal politicians, they have to win their livelihood from the soil. They have to depend on their personal exertions. They have no personal fund.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

THE BRITANNIA CARTOON

"Hi! porter, what about this?"

"Bit too 'eavy, Sir."

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY

Mr. F. R. Kellogg.

OURSELVES AND AMERICA

By CRAWFURD PRICE

AS one who firmly believes that the real hope of peace in this day and generation lies in co-operation between Greater Britain and the United States—a co-operation based not on sentiment, but on mutual ideals and interests—I read President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech with considerable misgiving. Granted the occasion, it nevertheless sounded strangely parochial, the discourse of a man obviously sincere though somewhat out of touch with the world problem, the pronouncement of a statesman torn between the puritanical idealism of the Middle West and the cash-on-delivery mentality of Wall Street. For one thing, however, we may be grateful. The President indulged in a volume of plain speaking wherein he uttered some very frank opinions about Europe, and, since we are assured that this was greatly appreciated locally, we on this side of the Atlantic may perhaps be equally frank without risk of offending the susceptibilities of American citizens.

Who Won the War?

I HAVE never cared to hear any of the Allies claim that they "won the war"—it seems to cast an ugly slur on the common sacrifice. But as President Coolidge feels that the United States "contributed the indispensable factor to the final victory" and then "delivered Europe from starvation and ruin," I can only regret that he found it opportune to rub it in. I must venture, however, to disagree with the suggestion that the American intervention was purely altruistic. There were at least two excellent reasons why it was not. Firstly, German ambitions plainly extended to South America and would have precipitated a conflict with the United States sooner or later. Secondly, if the Allies had been beaten, or even if the war had ended in stalemate, the U.S.A. would not have been able to collect the interest, let alone the principal, of the advances that had been made to the Allies. Like the British bondholders who are still unable to collect their debts from the Southern States, they would have backed the wrong horse.

Facing the Facts.

THE chief importance to us of the Presidential utterance, however, lies not in its recrimination, but in its contribution, if any, to the cause of world peace, and in this connection Mr. Coolidge stresses the significance of the Kellogg Pact. He declares that "it is the most complete and will be the most effective instrument for peace that was ever devised." Strong praise indeed. And yet, in the same speech, we are told that "the first law of progress requires the world to face facts."

A Political Platitude.

NOW what are the facts about the Kellogg Pact? Shorn of any sanctions (and Mr. Kellogg himself has protested that not even a moral obligation rests upon the United States to apply sanctions to a treaty-breaking State) it is but a pious expression—a mere repetition of the platitudes that politicians of all nations have shouted from the housetops ever since the Armistice. Unless Britain and America combine to make it effective, unless, in short, they undertake a definite obligation to apply sanctions, nothing is more certain than that in a few years the Kellogg Pact will be as dead as President Wilson's signature on the Treaty of Versailles.

VAIN protestings can accomplish little. Nations will not yet refuse to fight because it is wrong, or keep the peace because it is right. I doubt if they will be influenced, when the testing time comes, by any of the pacts and other panaceas designed to secure peace, but all provided with ample loopholes for evasion. For this decade, at least, the nations will be governed by self-interest, fear of consequences, and the fact that war to-day offers great loss and little profit.

Peace Must Be Enforced.

THE day may come when, following a change of heart, of which there is no present indication, the nations will agree to turn their swords into ploughshares. But in the meantime, some nations, more powerful than the others—and the more powerful the better—must combine to prevent war by enforcing the measures already elaborated for its prevention. If, therefore, the American signature to the Kellogg Pact does not mean that in the event of threatened war the U.S.A. will act virtually as a member of the League of Nations, it means precisely nothing that we do not otherwise possess. It will suffice for any nation, on war intent, to protest that it is motived by self-defence, and march into battle accompanied by its allies and associates. The day of reckoning may come—afterwards and too late.

Our Common Interest.

THE value of the plain speaking that President Coolidge so much admires is that we thereby get down to plain facts. And the plain fact of the present situation is that, although some fifty nations have signified their sincere desire to keep the peace, only two of them possess the actual means to enforce it. Britain and America can prevent war. They have already officially agreed that as between themselves they will not resort to fisticuffs, and the two peoples rightly regard a conflict as unthinkable. Like America, "Our interests all over the earth are such that a conflict anywhere would be enormously to our disadvantage." The interests of the two countries are, therefore, identical, and they have the power, by the simple process of mutually refusing financial or material assistance to prospective belligerents, to ensure peace for at least a generation to come. The only question is whether they have the good sense—it does not require courage—to do it.

The Navies and Peace.

IF they have, then it would appear that all the talk about disarmament, so fruitful of misunderstanding, is superfluous. Mr. Coolidge has stated his belief in adequate national defence (which will be taken to justify every standing army in Europe), and regards the addition of the fifteen 10,000 ton cruisers to the U.S. Navy as eminently desirable. We need not boggle at this; but by the same token we must take leave to build as many ships as we deem necessary for our imperial defence. For some time to come, disarmament (in so far as it falls below the standard of security) will be controlled only by the requirements of national economy. By all means let America have her aggrandised fleet. Similarly, let us maintain ours at a strength indicated by our needs. With hundreds of thousands of miners, steelmakers and shipbuilders out of work, an increase in the British Navy would not be all loss. And it might mean security for Greater Britain and peace for the world.

IN THE PILLORY

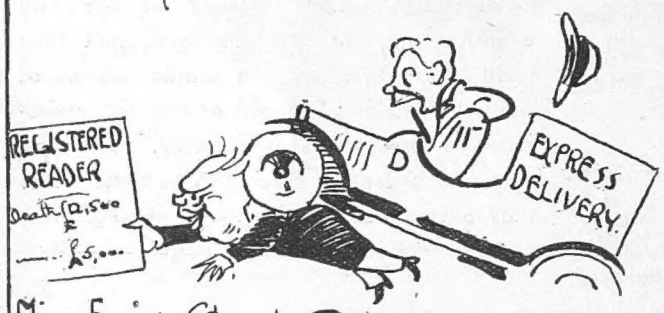
Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwisely, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

President Hoover:-
"There is no substitute for personal experience."

Lady Cunard:-
"Parties are dead.

Lord Beaverbrook:-
"The Chancellor of the Exchequer should insist at once on cheap money."



Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor:-
"Let me be a vamp"

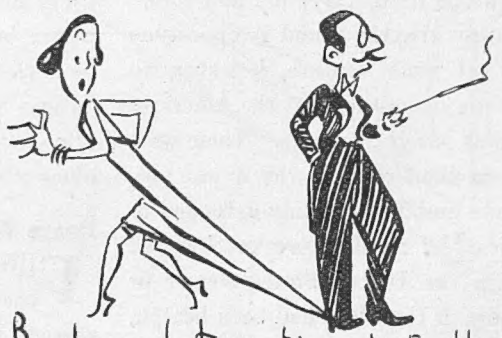
Miss Jane Oliphant:-
"Women & the financial game. Husbands who act on the advice of their wives".

Mr John Buchan:-
"Whatever power women may have in public life to-day will be exercised in full view of the nation"

A cinema Correspondent:-
"The New Empire opens Theatre where you need not see the film"

Miss Marceline Day:-
Every now & then... I refuse to make any social appointments. On these evenings I stay at home. I use no powder or rouge, but rest, read & thoroughly relax."

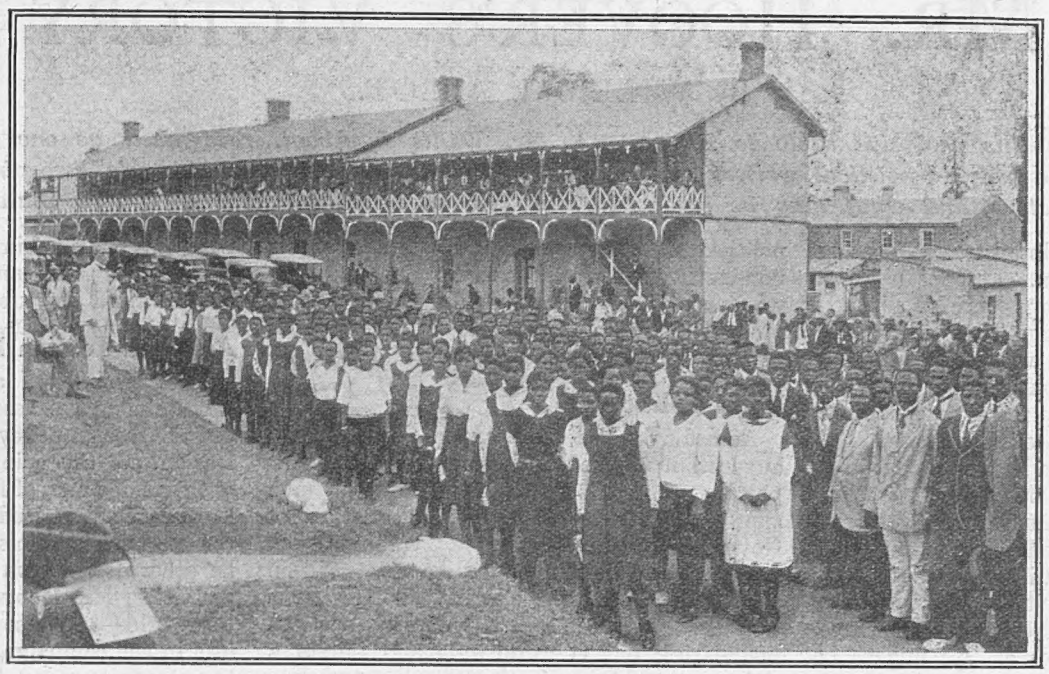
Lady Victor Paget:-
"I can say definitely that skirts will remain long, & will continue descending."



Mr Charles Buchan:- International Footballer -
"I am now very interested in Russian Football."

D'Egville

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS



Students at Lovedale College (Cape Province) are imbibing European culture.

SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIVE PROBLEM

By J. SAXON MILLS

THAT *pulex irritans*, the Bolshevik agent, has evidently arrived in South Africa. He is buzzing in the native ear plausible stories about the oppression and tyranny of British power. He must be treated like the tsetse, mosquito, locust and other African pests and be ex-fumigated as promptly as may be.

But the subject has another aspect. We must also get rid of the virus of native discontent on which he feeds. That is the most efficient way of queering his pitch. The first thing needful is to recognise that the South African native has, as things stand, legitimate grievances.

Six and a half million natives are legislated for by one and a half million Europeans, and they have no voice whatever in this legislation, not even of an advisory nature. Industrial, social, economic repression has been their lot, and South Africa has scarcely begun to grapple with her biggest problem.

Let us recall also that Britain, despite the new Empire status, is legally, as well as morally, responsible for the South African native. The South African Act which establishes our legal right to interpose in this matter has never been repealed, and cannot be without another Act of Parliament. And so, if a South African Parliament passes reactionary native legislation, the Imperial Power gets much of the odium thereof. The native cannot always distinguish between the two Governments, and this the Bolshie well knows.

The ideas thrown out against this devouring problem by the Dutch Government are imbecile. Two native members in the Cape Parliament to represent 6½ million blacks, while 150 represent a million and a half whites—this, coupled with a re-enforcement of the Colour Bar restrictions, is little to thank God for. South Africa will do well to take the problem in hand on a scale proportionate to its size.

The Answer to the Riddle.

There is only one way, and this has been clearly enough indicated by a wise and able South African, Colonel P. A. Silburn. We must get the natives out of this miscellaneous juxtaposition with the white folks, with its sexual perversions, its "twilight" progenies and its hopeless social, political and economic complications, and get them into native reserves where they can live their own lives, run their own autonomous Councils, and be free of all the irritations and degradations of the present state of things.

Establish half a dozen big reserves (they practically exist already) and bring the dispersed black people into them, not by compulsion, but by the natural attraction of the new and happier and juster life there provided. Thence they will issue for any industrial work that needs them outside and thither they will return when their contracts end.

Segregation—that is the secret and the solution, and there is no other. And solved the problem must be or there will be growing danger not only for South Africa, but for the whole continent in which Britain is so deeply implicated.

And to start with, let us ask Mr. Amery to appoint a Royal Commission representative of this country, the South African Whites and the actual natives themselves, which will fairly sit down to the question and find a settlement. The Report of such a body would carry weight.

We should not prescribe segregation in advance to the Commission. That would be to imitate the Lancashire swain who prayed "Oh, Lord, guide me in the choice of a wife, but let it be Betty." Yet I feel sure that segregation would be the verdict and the outcome of such an inquiry. Let us not forget that we are the responsible custodians of the South African black peoples.

Youth and the Empire.

"If only we had, say twenty travelling scholarships of £100 each to award, we could soon pick our boys from the best schools, and send out a select company who would be the best our public schools can produce."

So Dr. Rendall, once headmaster of Winchester College, in an address to the Royal Empire Society on "Youth and the Empire." Has this sanguine gentleman reflected that such an aspiration would cost £2,000? With 50 millions a year going in doles and poor relief for the workless, we cannot afford luxuries of that sort. True, it is highly desirable, this interchange of school boys and girls between Britain and the Dominions.

Mr. Amery, always alert in this sort of enterprise, founded a Committee two years ago to promote these inter-Empire tours. As a result, 43 boys spent 11 weeks in South Africa last year, and 35 had an eight weeks' trip this year in Canada and Newfoundland. And another big tour is projected for next year from January to May—this time to New Zealand. For more general classes of schools, the newspaper-planned enterprise of this year also did a good work. Meanwhile, the Rhodes Trust is bringing a continuous stream of students from the Dominions to this country.

How many boys are our great historic schools turning out every year, and how many of these are finding scope for brain and muscle in the overseas Empire? How many, for example, are eating their hearts out at the Bar (I mean the legal bar) waiting for the briefs that never come? So I say these tours are good. The returners will infect their schoolfellows with something of the enthusiasm and instruction they have gathered *en route*. They may even infect their masters and headmasters. If Germany or Italy had our Empire and its opportunities how envious we should be.

Planters Wanted.

I note gladly that the Empire Marketing Board is taking up the grape-fruit question. That healthy and beautiful fruit has only within late years swum into the ken and the diet of most people. Its world-consumption is growing rapidly and, as usual, the British consumption is going to the enrichment of the non-British producer.

But we seem to be improving, and one was quite startled to learn that Prof. Clark Powell had actually been sent out by the E.M.B. to the West Indies to see how we could grow our golden globes there and not get most of them from Florida which, unfortunately, is not a British possession.

There are many parts of the Empire besides the West Indies where grape-fruit could be grown. But Britain owes the jewels of the Caribbean a little compensation for much economic disregard in past years. Dominica, I understand, is practically denuded of planters owing to disastrous set-backs, and Dominica might thrive again on grape-fruit growing. So, too, Trinidad and British Honduras could easily increase their production in this line. The truth is, the British Empire could produce all the grape-fruit this terraqueous globe is ever likely to require.

Here, then, is an opening for British capital and enterprise, perhaps for some of those public school boys of venturous and pioneering mettle of whom we have first spoken. The E.M.B. will, I fancy, provide in time all information and guidance needful to the prospective planter. And perhaps in due course as we increase in common sense British grape-fruits will get a fostering preference in our ports over those coming from the foreigner.

THE WEEK IN THE STATES

MR. HOOVER'S VICTORY

By WILLIS J. ABBOT.

In this exclusive cable to BRITANNIA, Mr. Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day, deals with Mr. Hoover's sweeping victory, and what may be expected from him as President of the United States.

THERE are many features of the sweeping victory won by Mr. Hoover in the Presidential Campaign which afford promise that his administration is going to be somewhat unusual. Perhaps his own personal character, his impatience of slipshod methods, his genius for organisation, his scientific tendency to proceed with exactness to a predetermined result would have given an assurance of this, apart from any political factors which now enter into the problem. But his personal inclination to handle the Government as though it were a business corporation, from which efficiency must first of all be exacted, will be strengthened by the fact that his victory is unexampled in its proportions.

He has received more votes than were ever before given to any Presidential nominee. That sounds commonplace. It might be amplified by saying that he has received more votes than were cast for both Hughes and Wilson in 1916, and more than were cast for Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt four years earlier. He has carried forty out of forty-eight States, something never before accomplished or even approached by any candidate, and his majority in the Electoral College has never been equalled. In brief, his victory is of such proportions as absolutely to obliterate his opponent, leaving him with a clear majority at his back in both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

And, finally, it may be said that no man has ever been elected President of the United States with less support from professional politicians. They were against him after his nomination up to the time that every opposition was swept away by a popular tide. In the pre-election campaign most of them were actively or covertly hostile.

Not a Politician.

Accordingly, we find approaching his inauguration to the Presidency a man who at bottom is not a politician. He is a man supremely interested in the adaptation of Government to public service. Unlike any of our previous Presidents, unlike even Wilson at the time of his first election, Mr. Hoover is a man whose vision is not limited by national boundaries, but is world-wide and full of a rich cosmopolitan experience. Given such a man in the Presidency with the prestige of such a victory at the back of him, what is to be expected of his administration?

At this moment Mr. Hoover is something more than 3,000 miles from the desk at which I write this dispatch. Things in the U.S.A. happen that way. But both from his published utterances and from information obtained by a friend in his immediate environment, I have become fixed in the conclusion that the incoming President proposes to begin with a reorganisation of public service and of his party in the direction of eliminating old-time leaders who have failed to progress with the current of thought, and to develop new leaders, both men and women who are imbued with his idealism and who have worked with him and for him in those past endeavours to facilitate human progress, which have characterised his public service.

An Open Foreign Policy.

And, secondly, I am convinced that, notwithstanding his assertion that he will carry out the foreign policy of the Coolidge administration, we are going to find a vastly more open-minded view of foreign affairs, and a much less parochial attitude than has characterised the outgoing administration. It could hardly be otherwise. From the days of his earliest activities, Mr. Hoover has been a citizen of the world—a phrase which was used against him in the campaign, but which did not seem to antagonise many Americans. I don't know that this fact is going to make him more tolerant of the League of Nations, or more amenable to arguments for the reconsideration of debt settlement.

I do believe, however, that it will lead him to receive with an open mind the views of those who believe that the U.S.A. can very well participate in many activities for world-wide benefit without sacrificing an iota of its independence, or, for that matter, that some sacrifice of national sovereignty, if made mutually by a large group of nations, may ultimately contribute to the good of each and of all.

'flu! We are Threatened Again

A Doctor's 'flu Safety Hints

"Live and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, eat plenty of nourishing food, lead an open-air life if possible, gargle with disinfectants and use nasal washes; at the first feeling of illness go to bed at once."

—*Extract from Daily Press.*

"SANITAS" FLUID IS THE IDEAL ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT FOR THIS PURPOSE!

Use it as a mouthwash and gargle every morning and evening. It is a cheap and effective form of insurance against influenza.

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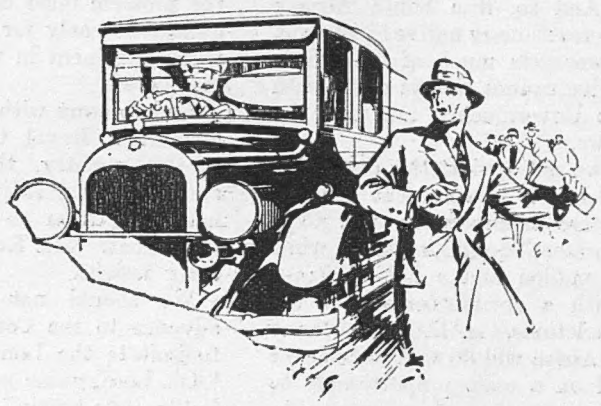
San 47—14

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN *(Continued)*



The Pace of Life

We move faster to-day than ever before. No one escapes the speed and clatter of our industrial age. When we are bad-tempered, depressed, and out of sorts, it is often merely a sign of over-worked, under-nourished nerves. Doctors on the five continents prescribe Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS" knowing its invigorating and restorative powers. A short course will tune up your nervous system, and make you feel a new being.

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"TRADE FELLOWS" MARK

THE WEEK ON WINGS

SPEEDING UP

By E. M. ROSSITER

A MILE in 11¼ seconds; 319⅛ miles per hour! The least imaginative of us feels the thrill of speed and marvels how such a speed is possible, and still more, how even greater speeds can be attained next year in the great race for the Schneider Seaplane Trophy, which will be held in England.

The British Supermarine-Napier S.5, the winner of the last race, which was held in Italy, has definitely confirmed its claim to be the fastest aeroplane in the world. That the official air speed record has not been captured by Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig with this machine is the result of inexplicable "dilly-dally" on the part of the Air Ministry. The Italians were allowed to take first shot at the record and so give us the job of beating their performance by the margin of five miles per hour necessary to establish a new record under the international conditions. Then, although many months elapsed in which to experiment with airscrews, and a small improvement in airscrew efficiency would still have given us the record, not an inch of progress was made and the attack on the record was made with a duplicate of the airscrew used in the Schneider Race. However, perhaps I had better say no more about this, or I shall be accused again of putting British aviation in a bad light.

Next year's Schneider race.

The process of speeding-up owes its extraordinary impetus to Mr. Jacques Schneider, who presented a trophy for international competition with the object of developing practical seaplanes. The original object has all but disappeared. To-day, the aim is speed, and the expense and importance of competing is so high that the race has ceased to be an affair for private enterprise and is frankly a contest between Governments.

Only five years ago, when the race was last held in this country, at Cowes, and was won by the United States, the speed of the winning Curtiss racer was only 177½ m.p.h. Next year, a machine slower than 330 m.p.h. will hardly stand a chance.

The first question that comes to mind when visualising this tremendous increase in speed, is whether, even if the machines can be built to fly faster, the limit of the pilot's skill has not already been reached, and also the limited speed at which the machine can be put down on the water after its flight.

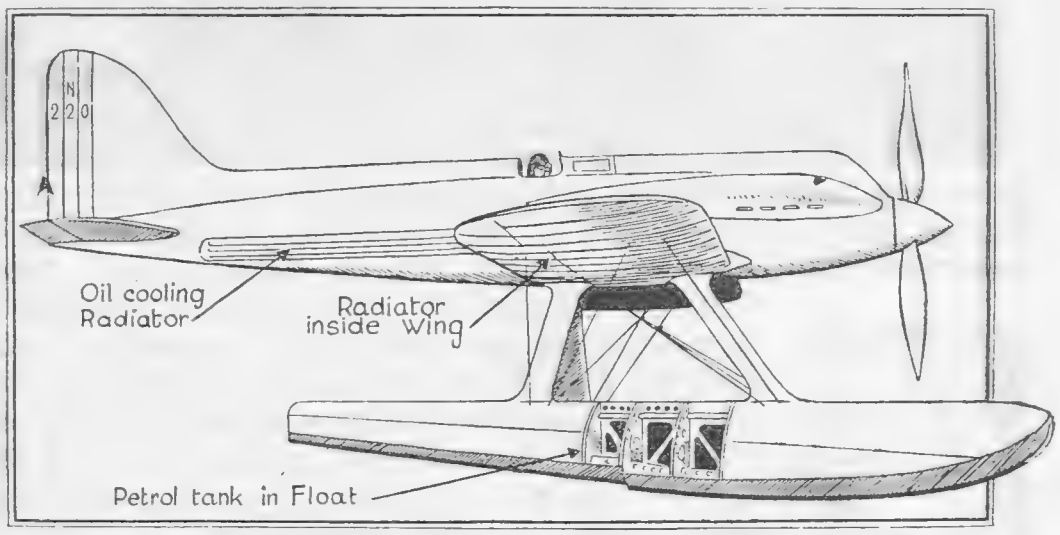
The Human Limit.

So far as the human limit is concerned, the ultimate speed has not been reached. Every test, both in the laboratory and the air, goes to prove that the man is still well on top of the machine. It goes without saying that the pilots are men of the very highest standard of fitness. When travelling at over 450 ft. a second, with controls which respond to the lightest touch of hands and feet, the pilot has no margin at all for error. Brains, nerves and muscles must act with a swift and resolute precision that to ordinary mortals seems superhuman.

Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig told me that the real strain of high-speed flying is waiting in continuous suspense hour by hour for the favourable conditions of wind, sea and visibility which are essential if the pilot is to have a fair chance.

But landing speed is limited. The Supermarine-Napier S.5 comes in to land at about 140 miles per hour and touches the water at about 90 miles per hour. This is so near to the limit that it can only be attempted with reasonable safety on a calm sea. Though the pilot is quite capable of judging his landing at a higher speed, the shock of striking the water would possibly demolish the floats and throw the machine tail over nose to destruction.

The exact methods by which the British designers are seeking increased speed is naturally a closely guarded secret, but there are certain directions in which it is well known that improvements can be won. Lower resistance, less weight, higher power. Put like this, the problem seems simple. Its real intricacy can be gauged from the fact that even if one lb. in every eight lb. could be whittled off the weight of every part of the aeroplane and engine, the increase in speed obtainable would be only 8½ miles per hour. And the increase required is about 50 m.p.h. Then, again, the present Napier racing engine already develops more than one horse power for very lb. of its weight (875 h.p. for 835 lb.), and its seems almost incredible that metal can be tortured into giving us an engine of higher power-weight ratio.



The world's fastest aircraft. The Supermarine-Napier S.5 racing Seaplane.

How can it be done?

Every conceivable means of increasing the speed seems to have been developed to the highest pitch of perfection already, the reduction of air resistance by fine stream-lining, the pruning of size and weight by meticulous care in the design of every single detail, and the arrangement of the component parts of the machine so that they combine the maximum flying and structural efficiency with the smallest weight and drag.

The Supermarine racer is built mainly of duralumin—strong as steel and light as aluminium. The shape of its body forms a nearly perfect streamline for the seated pilot. Not quite perfect, because the large engine, with its three banks of cylinders, has to be accommodated in the nose and the control surfaces have to be attached at the tail.

As the body has been cut so fine, there is no room in it for the petrol, and this has been put in the starboard float, where, instead of overweighting the machine on the starboard side, it serves the useful purpose of balancing the torque of the engine. No room for improvement there.

Radiator inside Wings.

The radiator which cools the engine has been put inside the wings. It exposes a perfectly flat surface to the air and causes no resistance whatsoever. And the radiator which cools the engine oil—for this also must be cooled if the engine is not to overheat—lays flat on the sides of the body. Wings and floats appear to have been trimmed down to the smallest size and weight that safety will permit. You might examine the machine for hours, and the only improvement you could suggest would be to countersink the rivet-heads, of which there are some hundreds in the plating of body and floats.

So where is the increased speed coming from? That is the problem which confronts the designers of France, Italy, the United States and England in their aim to win the blue ribbon of the air next year. Rumour has it that America may attempt to snatch a victory by sheer power, using a new 2,000 h.p. Packard engine.

Without giving away any secrets about the new British machines—even if I knew them, which I don't—it is generally understood that they will all be monoplanes. The Gloster Aircraft Co., which has hitherto specialised in racing biplanes, is now believed to be a convert to the monoplane design, which has proved itself to be just a mile or two an hour faster, engine for engine.

High Speed Research.

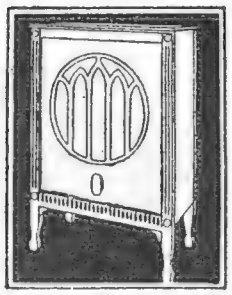
Mr. Mitchell, the designer of the Supermarine, has listed the relative importance of different methods of speeding up in the following order: decrease in resistance, increase in landing speed, increase in horse-power, decrease in structure weight, decrease in engine weight.

The technical men are, one discovers, as far from admitting a limit as the pilots. When, a short time ago, I had a talk with one of them, I began to think of the S.5 as an antiquated box-kite. Resistance? Power? Weight? We are, I gathered, only on the threshold of scientific stream-lining. The engines are but a stage removed from war-time designs; they are not even supercharged. As for weight, well, we know a lot more than we did in 1926–27, when the S.5 was designed.

"Do you find high speed research work really useful in the design of standard types of aircraft?" I asked.

"Well," was the reply, "I will put it like this. Hinckler flew to Australia in a light aeroplane faster than the Sopwith "Tabloid" which won the Schneider Race in 1914. Compare those two aircraft and think!"

Having mentioned that the title of this picture might be "Just a Song at Twilight," let us get down to more pertinent things. The instrument in the picture is the new Amplion speaker around which there is a pleasant little controversy raging. Is it as good as the best type of moving coil loud speaker? Really there is no comparison, for whereas the moving coil type of speaker gives an artificial depth to reproduction by boosting the bass, the new Amplion gives absolutely accurate and natural reproduction, overstressing neither bass nor treble, providing a balanced performance at all frequencies. And of course, the new Amplion has this tremendous advantage — it can be operated from a simple two-valver. It requires no extra valves; neither does it require batteries, special transformers or mains-connections to actuate its field. ▣ Hear the new Amplion and be critical. We are inclined to believe that you will fully endorse the verdict of Dr. N. W. McLachlan, D.Sc., M.I.E.E., who wrote recently, saying that "it reproduces sound better than any loud speaker now on the market." Dr. McLachlan is, of course, the authority whose installation at the South Kensington Museum has hitherto been regarded as the most perfect of all radio speakers. ▣ And rather than cap his tribute with other comments, we will just add the old tag—*verb. sap.*



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Is it Right to Hang a Man?

By the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, P.C.

THERE is an opinion, held by responsible people, that it is no longer right to retain the death penalty as a form of criminal punishment. Probably it is impossible to convince them that their opinion is erroneous, but there is a danger that they may by their insistence impose that opinion upon the community if nothing is said on the other side.

It is to those who have an open mind, and are therefore ready to consider carefully the arguments on both sides, that these observations are addressed. I do not desire to preach to the converted or to persuade those who are convinced that I must be wrong.

The standard arguments have been used over and over again, and I have no intention to indulge in vain repetition; but it is essential, when suggesting a grave matter for consideration, to state in general terms the nature and scope of the questions to which those matters are relevant.

In the Light of To-day.

THE opinion I have mentioned is meant to apply to a civilised community in the state of development in which our country is at the present time. Arguments based upon past experience are, therefore, likely to be brushed aside.

It would not, I conceive, assist a present-day reader much if I were, for example, to examine the thesis, which has been seriously advanced, that many of the troubles which disturbed the peace of the later Roman Republic were due to the fact that, owing to accidental causes, there was no Court which could lawfully inflict a death sentence. We all know that that circumstance did not prevent wholesale executions, which, however, it is suggested might have been avoided if a few timely death sentences could have been inflicted by the Courts of law. I therefore pass by the lessons of former days.

It is also necessary to set on one side, though not to omit, that the authority of Scripture can be invoked to support the contention that there are cases in which the death penalty should be inflicted. That authority will be sufficient for some, but it is certain that it is not unknown to the opponents of hanging and has been disregarded by them for reasons which they no doubt consider adequate.

I therefore approach the problem as it exists in this country at the present day. I assume that it will be admitted that life in a civilised community necessarily implies that each person in that community must obey the rules of conduct imposed by it, and that the community is entitled to enforce obedience to those rules by all appropriate methods. It follows that to abolish the death penalty involves the principle that natural justice itself prevents the community from ever declaring a life to be forfeit.

Unconscious Pacifism.

I SHOULD welcome some light on the doubt whether that principle can be reconciled with another principle, which all reasonably minded people admit, viz., that the State can call upon its citizens to defend it. I know that it may be suggested that this is irrelevant, but is it really so?

If a State at war calls upon a body of troops to undertake a military expedition, it knows that thereby it is bringing about the death of many of them. It is true that it is not known how many, or who, they are; but it is certain that there must be some.

It appears to me that in sending such an expedition, whether by way of attacking another nation or of resisting an invasion, the State, in order to preserve its existence, is forfeiting the life of a number of its citizens, and by no means the least worthy of them.

I think it incontrovertible that a country can call upon its men to die in order that the community may live. It does not matter whether the soldiers are volunteers or conscripts. Consequently, I doubt whether the principle underlying the objection to the death penalty is not really the expression of unconscious pacificism.

The Object of Punishment.

YET, it may be objected, such a sacrifice is for the life of the community. The death penalty is a punishment for an offence against its laws. Is there, then, no crime which is aimed against the life of the community?

What, then, are we to say of a foreign spy who is seeking to discover and betray our secrets to the enemy? What as to that viler person, the traitor, who seeks to subvert the laws and constitution of our country, who lends his aid to the enemy which is attacking our lives and liberty? If it is lawful to resist the enemy and kill him in open manly conflict, is it not also right to trample out the life of the worm who is a canker in our midst?

What is the object of punishment? I take it that primarily the object is to inflict upon the offender punishment for his misdeeds, and also, if it be possible, to cause him (or others similarly disposed) to reform. It must also not be forgotten that it acts as a deterrent to others, and further by punishing an offender after a due examination into his guilt, it prevents both the community and individuals from taking the law into their own hands to exact retribution. We have no desire to introduce lynch law into this country.

Next week Lord Birkenhead, who is shortly to confine his entire journalistic activities to BRITANNIA, *brings forward some powerful arguments in support of his view that it* is *right to hang a man.*

He recalls the fate of Roger Casement, shot for treason during the war, and cites certain murderers whom he describes as creatures unfit to live.

I am unmoved by the argument that the death penalty does not deter murderers. In the sense that no punishment has ever been an effective deterrent to a man who has committed a crime, it is a mere platitude. If punishment were an effective deterrent in all cases, there would be no crime.

A criminal is a man who has not been deterred, whether he be a pickpocket, a burglar, a bigamist, or a murderer. In his case the deterrent has failed. But to argue from the exceptions that hanging is no deterrent to a man who may be tempted to commit murder is to advance a very grave error of reasoning. We should require to know all the cases in which that temptation has arisen and has been resisted, and in what number or proportion of cases the death penalty has operated to aid resistance to temptation.

I am certain that in the case of dangerous crimes, such as burglary and housebreaking, the fact that detection and capture will, at worst, lead to imprisonment; but that the avoidance of capture by murder will cause his life to be forfeit, has operated, and does operate, upon the minds of the criminals who spend their lives in such pursuits, and that thereby householders have gained a security which would not otherwise be theirs.

What would be the result if a burglar could say, "I am caught and bound to incur a long sentence. I can get away if I kill, and thereby I only risk a longer period?" He may—we do not know—conclude that the risk of longer, even life-long, imprisonment is worth the sacrifice of another's life if thereby perchance he may avoid punishment altogether. He does not have the fear of the rope in his mind and a life sentence would, after all, relieve him of the problem of gaining a livelihood.

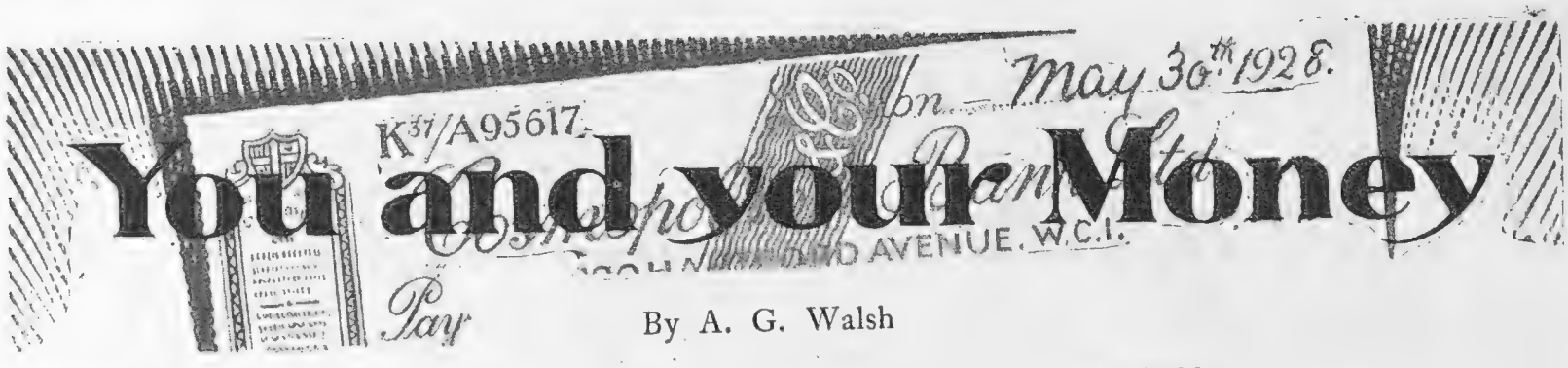
It is not enough to say that such a man does not reason in such an emergency, indeed has no time to do so. He acts upon the impulse of the moment, but that impulse is not uninfluenced by his state of mind. Such men do think and reflect before they commit crimes and they know the punishment for burglary and for murder with a more personal knowledge than we do.

The Four Great Crimes.

LET us leave on one side the case of the foreign enemy and the foreign spy, and the soldier who dies in our defence, and consider the problem as one merely of criminal law. Let us concede, what is the fact, that the death penalty is a most serious one which should not and must not be inflicted save to correct the gravest crimes. Then, examining those cases and investigating instances where persons have been guilty of such crimes, we shall see the problem in a concrete form.

There are four crimes for which the penalty is death: Treason; Arson, etc., in arsenals and dockyards; Piracy with violence, and Murder. There are, I believe, no others. We must remember that it is not sufficient to dispute the justice of the death penalty in the case of any particular crime; it may well be that with regard to that offence the need for such a punishment has ceased though the penalty is retained, but that will not show that the penalty is improper in other cases. It must be that there is no crime so enormous that the offender must die.

(*To be concluded next week.*)



By A. G. Walsh

"WHAT advantage does a trustee stock possess over other high-class securities not of the trustee class?" inquires a correspondent.

None, apart from its superior status, in my opinion.

There can be no doubt that trustee stocks have fallen from their high estate. In actual practice they are no more immune from price fluctuations than are preference shares.

The depreciation in some of the Home Railway prior charges, which are trustee investments, is a case in point. And if you compare existing quotations with those of pre-war days you will find that trustee stocks were vulnerable to the common causes that affected all classes of fixed-interest securities during the last fifteen years.

The war, of course, changed the whole investment outlook. The increase in the rates of interest with its consequent fall in the price of all gilt-edged securities meant a readjustment of investment values.

Twenty years ago the investor who paid 82 for Consols did so because he was content with the return of 3 per cent. that price afforded. No sensible investor to-day would accept 3 per cent. (or $2\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. after the deduction of income tax) on a permanent investment. Why should he when the newer British Government stocks can be bought to yield up to nearly 5 per cent.?

How Trustee Stocks are Valued.

IN theory, the basis of valuing trustee stocks should be the yields afforded by British Government long-dated loans at current prices. For example, 4 per cent. Consolidated loan stands at a level that gives a yield of £4 12s. per cent. Therefore on a stock of the trustee class issued by a British Corporation or municipality you should expect a return of anything between $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Local sentiment plays an important part in the demand for municipal stocks and for that reason they are regarded as equal in merit to the Government issues.

On colonial loans of the trustee class the yields vary from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. according to the indebtedness of the borrowing State. Thus you will find that the credit of some Australian States, which have floated numerous loans in the last few years, is on a 5 per cent. basis. What I mean is that you can buy their stocks at a price to return 5 per cent. (and a shade more sometimes).

These are among the few trustee investments standing at or below par that yield a full 5 per cent.

Railway Prior Charges.

A FEW trustee stocks actually can be bought to yield 6 per cent. and upwards. These, without exception, are the railway prior charges, unduly depressed because of the serious decline in earnings.

Some people regard the position of British railway debenture and preference stocks on the trustee list as precarious. They can only be retained on the list so long as the respective companies pay a dividend on their ordinary capital.

You may have wondered why the London and North-Eastern should have declared such a meagre dividend for 1927 a $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. on its preferred ordinary capital. Now you have the explanation.

As regards the preference stocks of the L.M.S. and the L.N.E.R., my own view is that every endeavour will be made to retain their status as trustee securities. So long as they remain on the list their interest may be regarded as assured. Were they to lose their status ten years at least must elapse before such stocks could be restored to the list.

Where are the Advantages?

AND now for the important question: Are trustee stocks safer than well-secured non-trustee investments? Taking a broad view, I think not.

The experience of investors with the Home railway trustee issues proves that such reputed high-class investments are not free from the taint of capital depreciation. Moreover, the income stability of some of these railway stocks has been maintained only by adventitious aids.

But it would be unfair, if not wrong altogether, to challenge the investment preeminence of trustee stocks just because under present conditions some of the railway securities do not satisfy every reasonable requirement as to stability of interest.

Many people cherish the allusion that the acme of investment excellence is to be found in stocks bearing the hall-mark "trustee." I know that from my correspondence.

Where it is essential to secure the safety and stability of funds in trust I admit the desirability of restricting those who take charge of other people's money to the investment thereof in securities officially considered suitable for the purpose. That is how the Law looks after the interest of beneficiaries.

But is there any reason why you should be under this disability in regard to your own capital? My object in writing these lines is not to decry "trustee stocks"—far from it—but to point out that there are other investments outside of that select class which not only conform to the principles of sound finance, but give a slightly better return.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Legal Tender.

MANY of us are suspicious of a £5 note. I don't know why; maybe it arises from the fear of forgery, or we suspect the note to be stolen. At any rate, anyone is liable to be confronted with the problem of when such a note is legal tender.

I notice that the matter is once again being aired in the columns of an evening contemporary.

Under the Bank Charter Act of 1833 the notes of the Bank of England, for the first time, were made legal tender at all places in England and Wales, for sums above £5, except at the Bank itself. There the note, as stated on its face, is payable on demand.

To my mind the most important of all legislative measures affecting our currency was the Bank Act of 1844. That Act asserted the right of the State to regulate the whole issue of currency. In so doing very stringent rules were set up in regard to the issue of notes, particularly in ensuring their convertibility.

The Act of 1844 was the real foundation of the modern currency system, which was subsequently extended by the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1914, essentially a war expedient.

However, what I want to point out is that next Thursday all currency notes issued under the last-named Act will be transferred from control of the Treasury to the Bank of England, when the provisions of the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1928 will come into operation.

Let me remind you that these new £1 and 10s. notes will be legal tender for the payment of any amount in England, Scotland and Wales. As I have stated already, the existing Bank of England notes are legal tender for sums above £5.

A £1,000,000 Bank Note.

COMPARATIVELY few people realise the difference between a bank note and a Bank of England note. The Act of 1844 draws a fine distinction, for it enacts that the term "bank notes" shall apply to notes for the payment of money on demand other than those issued by the Bank of England. On the other hand, the term "Bank of England notes" shall apply only to notes issued by that institution.

I believe that the first £5 Bank of England notes were issued early in 1793. They were made payable to Abraham Newland, or bearer. Mr. Newland was the then chief cashier of the Bank, and the first notes were generally referred to as "Abraham Newlands."

There was thus precedent for the popular terms "Bradburys" and "Fishers" as applied to the first and second series of currency notes.

It is an historical fact that a note for £1,000,000 was issued. It must have been issued about the end of the eighteenth century, for it was payable to Abraham Newland.

Bankers and the Act.

IT goes without saying that bankers will watch closely the working of the new Bank Notes Act on account of its probable effect upon the gold movements. I mean internationally. There is little likelihood of the restoration in our time of the circulation of gold coinage.

The Presidential address to the Institute of

Bankers this week of Mr. Frederick Hyde of the Midland Bank attracted a good deal of interest on account of its topical character.

Mr. Hyde explained that under the present currency system, which was continued by the new Act, the gold which could be withdrawn for export was that represented by the notes in reserve amounting to about £50,000,000, the balance of about £115,000,000, or much the larger part, being held as cover for notes in circulation.

As Mr. Hyde pointed out, the latter part of the gold can be drawn upon only in the event of an abnormal contraction in the circulation and the conditions which will make such a contraction possible will at the same time tend to turn the foreign exchanges in our favour and so render an export of gold unprofitable.

This, perhaps, is becoming a little too technical for you, but in countries where a gold standard prevails the day's exchange rate is an important factor in deciding whether it is profitable to send out or bring in gold.

Stupid Proposals.

OF all the suggestions for bolstering up the rubber industry, none seems so stupid as the proposal that all rubber shareholders should buy 1 cwt. or so, of crude rubber. The laudable object, of course, is to reduce supplies, and those responsible for this bright idea apparently expect the rubber, so bought, to be destroyed.

To be at all effective, at least 50,000 tons of rubber would have to be bought and taken off the market. This quantity would represent about one month's normal manufacturing consumption.

Now there are not more than a quarter of a million investors interested in rubber shares. Of this number, I suppose only 50,000 have considerable shareholdings ; 100,000 moderately large, and 100,000 small holdings. I am afraid, therefore, that 1 cwt. per head would not make much difference to the market.

I will be generous and assume for the sake of argument that all the large and the moderately large shareholders—that is, 150,000 in all—agree to buy and destroy (or bury in the garden if you like) 50,000 tons of rubber. How much do you imagine each person would have to buy ? About 7 cwt. ! People who put forward such ideas invariably fail to explain how they are to be carried out.

The distribution of small parcels of rubber amongst even 150,000 shareholders scattered throughout the country would be a heavy task.

The proposal is an impossible one. At present price of 9d. per lb. 1 cwt. of rubber would cost £4 4s., while 7 cwt., plus cost of carriage, at least would come to £30.

If, again, for the sake of argument, the shareholders of a certain company were agreeable to buy up part of the estate's production to the extent of £5 per head merely with the view of destroying it, surely it would be more to the point if they handed over instead the cash as a gift to the company in order to tide it over its difficulties.

What is a Prospectus ?

THE legal definition of a prospectus is :—"Any prospectus, notice, circular, advertisement, or other invitation offering to the public for subscription or purchase any shares or debentures of a company."

Under the Companies Act every person who has authorised the issue of a prospectus is liable for the consequences of misrepresentations contained therein. That is to say, if the information is knowingly false or essential particulars have been knowingly suppressed.

If you have been induced to buy shares on the strength of a misleading prospectus you can, of course, take legal action to recover the money so paid. The procedure is to take steps to have your name removed from the register of shareholders.

It is an expensive process and you must have a strong case and be able to prove it to the hilt. But I am getting away from my subject, which is, "What is a prospectus ?"

A decision this week in the House of Lords prompts this question. It appeared to me to hinge on the question as to whether a certain prospectus was a prospectus within the meaning of the Act. In the case referred to, action had been brought for breaches of the Companies Act because a certain prospectus did not state the amount of shares issued in the preceding years as fully paid up otherwise than in cash.

The Court of Appeal upheld the claim for damages, but the House of Lords reversed the decision. The Lord Chancellor held that it must be proved that the prospectus in question had been published to any defined number of persons.

The Lords came to the conclusion that the document in question was not an invitation to the respondent to subscribe to the shares, but merely a document sent to him in order to give him a general idea of the position of the company in case he might think it afforded a suitable opening in which he could find employment on the terms of investing a small amount of his capital.

The whole matter, in my opnion, boils down to this : that if a document is sent out to the particular person, not for the purpose of inviting a subscription to a share issue but merely to afford information, it does not become a prospectus within the meaning of the Act and, therefore, those who issue it under such circumstances are not to be held liable, apparently, for any mistakes it may contain.

Improving Trade.

TRADE is improving according to the official statistics for October, but, as I pointed out in the first number of BRITANNIA, what happens in the period of one month is not typical of the year. Trade is seasonal and because particular exports during October were, say, 30 per cent. higher than those shipped during July or August it does not necessarily follow that conditions in the industry concerned are more active.

The sensible way to examine trade statistics is to take them over a period. Figures for ten months of this year are available. They are certainly impressive ; but upon close investigation I find that the value of total exports over the period has increased only by 3 per cent., while the value of imports has declined by 2 per cent.

Not a marked improvement you will grant me ; but it is something, and in these hard times every little helps.

Coal, iron and steel exports on the year, so far, record a heavy decline, but the encouraging feature of the October trade return is the substantial increase during that month in coal shipments.

The industries which are making headway are the machinery and locomotive building. The shipbuilding industry, too, has done better this year, although the immediate outlook, owing to the lack of fresh orders, is not so promising.

Considerably large quantities of textile manufactures, woollen and worsted goods, have been exported this year.

Roumanian Loan Delayed.

POLITICAL events in Roumania have given a set-back to the completion of the negotiations in connection with the new loan to be floated here. The Government goes to the country on December 10, and the new Government will be elected about the end of December.

A leading authority on Roumanian affairs tells me that the National Peasants party will in all probability come into power. Some of the best brains in the country are associated with it so holders of Roumanian loans have nothing to fear.

I expect that the new Government will bring in far-reaching economic measures and open the door to foreign capital for the development of the country. At any rate, it is reasonable to expect that the difficulties with the foreign financial houses will be straightened out.

As regards the new loan, its appearance may now be delayed until February.

Recent Issue Prices.

SUBSCRIBERS to new issues frequently are mystified by the erratic course of prices when dealings take place in the shares.

For instance, the underwriters of the Whittaker Automatic Looms were reported to have been left with 50 per cent. Yet I find the 1s. deferred shares a strong feature at about 5s. and the 8 per cent. preferred ordinary which rank ahead of them standing at a discount of 1s. 3d.

The explanation is that the deferred shares are now being bought in the open market on account presumably of their speculative possibilities.

Again, in the case of Acetate Products, reported to have been over-subscribed, the preferred ordinary shares stand at a heavy discount.

I now learn that the issue was "stagged" heavily. In other words, speculators applied for the shares who had no intention of taking them up but merely wanted an allotment on the chance of selling out immediately at a profit. So long as they could get the deferred shares they did not mind selling the preferred at a loss.

Stagging an issue is bad for the market. The dealers know that the speculators cannot lie out of their money and will endeavour to clear out before the calls fall due. The result is that the price is put against the seller. As a dealer once said to me, referring to another share, "I won't allow anyone to get out on my back if I can help it."

I frequently have noticed that quotations improve after the stags get out of an issue. It seems to me that holders are wise to sit tight and not sell out of partly-paid shares.

Some Pointers.

CONDITIONS in the iron and steel industry are probably not quite so black as some of us may imagine, judging from the reports of two companies of the Furness group. The profit of South Durham Steel and Iron permits a dividend of 6 per cent., against 5 per cent., without straining the esources.

On the other hand, while the earnings of Cargo Fleet Iron are higher, they just cover debenture interest and the provision of £50,000. No dividend is yet possible on the ordinary shares. Steps are about to be taken to merge these two concerns.

Profits of Dennis Bros., the firm which specialises in the manufacture of heavy motor vehicles, have reached a new high record at £360,840. As the capital is now only £75,123, it is possible to pay a dividend of 3s. 2d. per shilling share, or 316⅔ per cent.

The history of this company affords a splendid example of what sound financial management can do. In 1926 the directors found that they had more money than was needed in the business.

They made a return of capital of 10s. per £1 shar , and last May a further return of 7s. The £1 shares were thereby reduced to 3s. denomination and subseqently subdivided into three 1s. shares. These shares now stand around 70s. each.

THE WEEK ON CHANGE

By A. G. Walsh

ALTHOUGH there has been another outburst of frenzied speculation in New York in specialised industrials and railroad stocks, investors here refuse to be tempted. I regard this as a healthy sign; as an indication that there is a limit to a speculative movement.

Few shares now command a speculative following, and it is evident that the "big money" is out of the market for the time being. The boom in cheap gramophone records is over, and while you may see spasmodic spurts in prices, never again will the small shares reach the giddy heights attained two months or so ago.

It is strange how many investors still nurse the pathetic conviction that British Brunswicks may again reach 18s., Goodsons 15s. and World-Echos 12s. There is little hope, I am afraid.

Gramophone (H.M.V.) shares, Columbias and Victors are in a class apart, and Vocalions, too, have merit. In these shares the activity may be kept alive for some little time.

The New Tobacco Shares.

Tobacco shares keep well to the fore, interest having been stimulated anew by the commencement of dealings in the shares of the new Tobacco Securities Trust. Some readers have inquired what ought they to pay for the new ordinary shares. My advice is to wait and watch.

The price has been well over £4, a figure much too high, I consider. It is now around £3 10s. My idea is £3 as a fair price, having regard to the probability of a dividend of 15 per cent. for 1928, which may not materialise until early in 1929.

Thus you may be 15 months without a return on your money, unless, of course, an interim payment is made. At £3 the shares should return you 5 per cent. on a 15 per cent. dividend; this would be a fair return. I feel sure that by waiting you may yet secure them at £3. Imperial Tobaccos are still the pick of the bunch around 6¼.

The gilt-edged market affords little opportunity for comment. Reports are still circulating to the effect that a new Government loan may appear before the end of the year to provide for the maturing debt.

Foreign Bonds Wanted.

A healthy demand is now in evidence for the higher-yielding foreign loans, notably the German, Polish and Czecho-slovakian issues. The Roumanian 4 per cent. loan keeps firm at 48. It may go over 50 after the new Government comes into power.

Home rails remain neglected. The only railway security that seems to attract attention in these dull days is Unde ground Ordinary shares. They offer scope for a rise of 2s. or 3s. between now and the issue of the report in February.

A "Canpac" Rumour.

Canadian Pacifics have been a prominent feature at 242. Whether the rise is in sympathy with the advance in American rails or not, I should not like to say; but the market is regarding seriously the possibility of a stock-splitting scheme. The presen par value of Canpacs is $100.

It is now suggested that each share may be split into four of $25 each. This would bring them within the reach of a wider body of investors who hesitate to buy heavy-priced shares.

United of Havana ordinary stock has fallen as low as 47. The market is taking a somewhat gloomy view of the outlook.

Kaffirs as a Lock-up.

Mining shares still fail to attract speculative attention. Quite a number of brokers, I hear, are urging clients, who are of a speculative turn of mind, to buy Kaffirs, as South African gold shares are called. No early activity is anticipated, but the view appears to be that such shares might well repay a purchase six months hence.

At the moment there is no incentive to a speculative revival apart from the record Rand gold output for October. The extra two working days naturally helped the return. Some of the low-priced shares are showing a better tendency, notably Robinson Deep "B." Less attention has been paid to the somewhat discouraging September quarterly report, and more to the improvement in the revenue or the month of October.

I want to make it plain that there is no hope of a dividend this year or next. And while writing of mining dividends neither City Deep nor Randfontein Estates is likely to declare any dividend next month. From my correspondence I notice that many people cherish the hope that something will be forthcoming.

Rhodesians are keeping up well and holders would be well advised to retain for the present such shares as Bwana M'Kubwas, Rhodesian Broken Hills, and other base metals.

Tin shares have shown some tendency to sag in the absence of support. I am afraid that the public will not come in until the price of the metal is well above £250.

Crude Oil Higher.

Oil shares now seem more likely to mark time than burst into activity; but in view of the further rise in the price of crude I do not look for any decided setback in prices. If anything, the general tendency should be upward gradually.

Conditions in the industry are decidedly better. The United States' production is diminishing, and this, with the advance of 15 cents a barrel, which makes a total rise of 25 cents within a month, should prove a helpful influence. Highest grade Pennsylvania oil to-day is nearly a dollar a barrel higher than the price a year ago. Inferior grades are also higher all round on the year.

Rubber continues to keep firm despite the belief that the November and December shipments from the East will total at least 120,000 tons. Against this there is the possible heavy depletion of manufacturers' stocks which must be made good for next season's trade.

I hear that Firestone Plantations—the American rubber-growing project in Liberia—is developing well. Lately over 100,000 young rubber trees imported from the East have been planted. There are now over 5,000,000 rubber trees on the plantations. These are mostly immature.

In a recent paragraph on asbestos shares, the value of Mashaba Asbestos was erroneously given as £1. It should have been 5s.

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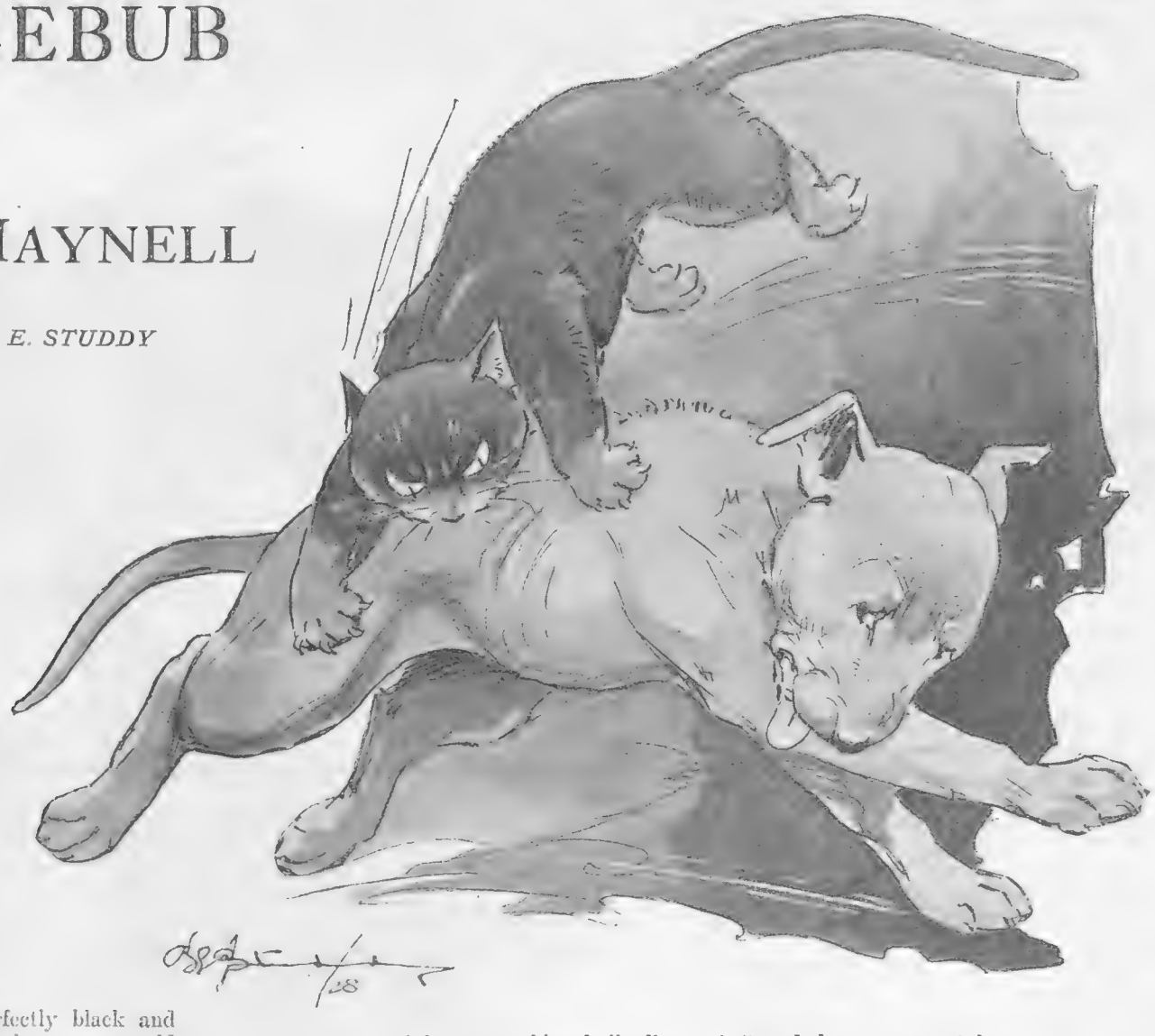
The Britannia Short Stories. **No. 4**

THE TRIUMPH OF BEELZEBUB

By

FRANK MAYNELL

Illustrated by G. E. STUDDY



A furry, screeching devil, all eyes, teeth and claws, sprang at him.

THE arrival of a perfectly black and woolly baby in a ducal nursery would cause no greater consternation and surprise than did his *début* into the world.

His father, an aristocrat of purest strain and pedigree, was the undisputed bull-terrier champion of his age; his mother, a matron of impeccable bull-terrier lineage, whose progeny hitherto had redounded greatly to her credit. As a blemish on the fair repute of the family undoubtedly his days would have ended in a bucket of water, but for the unfortunate demise of his twin sisters. Nobody wanted him; nobody cared for him. Before the customary period even his mother cast him off.

Downcast and miserable at the rebuff, he crawled away through a hedge to hide his shame, only to find himself suddenly caught up by the scruff of his neck and pitched into a horse-drawn van. For many months thereafter his existence was precarious. He disliked the gipsy owners of the van. Particularly did he loathe the children. Blows and kicks were his daily portion and "eats" so far from plentiful that, but for a remarkable constitution he could never have survived.

In his fourteenth month quite unexpectedly he found the spirit of his race. Chastened by short rations and daily thrashings, hitherto he had accepted his misfortunes with resignation, but a particularly vicious kick moved him to retaliation. For the first time the joy of battle surged in his veins. Striking at the point most convenient at the moment, he bit hard and deep. His fangs, of which he had a goodly equipment, sunk well in. His jaws set and clenched. Blows rained upon him, but he scarcely felt them in the exquisite sensation of hanging on to the squirming body of his tormentor and gloating on his howls.

His next recollection was not so pleasant. Aching in every bone of his body, desperately hungry and thirsty, he awoke to find himself alone in a desolate region of pine and shrub. Instinctively he realised that he must both eat and drink or else die. The memory of his exploit lent him courage. He decided against dying. Henceforward, if kicks and blows should prove to be an indispensable adjunct to existence, at least they would be tolerable as a prelude to the stern enjoyment of battle. Rousing himself, he set off on his quest for sustenance.

It was early in the year. The night was cold and dark. A little stream provided him with drink, but the question of food was still unsolved. Alluring whiffs of rabbit distracted his thoughts and stimulated his appetite into a tormenting craving, but long since he had discarded the notion that his bulky form could be squeezed into a hole about one quarter of his circumference or that any digging of which he was capable would tend to improve matters in that respect. Great as was the temptation to investigate these pleasant odours, stolidly he resisted it and persisted on his way.

PRESENTLY he came upon a highway, and jogging along it, reached the outskirts of a village. No lights were to be seen, and beyond the usual faint noises of out-of-door night life, no sounds to be heard. The road was deserted, and small houses commenced to flank it on either side. Presently his nose trapped a smell, and abruptly he came to a halt. Undoubtedly it was eats! Following it up, he encountered a gate.

Clumsily built, it was no easy matter for him to surmount it, but at the third attempt he succeeded and found himself at the entrance to the yard of a fair sized house. The odour of food was stronger, but mingled with it was another, altogether unsavoury. The hackle rose on his neck, and he stood stock still, vainly wrestling with memory. Unquestionably it was animal perfume and unutterably loathsome. Arriving at this decision, his fangs bared and his hackle stood bolt upright. Whatever the nature of the creature, if it were in possession of the food, clearly it was a case of fight.

His advance was cautious, with muscles taut and ears cocked to assist his eyes and nose in discovering an adversary. Delicately he picked up each foot in turn. Noiselessly he put it down just a little further on. Progress was slow, but gradually he cleared the side of the house. Rounding it, he perceived in the distance an oblong heap and from the smell of it he knew that it was food. Shadowy forms were moving upon it. A deep, menacing growl rumbled in his throat. Instantaneously, glittering eyes flared upon him across the darkness. Amazed at their numbers, it seemed to him that there must be dozens of the things, but the idea of declining combat never entered his head. Legions of them should not baulk him of his meal. With reckless courage he launched his charge.

The suddenness of his rush failed to surprise the enemy. On the contrary, its very impetus landed him in a neat ambuscade. Half way to the heap a furry, screeching devil all eyes, teeth and claws sprang at him out of the gloom, gashing his shoulder and flank. Checking his wild gallop, he turned to deal with it, but even as he did so, two frenzied fiends attacked him from the other side, a third bounded upon his back, ripping at his hide, and others of the horrid beasts danced about in front of him, spitting into his eyes and tearing at his shoulders with their talons.

It was his first experience of the sort and he saw red. Greatly as the odds were against him, blind, stubborn fury filled his soul and kept him on his feet. Time and again his mouth choked with fur. Yowls and screeches desecrated the quiet of the night as twice at least his fangs fixed into a writhing body and with a jerk of his powerful neck he tossed it high in the air behind him, but the strain upon him was terrific. Weakened from fasting, his strength was waning fast when, suddenly as it had begun, the affray ceased. His adversaries had decamped.

From various points of vantage malevolent eyes glared down upon him, but he was master of the field. The heap was in front of him. Tottering to it he commenced to feed.

THE following week witnessed further encounters with the enemy. If the garbage heap of the village inn was an unfailing source of supply, equally was it the cats' rendezvous. Three nights in succession the scrimimage was renewed and many were the grievous hurts that he suffered. Thereafter at the sound of his arrival the hostile battalions sought refuge on the surrounding walls, and such fights as came his way were with antagonists taken by surprise or who had not yet tasted his metal. With one exception the first engagement was also the last, his superiority being clearly established, but in this case he encountered an adversary worthy of his fangs, an enormous and ferocious tom tabby, endowed, so it seemed to him, with the strength of ten ordinary cats and the agility of twenty. Barren of decisive results as were several merry bouts with this gentleman, on each occasion he emerged therefrom with an assortment of painful scars and the disappointing conviction that his rival was undamaged.

Licking his wounds and ruminating on this tragic fact, a reason for his own existence became rooted in his mind. Outcast he might be, a disgrace to the stock from which he sprang, but in the fashioning of him on so fantastic a model, evidently destiny had in view the elimination of cats in general and of one great big brute of a tom tabby in particular.

At one end of the village lay a gorse-covered common, bounded on the further side by a considerable thicket. In this latter he established his home and as time rolled on, ever more rarely did he venture far therefrom except after dark. His day time excursions had not proved a success. Canine acquaintances were to be had in plenty, but for some inexplicable reason he hankered for human companionship and the attitude of the villagers was uncompromisingly hostile. No matter which category of them he selected for his advances, big or small, male or female, the result was always the same, ridicule and contempt. Even the children from a safe distance would hurl missiles at him. In vain his glorious victories over cats and physical supremacy among the dogs. These things weighed nothing in the scales of the human mind. To mankind he was a freak, despicable and ridiculous, a creature to be jeered at, scorned and stoned. The thought oppressed him. It preyed on his mind and filled him with sorrow. Conscious as he was of instinctive friendliness towards the whole race of bipeds, it baffled his comprehension.

At length his snout was sniffing at the feathers on the creature's breast.

SPRING was merging into summer; the sun was high in the heavens. Issuing from the wood, he chose a cosy spot in which to bask in the heat and doze. Presently the sound of approaching footsteps disturbed his reverie. Ordinarily he would have arisen and slunk out of sight, but for once felt too comfortable to move. His body was curled in such a way that his head, resting on one of his thighs, faced the direction of the sound. Warily he opened an eye, but bushes limited his horizon. When at length he perceived the author of the footsteps, already it was too late to escape detection.

It was a man, a tall, sturdily built fellow, with a thick stick in his hand. Both facts recorded themselves simultaneously in his brain. As a rule men with sticks were dangerous. Uncovering the other eye, he lay motionless and growled. Unmindful of this warning, the man continued to advance, and deeming it advisable to prepare for emergencies, he stood up. Scarcely was he on his feet, than the man reached him, but instead of lifting the stick or attempting to kick him, stood looking down on his upturned countenance with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Well, I'll be blessed," he exclaimed aloud. "If it isn't old Beelzebub himself. Howdeedo, Beelzebub, old chap. What is your satanic Majesty doing up here all on its lonesome?" Surprised and still a trifle suspicious of the stranger's intentions, Beelzebub growled again.

With a laugh the man threw himself on the ground, and flinging a strong arm around the dog's neck, pulled him close.

"Come on, old man. What's the trouble? Loosen up and tell me all about it," he said, commencing to pat and stroke him with his free hand.

Creeping over the lawn, was a shadowy form.

There could be no mistaking the friendliness of voice and action. His growlings ceased. Gently his tail commenced to wag. A delicious sense of companionship permeated his being. His heart sweled with happiness; the wagging of his tail became more and more pronounced. Suddenly the man bent his head and kissed him just above the snout.

That settled it. In a very tempest of emotion he knew that his man had come.

The man lived in a cottage at the far end of the village. Thither he accompanied him and little by little accustomed himself to the new mode of life. The nights were the principal difficulty. Thoughts of the cats rejoicing at his absence or the big tabby taunting him with cowardice disturbed his rest, and even at the risk of waking his benefactor, he would rumble dire threats in his throat whenever the cat noises were particularly close. In the daytime he had no worries. Water was always available; food plentiful; and succulent tit-bits to be procured at mealtimes. Behind the cottage was a garden in which he could bask in the sun, whenever the man was at home, or ramble to his heart's content. If the gentlemen dogs of the community declined combat and the cats, incontinently discarding pretence, took to the treetops at his approach, this lamentable fact was nothing in comparison to the joys of human companionship and the manifold comforts of his new surroundings. A brass collar on his neck lent him dignity. No longer the children threw missiles at him, and the chiefest of his delights was to wander far and wide through the countryside in company with his new found friend.

THERE was one spot of which the man seemed particularly fond, a little bracken-covered knoll overlooking a vista of green meadows and grazing cattle. Thither on the finer days he would repair and devote himself through long hours to the painting of pictures.

It was here that first they encountered the girl. So absorbed was the man in his work that despite his own warning growls he failed to note her approach. Only when she was passing did he look up. For a moment a shadow of annoyance darkened his face, but the next instant it had vanished in the rays of joyful surprise. In his haste to arise he almost knocked over the easel. The girl appeared no less astonished and delighted. A wave of colour mantled her cheeks, and for long minutes the two of them stood there, laughing and chattering gaily, recalling a schooldays acquaintanceship and entirely oblivious to his presence.

For the first time in his life he felt the prick of jealousy. Walking across to the pair, he sniffed suspiciously at the girl's ankles. The perfume of her tended to reassure him. It was distinctly pleasant and friendly. Satisfied in this respect, he rubbed himself gently against the man's leg, and in his most ingratiating manner rumbled his approval. With a little cry of alarm the girl sprang backwards. Instinctively he felt anger blaze in the man against himself, and, looking up at him, wagged his tail in abject apology. Not for worlds would he have offended him. The next moment he was forgiven. The girl was on her knees, hugging him, and bending down, the man patted him on the head. In the exuberance of his relief, graciously he submitted to the newcomer's caresses.

The weeks slipped by. The easel remained at home, and no matter the direction of their daily rambles, always they encountered the girl. Jealousy had ceased to rankle in him. Philosophically he ruminated that the interest of the male human in the female was a phenomenon, inevitable, but of ephemeral importance only, and that in the course of time his life with the man would resume its normal routine.

THE finger of autumn was commencing to tint both bracken and leaves. It had been a most glorious day. As usual they had met the girl and wandered far afield. On the homeward journey the way led past the favourite knoll, and they lingered there for a rest. Resigned to the temporary pre-occupation of the couple in each other and stretched out beside them, he fell asleep. Awakening from his snooze, he discovered them kissing. Lazily watching them, he suffered his tail to record his complete understanding of the situation, until at length a nip in the air suggested to him the approach of the dinner hour. Reminded of that fact, eventually they condescended to arise and, with arms entwined, wandered slowly back towards the village.

Somewhat to his dismay the man for once failed to take their own home turning and continued on with the girl past the crossway until they reached a pretty creeper-covered house, standing back from the road and surrounded by a considerable garden. Still more to his perturbation, the man opened the gate and, side by side with the girl, proceeded to enter. As a matter of course he followed.

It was a large room in which he found himself. Long windows reached to the floor and gave access to the garden. Propped up with cushions in a big armchair sat an old woman with white hair. Addressing her as Grannie, the girl stooped to kiss her and whispered something in her ear that appeared to cause her intense satisfaction. Thereafter the man approached the chair and, heedless of his own presence, the three of them engaged in animated conversation.

There was a distinct whiff of bird in the air, but not one that he could determine satisfactorily. Certainly it was not chicken or duck; clearly neither pheasant nor partridge. In the circumstances, investigation appeared permissible. The whiff led in the direction of an open window. Cautiously approaching it, he passed through on to a verandah. The scent was strong, but no bird visible. Considerably mystified, he stared about him in all directions.

Of a sudden from above him a human voice addressed him in strident tones. Taken by surprise, he jumped forward at least a yard, whereupon the voice broke into peals of ribald laughter. Ashamed and indignant, he whipped round and looked up.

On the top of the window sat a funny grey bird with a large beak and ridiculous feathers on his poll, screeching horribly, but of a human being there was no sign. Distinctly puzzled, he revolved the problem, but only to receive a shock that completely bowled him over. Once again the voice addressed him, calling him old chap precisely as did the man, and beyond dispute the voice was the voice of the bird. Overcome with astonishment, he sat down heavily on his haunches.

ASSISTING itself with beak and claw, the bird climbed down from the window. Watching this procedure, Beelzebub was conscious of an insistent desire to betake himself to a safe distance. There was something uncanny in a human voice issuing from a bird. It bristled his hackles and sent shivers down his spine. Suddenly the thought came to him that the creature might be dangerous to the man.

At once his courage stiffened. At all costs he would stand his ground. Reaching the floor, with a curious shambling gait the bird approached him and, climbing on to a basket chair, perched itself within a foot of his nose. Unexpectedly the voice issued from it again, and it required all his resolution to hold fast. Trembling with excitement, he realised that inaction was impossible. Either he must back up or advance. In the face of evil chuckles, inch by inch warily he sidled forward until at length his snout was sniffing at the feathers on the creature's breast.

Without warning, the beak struck into it viciously. With a howl of rage he bounded back, dazed by wings flapping about his face, but the next moment recovered his wits.

The bird was on the ground.

With an angry snarl he sprang at it and, despite a painful nip in the leg, succeeded in

knocking it over. Holding it down with a paw, he was on the point of putting an end to its unnecessary existence, by biting off its head, when the strong hands of the man clutched his collar and forcibly restrained him. Vainly, in his temper, he struggled against authority and endeavoured to convince the man of the need for summary action. His most frantic efforts availed him nothing. The girl picked up the odious creature and with ruffled feathers it sat on her arm, swearing lustily; the man belaboured him with his open hand.

Presently, realising that he was in disgrace, he ceased his struggles and submitted to punishment. On the further side of the lawn was a little summerhouse. Thither the man led him and, to his infinite humiliation, ordered him to remain.

THE vicissitudes of a chequered career had not inured him to gloom. Never in his life had he felt so utterly dejected. Night had fallen. Long since, his dinner hour had passed. Through the open window tantalising odours of cats were wafted to him on the breeze, accentuating the pangs of appetite and aggravating his misery. He was very hungry indeed. Unutterably forlorn, he watched them return to the big room, and scarcely had Grannie been installed again in her chair, than the girl took her seat at the piano, with the man standing close beside her. As the first chords rang out melancholy seized him and wrapped him in its mantle. Lifting his muzzle skywards, he longed to howl, only the fear of giving further offence restrained him from giving vent to his feelings. The impulse to do so was overwhelming. Almost he had succumbed to it, when his attention became riveted on the window. Waddling through it was the bird with the voice.

Despite good resolutions, animosity surged within him. Tempting devils whispered in his ear. A long thin chain was attached to the creature's leg, and clanked lightly behind it. It crossed the verandah. It clambered down the side of it on to the path and, edging away from the light of the open window, strutted into the darkness on the lawn in his direction.

Involuntarily he licked his chops. The provocation was great. In anticipation already he was savouring the sweets of revenge, when the thread of his thoughts was broken off abruptly. Turning this way and that, for the moment the bird had its back to him. Creeping over the lawn towards it was a shadowy form.

Something familiar in the shape of its tail told him that it was his own arch enemy, the tabby. On the instant his every faculty was awake. Misery fell from him like a cloak. Motionless, he lay in an agony of tense exaltation, intent only on effecting a surprise. The slightest movement would betray him. Nearer and nearer crept the cat and then of a sudden it made its spring. A despairing squawk rent the air, but instantaneously it was lost in a veritable roar of canine triumph and cat resentful fury. Like a bolt from the blue he had landed on the struggling mass. His jaws had snapped and clenched.

It was by no means a satisfactory hold. Nevertheless, it *was* a hold and the first that ever he had secured on the tabby. The teeth of the fiend gashed his shoulder. One front and two hind paws scratched at him savagely, as grimly he hung on to his adversary's leg. The strength of the creature was prodigious; its activity almost incredible. In the first stages of the contest his superior weight availed him little, but dragged hither and thither about the lawn, stumbling and at times even losing his balance, patiently he bided his opportunity for a change of grip. Horrible screeches deafened his ears; nauseous spittings blinded his eyes; cruel talons slashed and ripped his hide from one end of him to the other. Still he refused to let go, intent solely on vengeance, full and complete.

Stimulated by the joy of battle, for once his somewhat sluggish brain rose fully to the occasion, and amid the turmoil of fluctuating fortunes, not one of the finer points in the duel escaped his notice. Exultantly he revelled in temporary advantage; dourly appreciated a reverse or accepted punishment. More than once even he anticipated his enemy's manœuvres and thereby foiled desperate clawings at the more vulnerable portions of his anatomy.

Suddenly his chance came. He had fallen. The cat was on top of him, tearing at his stomach. With a tremendous effort he succeeded in rolling over, and for one fraction of a second pinning the body of the creature with his bulk. In that short space of time his jaws opened and closed again. He had secured the grip of which so often he had dreamed. Terrifying noises mounted to the heavens, as staggering to his feet, he jerked his writhing foe from the ground.

Squarely in the middle of the tabby's back his great fangs were met. Squirm as he might, the devil could not escape him now. Viciously Beelzebub shook the great cat, to the accompaniment of horrifying, ear-splitting yowls, and then, gathering the muscles of his powerful neck for one supreme effort, he flung him high into the air over his shoulder. The beast's neck was broken.

The tabby was dead.

In the heat of conflict, Beelzebub had forgotten everything, man, girl, bird and food. Growling over his defunct enemy, he was revelling in his victory, when the touch of a firm hand on his head broke the spell. Visions of further penalties for disobedience of orders loomed darkly in his imagination. Vast was his relief when he heard the man's voice. The anger had gone from it. He was forgiven. Even the glories of victory paled before that transcendent fact and joyously he fawned upon his friend. The girl was there, too. Between them she and the man led him back to the house and introduced him to Granny. Never before had he been so petted and praised. All three of them seemed to be vying with each other in making a fuss of him.

There was no need for him to seek a reason for this demonstration. Instinctively he divined it, and his heart swelled with pride at this tribute to his valour in ridding the world of such an abomination as the tabby. Only one thing marred his enjoyment. The wounds were nothing; he would attend to them by and by; but, despite his heroism, the ban of earlier punishment had not been lifted, and his hunger was reasserting itself in no uncertain fashion. A noise in the far corner of the room attracted his attention, and hopefully he glanced in that direction. Corpses of Cats! There was that miserable bird again, chained to its perch, and apparently none the worse for its adventure.

But what was this? A female entering the chamber with a dish of eats! Could it possibly be for him? Joy ineffable! It must be. The man was bidding him go to it. In their own happiness after all they had not overlooked his needs. His reinstatement was fulfilled.

His triumph was complete.

A CALL TO THE WILD

By LORD DUNSANY

Jimson lives in a new
  Small house where the view is shrouded
With hideous hoardings, a view
  That is every year more crowded.

Every year he is vexed
  With some new noise as a neighbour;
The tramlines are coming next
  And the street is noisy with labour.

But one thing he sees afar,
  From a window over his back-door,
Is a wood as wild as a star,
  On a hill untouched by contractor.

Thither at times, forlorn,
  From the clamour of things suburban
He turns, as the Arab at dawn
  To Mecca inclines his turban.

And this is the curious prayer
  That he prays when his heart sickens,
"Oh, fox, come down from your lair
  And steal our chickens."

SAFEGUARDING *is* OBVIOUSLY RIGHT

By ALEXANDER RAMSAY

This article, written by a leading industrialist, is an answer to Sir Herbert Samuel's contribution on the same subject which appeared in the issue of BRITANNIA *of November 2nd.*

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL stands for the *status quo*, the full *status quo*, and nothing but the *status quo*. Yet in every other phase of economic activity the pre-war situation has been battered out of recognition. He is separated by years from the vital issues of to-day.

His whole case turns on the contention that, as an export community, we dare not run a risk of creating such a position that our production will become more costly and so non-competitive. But he forgets a condition that is fundamental, that did not exist before the war, and one that alters the whole basis on which this question should be judged.

Free Trade's Vicious Circle.

THE social and industrial standards in this country are better and more costly than on the Continent. The taxation per head of population is nearly three times greater than in Germany, and four times greater than in Italy. The cost of heavy engineering production in certain parts of the Continent is 20 per cent. less than with us, for reasons which the British manufacturer is totally unable to control.

The State and the community have imposed such charges upon our producing trades that they are definitely unable to compete on anything like equal terms. The resulting loss of trade has created an inefficiency in production far more serious in effect than any safeguarding tariff could possibly be. The Free Trader seems to will it that we should continue to revolve in a vicious circle until eventually it disintegrates into chaos. The Safeguarder wants to stimulate our trades from 70 per cent. to 95 per cent. productive capacity, to create efficiency, employment, and spending power. There is plenty of evidence to support his case that in such circumstances prices would look after themselves.

In point of fact, does a tariff necessarily put up prices when stable conditions have been established? A tariff saved the motor trade and made it the one bright spot among producers. A tariff did not eventually raise the price of motor tyres; it resulted in the establishment of a large Michelin factory at Stafford, a Goodyear factory at Wolverhampton, and negotiations for a Pirelli factory in another part of the country.

In artificial silk a tariff gave the industry a momentum that made its position secure. Without it we should have had a badly damaged cotton trade and the bulk of artificial silk produced in the relatively underpaid, overworked and undertaxed Continental countries.

Greater and Cheaper Production.

WE are importing three million tons of raw steel per annum at about £1 a ton less than the home price. Sir Herbert Samuel claims this as a saving to the country. It is nothing of the kind! The home industry is to-day less than 70 per cent. employed. Greater production would mean balanced costs and cheaper production.

But even if the tariff cost the country three million pounds per annum, what then? Are there no corresponding losses? The production of this steel would employ 120,000 men, many of them miners. If we may take it that these men or their equivalent are to-day unemployed—a fair assumption in the circumstances—we are spending on supporting them and their dependents, at £80 a year per man, not less than nine and a half millions a year. Where then lies the balance of advantage? It is nonsense to advocate Free Trade in the abstract, when our industrial activities are surrounded by every form of social protection.

Moreover, these considerations are only part of the case for a selected tariff. It is quite clear that in this country production and consumption have definitely got out of balance. It is possible to make a broad division in industry. Underneath are the basic industries, from which alone can come the earned income of the country. There is not one of them functioning at anything like full production. They are unremunerative to those who look to them for a living.

A False Conclusion.

IN many cases they are not even recreating the capital employed in them. Above are the secondary and superficial industries, which include tobacco, artificial silk, gramophones, drapery stores, amusements, importing and shopkeeping. All of them are prosperous! But, unfortunately for the free trader, the country cannot run on secondary trades and imports. If the basic trades go down, the country goes down with them. We cannot support the nation on silk stockings!

These superficial, importing and merchanting trades are being subsidised by the distribution of three hundred millions, interest on War Loan, which did not appear at all in our pre-war balance sheet. They are being subsidised, too, in another and far more sinister fashion! The essence of the free traders' case is that imports should create a demand for exports and be paid for by them. It is a false conclusion.

In 1923, the last year investigated by the Committee on Industry and Trade, the exports of the United States, a protectionist country, were actually greater in value than the imports. In France there was a difference of only thirty million pounds. Taking every other country in the world outside Great Britain, the total value of imports exceeded the total value of exports only by 235 millions. But in Great Britain alone the difference was 215 millions, meaning that our debit balance was almost equal to the debit balance of the whole of the rest of the world.

Last year the position was even worse. Imports exceeded visible exports by not less than 391 million pounds. The income from shipping, commissions and other services amounted to 195 million pounds, leaving a deficiency of practically 200 million pounds to be made up by utilising the interest on capital invested abroad. This capital was created and invested by other generations! We are living in part on our predecessors! We are not paying for imports by exports! We are consuming what we have not produced! We are reaping where others have sown! We are using an overdraft to stimulate importing and secondary trades!

Not a Political Issue.

THE inert mass of the basic industries, with an inflated and constantly expanding superstructure of superficial trades and imports, is a deadly menace which any Government will be forced to face. If it does not, the whole economic structure will topple about our ears. It seems a certainty that the Conservatives, the Labour Party, or a Labour-Liberal Coalition in power, will in spite of themselves be forced to introduce selected tariffs not only for their reaction on home manufactures, but to cut down expenditure on imports which we do not need, and for which we cannot afford to pay.

Speaking as an Industrialist, I make an appeal that this question should be judged apart from political prejudices or conceptions of political advantage. It is not a political issue and never was. The Flappers' Vote is a political issue if you like. Nationalisation is a political issue, because it deals with conceptions and ideals. The relation of our industries to foreign competitors, especially viewed with our social obligations as a background, is a question of pure economic fact. The only hope for our country is that we shall prove ourselves big enough and disinterested enough to judge it on its merits.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE *and* CHINA

By J. O. P. BLAND

SHORTLY before the opening of the Washington Conference, I happened to be one of a large dinner party given by Mr. Denby, Secretary of the Navy, with whom, strange as it may seem, I had once been a fellow-student of Chinese in the Customs Inspectorate at Peking. The conversation at that dinner centred, as usual, on the Far Eastern question, and I found myself invited to contemplate, not for the first time, the vision of an enlightened and prosperous China shortly to emerge, as the result of her people's enthusiastic adoption of American ideals and democratic institutions.

Washington society was greatly impressed at that time by the presence in its midst of a young Chinese lady doctor, who had given "perfectly thrilling" descriptions of the wonderful progress of the Chinese Republic.

Sinning Against the Light.

THE views expressed at that dinner table by men and women comfortably convinced of the reality of their vision of a China made free for democracy, were fairly typical of American opinion as a whole; a curious mixture of benevolent sentiments, pride in America's recognised leadership and an amazing ignorance of Far Eastern affairs. This opinion found its logical expression in the Washington Agreements. The immediate effect of these pontifical pacts, and of the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was to encourage Young China's Intellectuals, and especially the Cantonese group, in their political ambitions. Since then, we have witnessed the rapid demoralisation of the ruling class, wholly intent on plunder, and an ever-increasing weight of affliction borne by the Chinese people, while the moral prestige and material interests of Europeans and Americans alike have been seriously damaged.

The Governments of England and the United States are both to some extent blameworthy, but there is more excuse for America's policy than for our own. For we, as an Asiatic Power, have sinned against the light, whilst America has had little to guide her. Utterly misguided though it be, there is nothing really surprising in the American attitude, for it represents, when all is said and done, the mass-mind of an electorate which knows and cares little about foreign affairs and forms its opinion of China from the only Chinese that come within its ken, the purely artificial product of western education. The Eastern States recognise the existence of Europe; those of the Pacific slope have some working knowledge of things Asiatic; but the mentality which ultimately determines the actions of American politicians to-day, is that which flourishes in the "Bible Belt" of the Great Mississippi plain, a mentality compounded of Puritanism and pep, of simple benevolence and invincible prejudices. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that this determinant opinion should accept the fervid phrases and gestures of Young China as proof of a new, politically conscious, patriotism. A democracy has no time for meditation, and the Bible Belt's ideas on political economy emanate from an undigested Pentateuch.

"Enlightened Despotism."

BUT we, whose forbears builded up the Raj and gave the Pax Britannica to Ind, cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for the things which we have left undone in China since the Washington Conference. We know, for we have paid heavily to learn, that to endeavour to conciliate the anger or greed of the Oriental, is simply asking for trouble. We know that the masses in China and India are utterly unfitted for representative government, and that therefore (to quote Mill) "whenever the constituted authority is suddenly overthrown, the class of political adventurers which contrives to obtain control of the machinery of government will use it solely as a means of advancing its own fortunes."

The statesmen of the East warned us, when the Manchu dynasty collapsed, that unceasing strife between rival factions would keep the country in a state of chronic revolution and civil war for many a decade to come. Knowing these things, we have chosen to follow America's lead down the path of sentimental delusion. After ten years of humiliating rebuffs, the Foreign Office still clings to its faith in patient conciliation and professes to see glimmerings of the long-deferred Dawn in the "enlightened despotism" of the Kuo-min-tang. The inevitable result of this policy has been to encourage the baser sort of Chinese politician, the professional chauvinists and loot-hungry agitators, in a valour of ignorance unlimited in its pretensions, and to make the position of British subjects as precarious and undignified as it was at Canton before the war of 1842. With every graceful concession, the arrogant demands of the Cantonese faction have increased. Nothing will now satisfy its extremists, except the immediate and complete abrogation of the "unequal Treaties," the wholesale surrender of the Foreign Settlements, the withdrawal of all armed forces, and the closing of Chinese waters to foreign warships and merchantmen.

The new relations between China and the Powers are to be based on "the principle of equality and mutual respect." Meanwhile, the looting of British ships by Chinese pirates, the spoliation of British traders, and murderous assaults upon British subjects have come to be regarded as unfortunate but normal incidents. Such atrocities as the wholesale massacres in Kansuh, or the coldblooded assassination of the Military Governor of Sinkiang and his suite, make no impression on the complacent optimism of Downing Street, nor deter it from expressing its belief in the Kuo-min-tang faction as representative of a united and progressive national movement.

A Dangerous Policy.

MAKING every allowance for the fact that our Far Eastern policy since the Washington Conference has necessarily been influenced in certain directions by the views of the self-governing Dominions, it is difficult to account for its obstinate persistence in lines of action, or inaction, which completely ignore a century's experience of Oriental officialdom. Who, one wonders, is actually responsible for a policy which wittingly invites the kicks, while meekly surrendering the ha'pence? Sir Austen Chamberlain's personality is evidently the chief factor in the case, combining as it does a desire to go down to history as the Great Pacificator with a purely theoretical conception of Oriental affairs. Not without reason has Sir Alfred Knox described his policy as "a danger not only to his party but to the vital interests of his country." Another cause contributory to the policy of tame submission to indignity, on

A Chinese woman and her children.

more than one occasion, has been the timidity of certain financial and commercial interests, and their misguided belief that a boycott of their trade could be averted by conciliatory gestures.

But the immediate cause of the trouble lies probably in the fact that the head of the Far Eastern Department of the F.O., Sir Victor Wellesley, having no personal experience of the East, has necessarily been guided to a great extent by certain political idealists, distinguished for adventures in Liberalism, and identified with opinions that are scarcely distinguishable from those of the Liberal and Labour parties' pacifist doctrinaires.

It would, I think, be difficult to exaggerate the influence on British policy in China during the past decade, of the theoretical obsessions of unofficial advisers and interveners, such as Sir Charles Addis, Sir Frederick Whyte, and the representatives of certain missionary and educational bodies. They have framed and guided what had come to be known as the "F.O. school of thought," a school which placidly persists in endeavouring to apply the Locarno lotion to the wounds of Asia and to find healing virtue for China in the political panaceas of Mr. Lionel Curtis, and the Hon. Bertrand Russell.

British Interests Injured.

IT is unfortunate that, either by silence or acquiescence, the majority of the English Press has endorsed a policy in China which inflicts grievous injury upon lawful British interests and does nothing to improve matters for the Chinese. This is no doubt largely due to the complexity of the questions at issue and to the conflict of opinions concerning them. But the *laisser faire* attitude of the Press reflects, also, I think, that sentimental flabbiness in high places to which I have referred in a previous article.

Take, for example, *The Times*, whose editorial faith in the "patriotic aspirations" of the Cantonese faction is apparently as invincible as that of any American University. Despite the lamentable fiasco of the latest Kuo-min-tang Conference at Nanking, it continues to assert its belief that "by orderly administration of the provinces under their control, the Nationalists may gradually spread health throughout China," and declares them, therefore, to be "worthy of every encouragement." Yet *The Times* correspondents in China have repeatedly reported the essential facts of the situation in terms which leave no valid ground for self-deception.

It has often been said that in China the form of Government matters nothing, but only the men who administer it. What, then, is the character and record of those in whose activities we are told to descry the dawn of the new era? Writing from the capital of Hunan, a special correspondent of *The Times* has recently summed up the facts in a few sentences. "The rulers of the country," he says, "their name is Legion, could not easily be worse. The people, despairing of justice and order, find that violence is the only weapon with which to oppose violence, and a whole generation seems to be growing up with the motto, 'What I want, I take.' . . . The only concern of officials like these is to line their own pockets during their short stay in power."

Speaking of the ubiquitous soldiery, he observes: "There is a widespread idea in the minds of both officers and privates that the revision of the treaties will mean that all foreign property will immediately revert to the Chinese people." Referring to conditions in the interior generally, he declares, that "the unscrupulousness and venality of the officials and the misery of the people make it hard to imagine that prosperity and peace are really in sight." He might have said that, even within the protected area of the Shanghai Settlements, those Chinese who have made their fortunes and sought refuge there, are obliged to protect themselves with Russian, Annamite or Sikh bodyguards from the openly organised activities of the Kidnappers' Union.

Finally, as regards the prospect of a "united national initiative" at Nanking, it is notorious that within the Kuo-min-tang, the Cantonese Right and Left wings are both opposed by the Chekiang-Kiangsu centre, and that the first object of all concerned is to provide lucrative posts for their own nominees amongst the swarms of place-hunters which infest the city. Mr. T. V. Soong and other busy word-spinners continue to produce vast paper projects of retrenchment and reform, for foreign consumption, but of any genuine attempt to restore the shattered framework of civic government, there has been no sign. In other words, the prospect of orderly administration in China is as remote under the National Government at Nanking to-day as it was under the Northern faction at Peking.

Face the Facts.

WHAT then? Only this, that the present chaos of misrule in China is endemic, and that, under existing conditions of international politics, Great Britain is not in a position to check it. But so long as it continues, there is nothing to be gained by refusing to face the facts of the situation, nor in pursuing further a policy of patient conciliation, based on purely theoretical obsessions. We cannot prevent the Nationalists or any other faction from ruining their country, but there is no need for us to encourage their pernicious activities. Therefore, so long as they are manifestly unable to maintain law and order, so long as they fail to respect the usages of civilised nations, let us have no further discussion of "the principle of equality and mutual respect," no more unwarranted surrenders of the Treaty rights of British subjects.

After the riots at Hankow.

Smiling faces are Mother's Reward

BRIGHT, joyous children, brimming over with health and happiness—the care and attention a mother has lavished upon her children can have no higher reward.

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YOUR HEALTH

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

The Prevention of Tuberculosis.

FOR many years there has been a gradual and steady decline in the mortality caused by pulmonary tuberculosis, that is the disease for which "consumption" is the popular name. Improvements in the housing, nutrition, working conditions, and hygienic habits of the people generally, have contributed largely to this result; but much credit is due also to the increased facilities for the detection and treatment of the disease in its early stages. The demand of the law that every new case of tuberculosis, when recognised by a doctor, must be notified to the Medical Officer of Health, has proved of particular value to the public. Wherever notification is efficiently carried out the tuberculosis officer for the district is in a position to seek out people who have been in contact with tuberculous patients and to persuade them to attend for medical examination. Experience has shown a proportion of such "contacts" to be suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, and generally at so early a stage of the disease that the chances of a successful issue to treatment are excellent. That is, notification means the chance of early detection of the disease in persons who, unknown to themselves, have become infected and who, otherwise, would escape treatment until the disease was more advanced.

A Curable Disease.

PULMONARY tuberculosis in its early stage is a curable disease. This does not mean that with the knowledge at present at our disposal all patients can be cured, though this is true of a considerable proportion. Even when the patient cannot be completely cured, the disease may be arrested and an active process made quiescent.

These terms, "cured," "arrested," "active," and so forth, may best be explained by considering what happens in the body when it is attacked by the germs of consumption, known technically as tubercle bacilli. These bacilli tend to destroy any tissue in which they happen to find lodgment, and at the same time they manufacture poisonous substances (called toxins) which, absorbed into the blood, give rise to some of the constitutional symptoms of tuberculosis. The body, however, has at its disposal various protective devices wherewith it strives to resist and overcome the bacilli and to restrict the field of their operations. There are thus two opposing tendencies; the tendency of the bacilli to attack and spread through the tissue in which they have established themselves, and the tendency of the body to oppose and even to destroy the bacilli themselves. A lung subjected to a mass attack of tubercle bacilli may undergo rapid and extensive destruction if the various opposing mechanisms of the body are deficient. Thus acute tuberculosis or so-called "galloping consumption" may develop, and death may ensue within a few weeks or months of the original attack.

AMONG civilised people, however, such a condition is very rare. Commonly, in response to invasion of the lungs by tubercle bacilli, the protective devices of the body are brought into action, some of the bacilli are destroyed, and a fibrous wall is formed about the invaded area, separating it from the rest of the lung. In cases where these protective devices are particularly efficient, or the invading force is relatively small, the body may even take the offensive. Fibrous tissue may grow right into the invaded area, and destroy the bacilli just as thorns and brambles may grow round and destroy a less robust plant. Only when all the invading bacilli are destroyed may the disease be called "cured." When the attacked area is completely shut off by fibrous tissue the disease is said to be "arrested" or "quiescent." Bacilli still alive, though for the time being inactive, may remain pent up in such an enclosure for many years and may then, under changed conditions, resume their attack on the body. When they do this the disease is said to have become "active" once more.

Even at late stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, that is, when fairly extensive destruction of lung tissue has occurred, measures designed to fortify the body's resistances may prolong life and arrest the disease. Many men and women, subjects of such arrested disease, have lived useful and happy lives; some have even survived, apparently healthy, to old age. But no weapon at our disposal is more effective in the war against tuberculosis than diagnosis and treatment of the incipient disease.

Difficulties of Diagnosis.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is by no means easy to detect tuberculosis in its small beginnings. Doctors know this very well, but many patients do not. They expect their doctor to tell them, after a single examination, whether they have tuberculosis or not. In many cases an unequivocal answer to this question is impossible. The patients' symptoms, the signs elicited in examination, may be too vague to permit of definite diagnosis, and in such circumstances the skilled and conscientious physician, unlike the quack, has to suspend judgment for a time. Only after repeated examinations of the patient, in some instances only after applying special tests, is he in a position definitely to diagnose the presence or absence of tuberculosis. Early tuberculosis, it must be emphasised, has no symptoms peculiar to itself; each and all of the symptoms may be present in persons not suffering from tuberculosis; they are a call for investigation, not a proof of the disease.

Some Danger Signals.

COMMONLY the earliest symptom of pulmonary tuberculosis is a cough, at first dry and hacking, later loose and associated with the production of yellowish phlegm, which may contain tubercle bacilli in enormous numbers. If they are found, even once, the diagnosis of tuberculosis is certain. Repeated examination of the phlegm may, however, be necessary before the disease can be definitely excluded.

Occasionally the first observed symptom of the disease is hæmorrhage from the lungs, or spitting of blood, though this symptom may occur at any stage of the disease. Patients in whom such hæmorrhage is the first manifestation of pulmonary tuberculosis are not so unhappily situated as they are inclined to believe, because, in face of such an alarming symptom, they are usually eager to submit themselves immediately to skilled treatment. As a result, a very high percentage of cases with early hæmorrhage make an excellent recovery. Pain in the chest is not very common, and even when it occurs it is usually slight. Occasionally, however, a stabbing pain in the chest, symptomatic of pleurisy, may occur as an early symptom. In later stages of the disease it occurs quite commonly.

SOME of the early symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis are due not to the local destruction in the lung, but to the circulation of the toxins liberated by tubercle bacilli into the blood stream. The most characteristic of these symptoms are fever, a rapid pulse, wasting, and sweating. Progressive loss of weight, even to the extent of several pounds a week, may sometimes be the only obvious manifestation of early tuberculosis and calls for immediate medical examination. Excessive sweating at night is also an occasional early symptom.

Patients with early tuberculosis may, moreover, evince a diminished inclination and capacity for work; they may show and feel fatigue after an amount of effort that would not produce this effect in a normally healthy person. Sometimes they lose their appetite, especially for fat; they may even feel nausea at the very thought of food. Occasionally psychological symptoms predominate and patients become irritable, peevish and almost intolerable in their demands on other people. Such symptoms are, of course, commonly associated with neurasthenia, and it is therefore necessary for medical advice to be obtained in order to distinguish this condition from early tuberculosis.

A Warning.

ONE warning must be given; let no one who has read the above description imagine he can now diagnose early tuberculosis. Let him rather take any of the symptoms here mentioned to indicate the immediate need of a careful medical examination. A considerable reduction of the mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis would be effected if this attitude were generally adopted.

The various methods practised in the prevention and treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis will be outlined in a later issue of BRITANNIA.

GOING "BROKE" *in the* THEATRE

By OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

The most popular backer is the man who throws £10,000 on the table with a careless gesture, and says "Lose it, if you can, but, mind you, I want a statement of how every penny is spent, and I must sign every cheque with you."

THERE is a notice in the office of Mr. Basil Dean which reads:

"An Actor-Manager, aged 95, died leaving £100,000. This large fortune was due to his working long hours, close attention to business, strict economy, and a bequest of £99,750 from an uncle in New Zealand."

That notice, although meant to be humorous, adequately describes what is meant by being in the theatrical business to-day. Gone are the days of George Edwardes and Frohman, when the theatrical business was really a business; to-day it is just the vogue of Cochran and Ziegfield, and that spells, in large capital letters, the word SHOWMANSHIP.

Proximity to Carey Street.

WHAT remains of the theatrical business to-day is controlled by the City and that part of the City which is astute in matters of high and respectable finance, but is so foolishly ignorant of anything and everything appertaining to the stage.

There are very few rich men in the theatrical business to-day, and the few there are usually blame their good fortune on the Stock Exchange and other side lines. Most of them, however, live in luxurious flats and hotels in close proximity to Carey Street, and drive about in wonderful automobiles that sometimes become their own—if the play runs long enough.

To-day the play that deserves to succeed fails. The play that should never have been put on is seen and liked by thousands. It achieves a run of several months. And yet it loses every penny of the money the backers have put up. Why is this? I will try to tell you, like so many others have tried, and you will be sensible enough to know even less than before you read this article.

Ignorance and the Producer.

IT is a dangerous thing to know too much in the theatre. There are so few who do. The clever people are those who know absolutely nothing about the game. A plea of ignorance can enable a producer to get away with murder; and he so very often does. The ignorance of a theatrical producer is colossal. It is so colossal that it is almost on a par with that of a dramatic critic. Of course, there are a few exceptions in both cases, but they are hated, and are so feared that their position, while being supreme, is so complicated that they even fail to understand themselves.

I have a friend who is a dramatic critic; I always ask his opinion when the curtain comes down on a first night. More often than not it clashes with my own. I do not mean by this that he is always wrong and I am right; generally we are both wrong. On one occasion he said to me:

"I think this show will run a year."

His critique in the next morning's paper was so utterly damning that it no doubt helped to close the production after a run of only three weeks.

In reply to my question as to why he did this, his only explanation was that he was not always able to write what he thought. Whether he meant that his pen was not sufficiently expert to repeat what was in his mind, or because he was not allowed to, I do not know. I do know, however, that it is this lack of continuity in everything connected with the theatre that is responsible for the chaos that reigns in this business from one end of the year to the other.

Plays that Fail.

THE number of bad plays that have been put on this year must have created a record for the theatres of this or any other country. It would be almost impossible to count the plays that have run less than a month, while the number of productions that have cost their backers between £3,000 and £6,000 is amazingly large.

Why have all these bad plays been produced? It is not a difficult question to answer; nor is it a very simple one. Of course, a great number of plays are put on for sentimental reasons; the sentiment in this case being blue eyes and perhaps peroxided hair. These plays fail before they are produced.

There are still, unfortunately, a large number of men who back shows just for the fun of the thing. That, and that alone, is responsible for the dearth of good shows. The large amounts which always seem available for financing theatrical propositions are put into inexperienced hands, with the result that the choice of the channels in which this money is spent (one should really say wasted) is generally most unsatisfactory. There are, unfortunately, producers who, once they receive a huge production fee and their managing director's salary, cease to worry about the current production and begin to "concentrate" on their next enterprise.

Although the City dabbles quite extensively in theatrical ventures, it realises that it will never become a business proposition; unless, of course, bricks and mortar enter into it. The building of theatres is the most satisfactory and, in fact, the only sure means of making money in the theatre to-day.

Wanted—A New Censor.

THERE are really so few unsuccessful people—outwardly, I mean—in this business that it is almost impossible to go broke in the theatre.

One can lose thousands and thousands of pounds and yet there is always somebody ready to come along and gamble with you again. It is true that he does not always arrive at the right moment; but then that is his fault. There are three types of backers to-day. One of them is the backer who will finance any Tallulah Bankhead play, chiefly because on all her first nights the gallery howls, which is supposed to be a good sign. Unfortunately, lately the gallery has become careless in its howling, with the result that you don't know which way to take it.

Then there is the backer who will put up the money for any show that has a chorus or a soubrette with sex-appeal. The man who takes his money sooner or later gets to Carey Street.

The most popular backer is the man who throws £10,000 on the table with a careless gesture, and says "Lose it, if you can, but, mind you, I want a statement of how every penny is spent, and I must sign every cheque with you." He is popular because, after all, the poor producer does try his best; and, even if he does lunch at a Strand restaurant when his show is losing hundreds every night, at heart he is an honest man.

Like roulette, the theatre is a game at which everyone plays a different system. So it would be hopeless to try to teach rules and regulations. What is really wanted is a new censor. Not one who cuts out only the indecent bits, but who reads a play and says: "This is too terrible for words; you must not produce it, otherwise you will go to prison." But heaven help us if this censor had an American Mother!

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(Being the Journal of a Budding K.C.)

By "WOOLSACK"

One Law for the Poor.

THERE'S much concern these days—and rightly so—for the lot of the "poor" litigant. Pity the "poor" litigant with his unwarrantable burden of heavy fees and costs! But there is another side to the case at times. What about the lot of the "not-so-poor" litigant who is sued by the "poor" one?

If a person is in sufficient depths of poverty he can bring (or defend) an action through the medium of the "Poor Persons Department" of the Law Courts, who defray his expenses. Naturally, as custodian of public money, this Department usually sees to it that the cases it undertakes have a very reasonable chance of success. But there are cases which are lost. And then comes the question:—How does the successful opponent fare?

The winner, it is true, is entitled to recoup some proportion of his costs from the Department—but only a proportion; and a small one at that!

Of course, that is all in the game, the fortune of war. Many is the successful party that has to fish for his costs against a defeated enemy even of apparent substance!

Still, often as not the person succeeding against a "Poor Person" litigant is in no wise a rich man himself; may be but a little removed from the category of his opponent, yet not poor enough to avail himself of similar privileges. He, poor "well-to-do" fellow, gets all the kicks and none of the pence! Isn't he to be pitied, too?

Couldn't his plight be alleviated also? Should not some small percentage of all damages obtained by "poor persons" in their successes be sequestered for further defraying the liabilities of their losses? Since the successes far outnumber the losses, things could very well be levelled up.

When all is said and done, fair's fair. And a system which in effect works "Heads I win, tails you lose," is hardly fair.

A Capital Levy.

Following on from the above, a broader idea suggests itself. Why not a tax on damages in general?

Supposing, say, an impost of 2 per cent. were levied. That is to say, a party receiving a verdict of £5,000 damages would actually only recover £4,900—not such a reduction as to make the party grouse overmuch. If the grand total of damages given throughout the country annually amounts to £1,000,000 (and surely it must) the Law's proceeds would be £20,000. And £20,000 per annum could go some way toward reducing the present (and presumably necessarily high) scale of Court fees and charges.

The cost of collecting the tax should be small in the extreme. The existing machinery and officers of the court should be sufficient.

Fixed-Price Fees.

Further in regard to the above, as they say in commercial correspondence, there is also the consideration of the anomaly of that present scale of Court fees and charges.

It is rather absurd that a person with a claim of £100 odd has to pay for his writ and for other preliminary matters of procedure the same charges as someone with a £100,000 claim.

Should not Court fees bear some nearer relation to the value of the subject matter in dispute? Why must a man of mediocre means lay down, for the purposes of starting an action, just as much money as a company of a million capital?

If he wins, it will be said, he will recover the money. But that's not the question. Law is a tricky business, and one should be entitled to try one's luck at a cost (in the first instance at any rate) that is commensurate with the stake for which one plays.

County Courts have sliding-scales of fees. So do the High Courts in India, for instance. Therefore it would be possible and feasible for a similar scheme to be devised for High Court procedure here.

The position with regard to "unliquidated" claims could be met as in India—that is, by making them "nominally" liquidated, with a surcharge or deduction on judgment. And, again, means of levying are at hand in the present resources of the Courts.

If preliminary legal fees were rated in some kind of way like this not only could "small-price" cases be brought more cheaply, but legal revenue in general would to some extent be amplified.

"An early Flying Squad (complete with Squeakers)" not by Tintoretto.

French Leavings.

Funny things happen in law. But funniest of all—as it seems to us—are those that happen in foreign law.

Take the recent case in Paris of a French woman who had shot her lover. Nothing much in that—although the boot usually is on the other leg over here nowadays.

She was acquitted of the charge of murder. Nothing very much in that either—for France. Wher upon she proceeds to sue for possession of the dead man's estate.

Perhaps there is nothing very much in that. If, according to the decision of the court, she is entitled to her liberty, then it might be maintained that she is rightly entitled to enjoy all that her liberty comprises. Which includes the property that was left to her by her lover, now deceased.

However, the Paris Courts said "No." Possibly because of the difficulty of reconciling the implications of the criminal with the civil decision, they based their judgment on the principle of French law which provides that where a legatee has been ungrateful to a legator then a legacy can be revoked. And, said the Court, it is obvious "ingratitude" to shoot someone who has befriended one!

It is nice to know that the French can be so delightfully naïve at times. Shooting as mere "ingratitude" is really splendid.

But, it also strikes one, haven't they gone a little wrong? The poor lady would only be "befriended" when she succeeded to the estate; and she couldn't succeed to the estate until she shot the man!

The Laugh Against Us.

Still, we haven't much right to gibe at foreign jurisdiction. Our own often gives as much cause for merriment.

Nor does one need to look far for examples. Almost every day provides a specimen. The latest, perhaps, is an aspect of criminal law which was evidenced in a case on appeal from the Cambridge Assizes the other day.

Here a youth was charged originally with the serious offence of having carnal knowledge of a girl of fifteen. This charge, however, was reduced to the much less serious one of indecent assault.

Now, the accused in this case would have been entitled to put forward as against the first charge certain defences provided by Statute for circumstances such as his; and he would have been acquitted. But the law provides no such defences as against the other charge. And the youth accordingly was convicted.

There's a ridiculous state of affairs! A grave crime is excusable, but a lesser one is not!

It isn't like murder and manslaughter. There one can be innocent of the one and guilty of the other, but the distinction is based on an actual difference in the constituent elements of the two offences—briefly, the existence or not of "wilfulness." But here the offences differ only in technical phraseology. The same conduct—but one can be culpable or not according as the Law pleases.

"Rights" in Ireland.

The worm turns! We poor English are not to be allowed even our "copyrights." The Court of Appeal of the Irish Free State has recently decided that the Copyright Act of 1911 no longer applies to that now-happy country, and English authors are not protected, either, by the Industrial and Commercial Property Protection Act.

So that music may be played, and books be published, and not a jot of attention be paid to the rascally English authors, Bedad!

Unless the blackguardly Privy Council says otherwise!

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES

CRIME *in the* ARMY

By Major Lloyd Jones

THE decision to abolish, or at any rate ameliorate the severity of field punishment No. 1 is a reminder that what used to be called "crime" in the Services has practically disappeared. Only men of excellent character are now accepted for enlistment, and black-sheep who have managed to creep in unrecognised are soon weeded out. Offences against the law of the land are, as a rule, dealt with by the ordinary courts, and the offenders discharged forthwith. Except on active service, punishments are not severe, but if petty military offences are repeated the culprit is dismissed from the service as unlikely to make an efficient soldier.

Before long the military prisons, or detention barracks as they are now called, will be closed down for want of customers. It is noticeable that the diminution of trouble amongst the troops bears a direct ratio to the increase of facilities for sport and the playing of games. Since the excellent recreation rooms provided by the N.A.A.F.I. have made their appearance, drunkenness has disappeared. Indeed the service man of to-day enjoys all the amenities of a club, both indoors and out, without the disadvantage of having to pay either entrance fee or annual subscription.

"B.E.F."

AFTER the conclusion of the South African war a specially selected band of instructors taught the young cadets at Sandhurst that in all probability they would have the honour of fighting for the very existence of the British Empire on the historic battlefield of Flanders—the cock-pit of Europe.

In 1914, these same gentlemen formed for the most part the officer-corps of the British Expeditionary Force, perhaps the finest and the best trained troops that ever went into action. By their coolness under the most trying conditions, and by the rapidity and accuracy of their fire, they held up hitherto victorious enemy troops, many times their superior in number and equipment, and thereby contributed in no small measure to the decisive victory, which undoubtedly saved the allied arms from humiliation and perhaps defeat.

Inevitably their casualities were high, and many lie in unknown graves. To commemorate these and the epic achievements of the original B.E.F. a monument has been unveiled on the banks of the Marne, at the spot where the Third Corps crossed the river on a pontoon, constructed by the Royal Engineers in the face of the enemy. Not many of the original B.E.F. are still with the colours, and oddly enough comparatively few of the survivors have received promotion or decorations.

In those early days the fountain of honour had not commenced to flow, and for them "Virtue was indeed its own reward." Many officers who commanded regiments and battalions in historic battles are still Company Commanders and may never succeed to the command of their units.

Dominion Navies.

Australia and New Zealand are making great strides in the formation of Naval units, and will soon be in a position to undertake coastal patrols, and thus relieve the Imperial Navy of considerable expense. Other great Dominions have not perhaps realised their responsibilities so clearly, possibly owing to the fact that agricultural inland populations do not as a rule understand the importance of sea communications although, as a matter of fact, their very existence is dependent on sea power.

The Boers seriously proposed to invade Great Britain after one of their temporary successes in the South African war, and it is well known that the Middle West electors of the United States take little or no interest in Uncle Sam's effort to create a big Navy. The appointment of Rear-Admiral Walwyn to command the Royal Indian Marine foreshadows the conversion of what was formerly a transport service into a combatant force as the Royal Indian Navy. It is to be hoped, that in due time India will be able to undertake the patrolling of the Persian Gulf, and perhaps relieve the Imperial Navy in East Indian waters!

"The Sacrificed Generation."

Of late we have all heard a great deal about our responsibilities towards the Empire and the rising generation, but remarkably little is heard about the Empire's responsibility towards the generation which bore the brunt of the war and is now bearing the main burden of its terrible aftermath. In a recent address to the members of the Royal United Service Institution, Admiral Sir R. Tupper pointed out that there were comparatively few openings in these islands for the compulsorily retired officer, and that though there were opportunities in the Dominions for fit men with enough to live upon, or a small capital no especial provision was made for this particular type of settler.

General Sir G. Macdonough from the chair, however, inferred that retired officers had excellent opportunities and that in fact "everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds." Some of us who have had to try and fit ourselves into the post-war scheme of things have found conditions remarkably difficult, and those who are attempting to place invalided and aged officers tell the same tale. Surely it is hardly becoming for an officer, who has perhaps consolidated his position before the collapse of the prosperous Victorian era, to belittle the difficulties of his late comrades in arms. The old generation are still in possession and allot but minor positions to the generation which gave everything for the preservation of the Empire, and which is indeed well-named "The Sacrificed Generation."

"Mentalisation."

A well-known military writer asserts that it takes seven years for a new idea to be accepted, another seven years for it to be understood, and yet a third seven for it to be practised. This means that the generation which has been brought up to think in terms of infantry and cavalry, though they try conscientiously to make use of new arms, do not really think in terms of motorised units. Before mechanisation can be effectively practised, then, the process of the mentalisation of the general public as well as the Army chiefs must have been accomplished.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

November 17th.—10th Annual Dinner, Officers' 185th Infantry Brigade, Trocadero Restaurant. Apply, Hon. Sec., 44, The Vale, Golders Green, N.W.11; 17th Batt. R.F. Old Comrades' Association Annual Dinner, Slater's Restaurant, Basinghall Street, E.C.

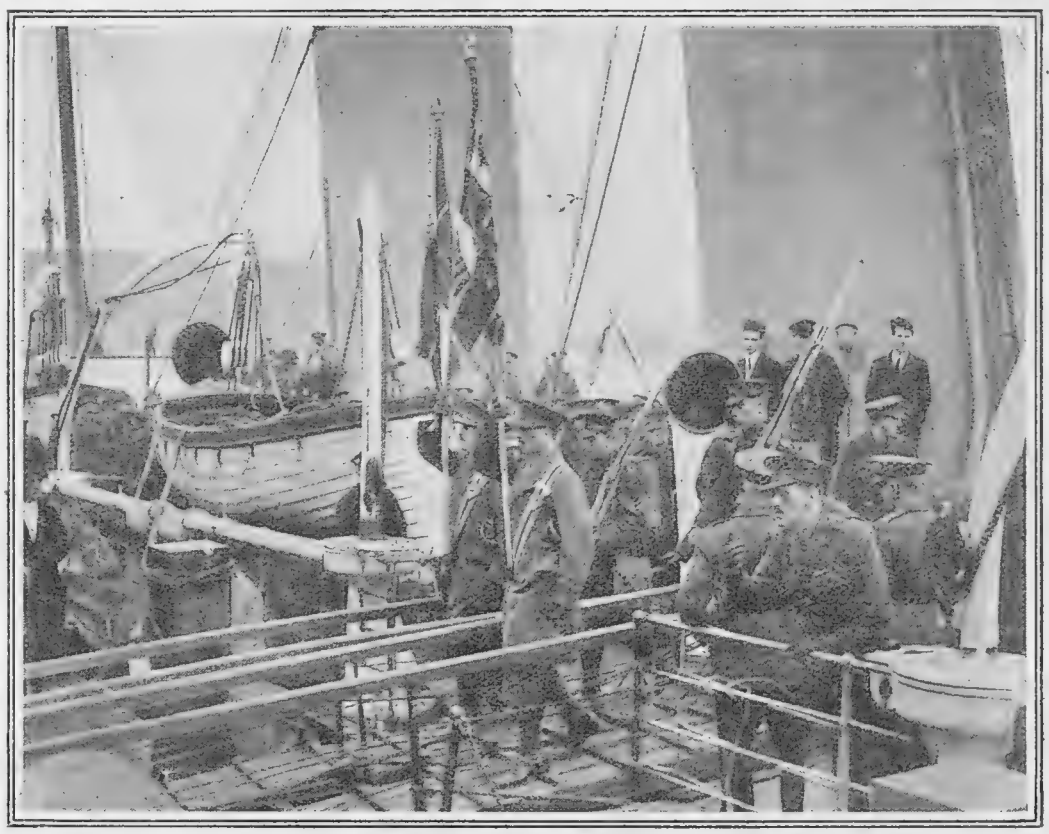
November 20th.—Royal Tank Corps, 10th Annual Dinner, Trocadero Restaurant, 7.30 for 8. Apply Glyn, Mills and Co., (Holt's), 3, Whitehall Place, S.W.

November 23rd.—40th Divisional Dinner Club. Particulars from Major A. L. Cowtan, 18, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

November 28th.—Rugby Football. Woolwich v. Sandhurst, at Richmond, 3.30 p.m.

November 30th.—59th (North Midland) Divisional Officers' Reunion Club, Hotel Cecil, Lt.-Gen. Sir Cecil Romer in the chair. Apply, Hon. Sec., Lt.-Col. E. U. Bradbridge, County of Essex Territorial Army Association, Chelmsford.

December 7th.—Annual Submarine Dinner. Write Wardroom Secretary, Fort Blockhouse, Gosport.



Home again. The 2nd Worcesters return from the Rhine.

BOOKS *of the* WEEK: By Douglas Jerrold

Mottram and Anton Zweig.

THE stream of books goes on. And notably war books. Last week we had Mr. R. H. Mottram's *Ten Years After*, a series of elaborately prosaic sketches in which faintly imaginative young men subordinate themselves to the war machine with commendable stoicism.

This week we have *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, by Anton Zweig, a finely planned story of the German war machine behind the Eastern front. Sergeant Grischa is a Russian prisoner of war who escapes, takes the identity papers of a German deserter and is recaptured. Through the book his "case"—"a problem of jurisdiction" pursues high and low alike, generals, governors, millionaires and corporals, with its infernal complications. There is only one defect. The author, having interested us in Sergeant Grischa, takes advantage of the fact to build up his case against the war administration by making it clear that they were none of them interested. Why should they have been? Sergeant Grischa is important to the author because he is the hero of his book but he could not in any circumstances have been equally important to anyone else.

"Only a rather tiresome case about a Russian," says one great man to the other when he sees the "file" on the table. This is an effective Galsworthy artifice but as a constructive criticism it is false, for that was precisely what the "file" in question contained. But if it was a tiresome case it is an extremely clever book and gives the most lifelike description which has yet been written of the German-Austrian army machine and the confused clash of nationalities and traditions along the eastern front, both sides of the trench line.

Good Murders.

Of the other new novels the best is the least ambitious. *Lord Peter Views the Body*, by Dorothy Sayers, presents an impossibly lethargic and luxurious Lord, complete with valet, bath-salts and other reflections of a Ouida hero seen in a Surbiton looking-glass, in a series of highly entertaining adventures. Too many good cigars are smoked and there is too much talk of '86 (or is it '68) port. But the murders are good and the detection extremely well staged. G. D. H. and M. Cole, in *Superintendent Drewson's Holiday*, are even better. They have solved the secret of the thriller, which is to allow improbabilities only in the situation and never in the characters.

Mr. Thornton Wilder.

Novel readers will certainly be keenly interested in *The Angel that Troubled the Waters*, the new book by the author of *The Bridge of St. Luis Rey*. The volume consists of what, for lack of a more precise term, we must call "plays," although they are the most tenuous of playlets, sketches in dialogue, in fact. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Thornton Wilder's literary reputation will make this volume anything more than a *succès d'estime*.

Nevinson, Spender and Huguet.

Reminiscences continue. For once I am glad, because they include Henry Nevinson's *Last Changes, Last Chances*, a volume which covers the period from 1914 to 1927 and gives the author's reminiscences of France and the Dardanelles, the trial of Roger Casement, the later Irish rebellions, the Washington Conference, the Irish Civil War and the Near East in 1925–26. It is not what he knows but what he sees and feels which gives the book its value. His experience is wider, indeed, than that of many, but it is valuable for its depth. What he sees he understands in its significant relationship to the problems not of yesterday, nor even of to-morrow, but of human nature unchanging and unchangeable.

Quite different are two others of this week's books: *The America of To-day*, by J. A. Spender, and *Britain and the War*, by General Huguet, head of the French Military Mission at the British Headquarters in 1914–15. These books have an almost uncanny objectivity. Mr. Spender, like Mr. Nevinson, is a journalist, but unlike Mr. Nevinson he is by temperament an editor. He is consumed by no devouring passion, he is interested in the manifestations of human activity in precise and judicial proportion to their importance at the moment.

General Huguet also has the moment at his finger tip. He can say from hour to hour what Joffre was really thinking and what French failed to think, when Foch was strong and Haig was weak, but the results, written in blood and tears, interest him less, and the ultimate causes, which move the subconscious minds of men, not at all. Was it French or Henry Wilson who first thought of moving the British Army from the Marne to Flanders. General Huguet knows it was Wilson. He has it in his diary. But General Huguet is wrong, for all that. It was the ghost of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who sent us back to the Low Countries, and it was not Foch but the English regimental officer who kept us there. Foch made us stay because he knew we could, and French agreed because he, too, knew it when he forgot Mayfair and remembered Kimberley.

Of a more personal kind is *My Autobiography*, by Mussolini, which readers of BRITANNIA know, and *My Lively Life*, by Jack Jones, M.P., which they need not.

Erroll Sherson's *Townshend of Chitral and Kut* is the record of another audacious career.

Townshend was a professional soldier and the rules of his profession dominated him when the rules of war should have been his only guide. Mr. Sherson makes it clear that Townshend knew perfectly well at the time that his force was too small for the fatal advance. We know it now. It affects our judgment.

The Week's Important Books

Fiction: Highbrow.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa. By ANTON ZWEIG. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Bright Metal. By T. S. STRIBLING. Nisbet. 7s. 6d. net.

Plum Bun. By JESSIE FAUSET. Elkin Mathews, Marot. 7s. 6d. net.

Middlebrow.

The Ladder of Folly. By MURIEL HINE. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

The Grey Sheep. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. John Long. 7s. 6d. net.

Without Judge or Jury. By RALPH RODD. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

Thrillers.

Superintendent Drewson's Holiday. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

Lord Peter Views the Body. By DOROTHY SAYERS. Gollancz.

Shadows by the Sea. By J. J. FARJEON. Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.

History, Biography, Reminiscences.

Last Changes, Lost Chances. By H. W. NEVINSON. Nisbet. 15s.

Britain and the War. By GENERAL HUGUET. Cassell. 15s.

My Autobiography. By BENITO MUSSOLINI. Hutchinson. 30s.

The America of To-day. By J. A. SPENDER. Benn. 12s. 6d.

The Diary of Dostoyeffsky's Wife. Gollancz. 21s. net.

Arabia of the Wahabis. By H. ST. J. PHILBY. Constable. 31s. 6d. net.

Brabazon Potpourri. By EARL OF MEATH. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

A Short History of the World. 1918–1928. By C. DELISLE BURNS. Gollancz. 16s. net.

My Lively Life. By JACK JONES, M.P. John Long. 5s. net.

Memoirs of Lord Pentland. By LADY PENTLAND. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

This Pact Business. By D. W. H. EDWARDS. Gollancz. 2s. 6d. net.

Politics, Economics, Finance.

A Survey of Fascism. By MAJOR J. S. BARNES. (Year Book of International Centre of Fascist Studies.) Benn. 7s. 6d. net.

The Banking Process. By DR. ROBERT G. RODKEY, University of Michigan. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

The Present Position of English Joint Stock Banking. Benn. 5s.

Wages. By MAURICE DOBB, M.A. A new volume in the Cambridge Economic Handbook Series. Nisbet. 5s. net.

Drama.

The Angel that Troubled the Waters. By THORNTON WILDER. Longmans. 6s. net.

Many Waters. By MONCKTON HOFFE. Gollancz. 3s. 6d. paper and 5s. cloth.

Essays, Satire, etc.

Here's Misery. By E.V.O.E. (E. V. KNOX). Methuen. 6s. net.

Honeybubble and Co. By A. P. HERBERT. Methuen. 6s. net.

Criticism.

The Poets and Music. By DR. E. W. NAYLOR. Dent. 6s. net.

Art.

Art in England, 1800–1820. By W. T. WHITLEY. Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.

Oriental Art. By RAYMOND KOECHLIN and GASTON MIGEON. Benn. 30s.

Religion.

The Cambridge Shorter Bible. Edited by DR. A. NAIRNE, SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and T. R. GLOVER. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

The Authority of the Bible. By C. H. DODD, M.A. Nisbet. 10s. 6d. net.

Illustrated Books.

Twenty-four Fables of Æsop. Edited by C. E. HUGHES, after the version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, and illustrated by Gheeraerts' etchings. Benn. 10s. 6d. net, and edition de luxe at 42s.

The Golden Age. By KENNETH GRAHAME. A new edition illustrated and decorated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Children's Books.

From Spenser to Bridges. An Anthology for Children, selected by A. WATSON BAIN. Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

A Book of Old-Fashioned Girls. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

LEND ME YOUR EARS

SCHUBERT'S POVERTY

By A. Kalisch

ON Monday next it will be one hundred years since Schubert died. For the last twelve months the world has been ringing with the name of Schubert, and so much has been heard of his music that the bloom has been taken off the commemoration festivities of the actual event, which are necessarily more imposing in Vienna, the city where he was born, lived and died, than elsewhere. One cannot help thinking that it must afford some cynical satisfaction to Schubert in the Elysian Fields that some people are making more money out of him in a day than would have sufficed to keep him in comfort for a year.

In Dire Straits.

It is an unfortunate tendency of modern life that journalists in their nervous fear of being too late with "news," are gradually transforming themselves into minor prophets, so that everything that is to be said about Schubert, his life, his art, and his present position among the great masters, has been said a thousand times already. Indeed, there is some justification for the remark made in a review in Vienna that if Schubert had not been immortal he would long ago have been bored to death by all that has been said and written about him. In Vienna they have even gone the length of making coins with his head engraved upon them. It would have been better if some of them could have been put into his empty pockets.

Some of the later biographers of Schubert, following the modern tendency of all writers of lives of great men, but not finding it possible to prove that he was thoroughly bad, have stripped a good deal of the romance off Schubert's poverty. He was poor enough, Heaven knows; and especially at the last, he was in dire straits, but it does seem as if he had not been all through his life as miserable as the earlier romantic chroniclers would have it believed.

It is a fascinating speculation what would have happened to Schubert, indeed, to music in general, if his life had been prolonged to the ordinary span. If he had lived to be seventy years old and died in 1867, he would have known Schumann, Mendelssohn, a good deal of Berlioz and some of Wagner. He would have lived through the excitements of the Romantic era. In the case of every short-lived composer the questions that always suggest themselves to my mind are how far he himself would have been the subject of the influences of the period; how far would he have moulded them; in what direction would he have developed? Would Schubert, for instance, have become a Wagnerian before Wagner, or a Brahmsian before Brahms? One might draw from some of his later works the conclusion that neither was beyond the bounds of possibility; but it is more probable that he would have become a Wagnerian.

Inimitable Genius.

There was not so long ago in this country a true blue musical Tory to whom everything later than Beethoven was anathema, who traced what he was pleased to call the decline and fall of music to Schubert. In a sense it may be said that Schubert really influenced nobody, because his genius was so much a thing by itself that no one could have imitated or copied him.

Franz Schuber at 18
(Reproduced from "Franz Schubert." by Newman Flower. Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

Though he was always miserably paid, there were hundreds of people in Vienna who did appreciate him at his true worth. The chief villains in the tragedy of his life were the publishers. Had he lived to a ripe old age, he would have come to a period when musicians were better paid than they were in the early days of the century. He might have become a world celebrity and made money by concert giving, but it is idle to speculate how a little prosperity would have influenced his art.

It is worth while asking oneself whether he would have fared better had he lived to-day. Would the world of to-day have thought more than Vienna a century or more ago did of the awkward bespectacled son of a poor schoolmaster who was never at his ease save with his few pet associates who were not exactly blue-blooded. That it was possible for a musician even in these days to make for himself a place among the great ones of the world was proved by the cases of Beethoven and Liszt. Schubert would probably to-day have to earn his living in some musical post—he might have to conduct a jazz band—but his peculiar nature which then made him to all intents and purposes unemployable and unfitted to take any kind of place in the world at large would stand in his way to-day. That was after all the tragedy of tragedies in his life, and the root cause of all his misfortunes.

An Interesting Experiment.

The announcement that the Bach Cantata Club intends to perform Bach's B Minor Mass as nearly as possible in the conditions of Bach's days is very interesting. It is of course easy enough to organise performances of this kind, but the ever-present problem is whether it is possible to bring an audience into the frame of mind of a body of eighteenth century hearers. Can we transport ourselves into the past sufficiently to let a small chorus of 20 or 30 have the same effect on ourselves as it would have had on a body of the good citizens of Leipzig in the time of Bach? Can a small chorus have the same effect on us as the rolling basses of a Leeds Festival Choir in the "Sanctus" of the great Mass?

We live in a world of great noises, in which the small still voices would be drowned by the din of machinery and the hoot of motor horns. The proportion between the volume of tone and what we may call the background of noise of everyday life has naturally changed entirely since the days of Bach. A chorus of several hundreds bears the same proportion to what we have to hear every hour of the day, as a chorus of thirty bore to the everyday sounds of Leipzig of Bach's day.

Thus it is not only our mentality that requires adjustment but our auditory apparatus (I wish there were an English word like "aurality," which would express this). At the same time performances such as those contemplated do occasionally impress deeply, as for instance, the performances of "The Messiah" which the Glasgow Orpheus Choir of about sixty gave in London some time ago. It made a great effect, but one totally different in kind from that which is made by a normal choir of to-day and a modern orchestra. The same questions naturally arise when we hear concerts of ancient instruments. This seems to be an aspect of the question which has never been sufficiently considered.

The fanatical admirers of ancient music are fond of denouncing those who are indifferent to performances on a very small scale or a tinkling ancient instrument as Philistines and barbarians, but, in view of the noisy world we live in, such accusations are unfounded.

The B.B.C.'s Effort.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has come and gone, and some of us will have listened to the Hallé Orchestra. The joint effect of hearing these two is, or certainly should be, to make London and Londoners modest about our own orchestral achievements. It is, indeed, welcome news that the B.B.C. is making a honest effort to improve things here.

The story goes that they are making offers, which should be tempting, in the hope of securing the exclusive services of some of our most prominent orchestral players. In some cases, we are told, that salaries not far below those of Under-Secretaries of State have been refused, as the players preferred to have liberty of action. If this is true, the situation is hopeless, and it looks as if London is never to have a really first class orchestra. The present state of affairs is doleful to a degree. At the first Philharmonic Concert the directors were delighted to be able to state that there was only one deputy in the orchestra because one of the players was ill. That shows how thankful we have come to be for the tiniest of orchestral mercies, for when all is said and done, the Philharmonic Orchestra, even at its best, is not in the proper sense of the word a permanent body of players, and it never will be.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

CONCAVE SCULPTURE

By R. H. Wilenski

I AM sorry, but I have to write of another Russo-Parisian artist. His name is Zadkine, and his sculpture is now on view at Arthur Tooth's Galleries in Bond Street. I prefer to write about artists who are subjects of the British Empire, but it is my function to keep you informed of creative effort and new ideas in the art world. As Zadkine's work is here, and as it represents undeniable creative effort and a series of new ideas I have to bring it to your attention. In three weeks' time he and such of his works as are unsold will go back to Paris, and then you can forget about him if you like.

Solid Stone and Concave Bronze.

Zadkine carves in stone and makes bronzes of a very unusual kind. When working in stone he conceives his statue as a solid with four profiles, and he indicates each profile with frank precision.

When working in bronze he experiments with convex and concave forms. The head of "The Girl with a Bird" for example, which I reproduce, is not a round object but a shallow half-sphere, convex on one side and concave on the other. Zadkine believes that a new field for sculpture is opened up if bronze is handled in this way, as a thin solid substance and not merely as a skin covering a three-dimensional clay model imitating stone; and the later bronzes of the Serbian sculptor, Mestrovic, are designed on the same basis.

In another bronze of two figures called "Intimacy," Zadkine shows a woman with one breast convex and the other hollowed out. This at first glance seems quite arbitrary. But, in point of fact, the particular rhythms that make up the charm of this statue are only achieved by this device because the flow of line would be interrupted by a second convex form; and as a concavity takes the light in the same way as a convexity, the disparity is not observed at a distance, particularly in the open air. Of course if one regards this statue as two women the concavity is distressingly offensive—indeed, quite horrible. But so to regard it is an absurdity—because it is not a fragment of nature but an arrangement of shapes in bronze.

A Shade too Brilliant.

In addition to the sculpture Zadkine is showing some coloured gouache drawings. These are brilliantly composed and reveal such dexterity in technique and such a power of assimilation from modern painters in Paris that one is led to wonder if the great ingenuity in the sculptural experiments is also not a shade too brilliant—if Zadkine, in a word, is not an astonishingly able technician and nothing more. This may indeed be the truth. But his dexterity at any rate breaks fresh ground, and it should be studied by all British sculptors within the next three weeks. Actually I fear only Frank Dobson, Henry Moore, and the few other sculptors here who already know Zadkine's work will go and see this exhibition. The legions of sculptors who have never heard of him will stay away because there is nothing they detest so much as new ideas in sculpture or any development of the sculptor's technique.

The R.A. Presidency.

In a fortnight's time there will be a new President of the Royal Academy to replace Sir Frank Dicksee, who died last month, and who would have retired under the age limit of seventy-five had he lived to November 27th. The new President will probably be a man approaching seventy, because in the electing body of thirty-eight or thirty-nine Academicians thirty are over sixty, seventeen are over seventy, and two are over eighty. Is it desirable to elect a man of this age? Would not a younger man render more service in the post?

The answer is undoubtedly that the older the President—and therefore the nearer the retiring age of seventy-five—the better. It would be lamentable if any President were to hold the post long enough to become an institution in himself.

The President of the Academy is a figure-head. He should be a Knight, handsome, silver-haired, courteous, a good after-dinner speaker, and a man used to the company not only of Dowagers, but of Royalty itself. As a figure head of this kind he does no harm, and may well do good by upholding in his own dignity the status of the artist in the body politic. But he must not be President long enough to be regarded as personally the head of his profession. He must be regarded as the temporary holder of a permanent office, not as the *doyen* of his trade.

Youth Must Fight.

There are those who demand a President of the Academy who would be in touch with the aims and ideals of the younger generations. But this is asking for the moon. No one is ever anywhere in touch with the aims and ideals of the young except the young themselves—and, even in the ranks of the young, there are those who are too stupid to know what the intelligent ones are driving at, or too cowardly to throw their weight into what is always an uphill fight. The young men with brains and pluck must be left to fight their own battles, to take the Academy by storm and wear down public opposition until the public has seen enough of their work to get accustomed to it and to be able to understand it.

The P.R.A. is the decorative General of the Academy citadel. His task is to delay the entry of each generation of youth until it has reached middle age, and sometimes (as in the case of Sickert who was made an A.R.A. at the age of sixty-four) something beyond it. By this means he can insure that no anachronisms in the shape of contemporary experiment will disturb the uniformity of period in the Academy exhibitions which always represent, quite well, the almost new ideas of thirty years ago.

"The Girl with a Bird."

Sir Frank's Frankness.

If the new President is a man of courage and a bad tactician like the late Sir Frank Dicksee, he will be quite frank about his hostility to youth. He will condemn all new ideas as eccentricity and rubbish, and use his influence to exclude them from the Academy's wall. He will then be respected as a man and a President, and he will do no harm to art because everyone will know that it is useless to look for modern art at Burlington House, and those who want to see it will look for it and find it elsewhere.

But if the new President is a man of minor courage and a better tactician, he will pay lip service to the modern art of the younger generations and continue to exclude it from the walls. By so doing he will be able to create the impression each year that modern art has been excluded from the Academy not because the Academy disapproves of it on principle, but because the particular examples submitted were bad of their kind. Youth would find a President of this type a most dangerous opponent; and, for youth's sake, I hope the man elected will be another bad tactician and attack the principle of new ideas and artistic experiments in the bitterest and most unmeasured terms.

Victorian Illustrations.

I sometimes think that Victorian art is seen at its best in the designs made for periodicals by the artists of the sixties. This impression is confirmed by Mr. Forrest Reid's new book which reproduces about 90 designs by Pinwell, Sandys, Boyd, Houghton, Charles Keene, Whistler, Du Maurier, Fred Walker and the pre-Raphaelites.

The relations between these artists and the wood engravers were not always happy. But Rossetti wrote "Your drawing comes to them like Agag—delicately, and is hewn in pieces before the Lord Harry." But Dalziel's engravings were, in point of fact, most skilful.

The opening meet of the Ampleforth College Beagles.

Fur, Fin *and* Feather

Academic Beagle Packs

By L. C. R. Cameron

TIME was when several of the colleges both at Oxford and Cambridge kept each its own pack of beagles, which graduates and undergraduates delighted to follow on foot in the vicinity of their respective Universities during term time, while their Masters usually managed to get invitations to take them during the Christmas vacation to some distant hunting country, or perhaps to the paternal home, where they could continue to hunt and be kept well in-blood during the holiday season.

'Varsity Packs.

To-day things are sadly changed, and only three of these packs survive, of which Oxford boasts two. "The House," as might be expected, still maintains its historic pack, with Mr. Campbell-Preston, of Christ Church, as Master, which hunts from kennels at Wheatley; but New College, Magdalen and Balliol are an amalgamated establishment and hunt on the Faringdon and Abingdon side of the city. At Cambridge there are only the Trinity Foot Beagles, with such good hunting names as Hicks Beach and Paget among the hunt staff.

The Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester still runs a pack of 14-inch beagles, greatly to the benefit of the mud-students assembled there, as it has been found for many years the Britannia Beagles at Dartmouth have proved to the Naval Cadets who follow them over the rounded hills and deep combes of this part of Devon.

The Eton Hare Hunt still goes strong, despite the absurd efforts made by fanatics to have it suppressed just before the war. The only other Public School in England to support a cry of beagles is the Benedictine foundation, Ampleforth College, York, which has a monk as its secretary, and keeps a professional huntsman, a selection of the boys acting as whippers-in. Its country lies round the college and towards Helmsley, and is hunted on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays with an occasional bye on a feast day.

There is nothing like beagling to keep boys fit and to teach them not only the rudiments of sport but also a great deal of the science of hunting. From several of the above-mentioned packs have come in course of time some of the best masters of foxhounds, who could and did hunt their own hounds, that England has seen; and most of them admitted that the foundations of their hunting, as well as of their academic education, were well and truly laid with their school and college packs of beagles. One of the latest of these is Mr. Chetwode Hilton-Green, Master of the North Cotswold Foxhounds, and previously of the Mendip, who for a season before the war was Master of the Eton College Beagles, with whom he showed the best of sport.

Ways of the Hunted.

It is improbable that the human intellect will ever be able to appreciate the processes by which the mind of a wild animal works. Comparison with the known processes of the human mind under analagous conditions, based on the assumption that they are similar, must prove fallacious and in consequence misleading; and all conclusions drawn from the premiss that wild animals are actuated by the same motives as human beings are untrustworthy, to say the least.

In order to arrive at a judgment of what a wild animal may feel when it is hunting its proper prey or being hunted in its turn, the only safe evidence is based on observation of its actions at the time; and this is not easy to obtain. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds is proverbially difficult; and it is seldom that any but casual and profoundly unscientific observers ever see what a hunted animal does when pursued by another.

The hare "fleeing," as St. Anselm is reported to have said, in a sermon preached at Harrow-on-the-Hill, "like a soul from the flames of Hell," gives an inevitable impression that it is afraid of its pursuers. But this is by no means a certainty, as anyone who has been in a position to watch a hunted hare that is well in front of hounds can assure the doubter. After running her foil and laying an intricate maze of scent she will fling herself sideways with a flying leap, and squat at her ease in a bush to await with apparent composure the arrival of the puzzled pack. I have even known a hunted hare in these conditions, when the hounds failed to work up to her quickly, slip out of her hiding-place and begin to eat the winter wheat in an adjacent field.

Major Gordon Foster's evidence that on October 29th last, when hunting the Sinnington Foxhounds, of which he is Master, he saw the fox he had been pursuing for forty minutes pick up a hen in the farmyard through which it passed and continue its course, although but two fields in front of hounds, with the hen in its mouth, is by no means an uncommon incident. Major Foster saw the same thing happen in 1911 when, while hunting the Badsworth, the fox carried a fowl in the same way only one field in front of the pack.

Some Personal Experiences.

Once, when on foot with the Berkeley hounds in 1913, I waited in covert near Kingscote when the pack went away into the Beaufort country with a vixen. In a quarter of an hour she returned and coming quietly up the main ride without seeing or winding me, she stopped within a few yards and began mousing. I watched her hunt along the run of a field mouse until she caught it, when she played with it much as domestic cats do, finally tossing it in the air, catching it in her mouth and swallowing it head first. She then heard the distant cry of hounds returning on her line and went out of covert into the open. There she was holloa-ed by a shepherd and coursed back to the wood by his cur dog, and ran straight into the jaws of the pack as they came up the ride in full cry. Had she not stopped to catch mice she would probably have escaped, as scent was none too good and she was a long way ahead of hounds.

Again, I once saw an otter that had been hunted for four hours and was some three hundred yards downstream of the pack emerge on a boulder in midstream with an eel in its mouth, which it proceeded to devour in the most leisurely manner, regardless of the cry of hounds or of the fact that I was standing within ten yards and in full view. Mr. Rose, late Master of the Essex Otter Hounds, also saw an otter he had hunted for nearly six hours come out on the bank opposite him with a live dace in its mouth, hounds being at the moment at fault. He quietly watched the quarry consume its prey and of its own accord take to the water, before "Tally-ing," and laying the pack on again.

So far as this evidence goes it looks as though wild beasts of chase do not feel affrighted when hounds are on their trail. Whether, as some sportsmen declare, they actually enjoy being hunted there is not sufficient evidence to show. But, undoubtedly, foxes that have once been hunted and escaped do not show much concern when hounds unkennel them again, and choose their lines with great deliberation; and I have seen on many occasions with Lord Rothschild's Stag Hounds carted deer stop and wait till they heard hounds picking out their line on bad-scenting days, and refuse altogether to run unless the pack was following. I have even known a stag to return more than a mile to look for the hounds, when scent had altogether failed; and yet when they had been laid-on again to go off at score and give them a further ten-mile gallop.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH

By E. T. BROWN

EXCELLENT progress has been made during the last few months by the Empire Marketing Board, a body which was set up two years ago by the Government and endowed by an annual income of £1,000,000. Its duty, broadly speaking, is the encouragement of agricultural research, trading and advertising calculated to increase production and remove causes of loss within the Empire.

At first the farmers at home, conservative as they have always been, were inclined to believe that the purposes of the Board were to boom New Zealand, Canadian and Australian produce rather than to attend to home production. As the scheme has developed, however, it has become increasingly evident that the policy of the Board is to assist the marketing of home products just as much as those from overseas.

Many scientific problems are now being investigated at such wide-apart centres as Aberdeen, Adelaide, Wellington (N.Z.), Rhodesia and Kenya Colony. It is believed, and with reason, that a comprehensive effort to tackle the problems in various, and so widely separated, conditions of climate, etc., will be of great value to the farmers of the Empire as a whole.

Grass and Insect Pests.

One of the first problems tackled by the Board was that of ridding grass lands of insect pests. These may be a very costly source of trouble to the farmer. It has been discovered that there are many parasites which feed on insects, and a grant of money has been recently employed in setting up a central laboratory in Buckinghamshire at which certain of these parasites are bred. Though this scheme is only in its initial stages, parasites of the blowfly and earwig have already been shipped as far afield as Australia, Canada and the Falkland Islands.

A further step forward has been made so far as marketing goes in the decision to authorise grade marks on all-home produce which comes up to the standard laid down by the Ministry of Agriculture. This brings all-home products into line with the best goods imported from the Dominions, and the home produce bears the mark "produce of England and Wales."

The success of this scheme really depends entirely on the efforts of farmers and retailers working together to compete with the overseas produce, which is attractively presented to the public. As showing what can be done, the cheese makers in Cheshire have for the past six months graded their cheese under a special trade mark, and in these six months' trading over 1,500 tons of the specially graded cheese has commanded regularly a higher price than the best ungraded. Not only have the markets in the South been recaptured, which had been lost to them for years past, but they have also had many enquiries from overseas.

Dairymen versus Stock Breeders.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association has done great work in the past by encouraging dairy farmers to improve their herds. But there still remains one great difficulty for that body to overcome. Dairying is one of the most important branches of British agriculture and it has saved the industry more than once in times of slump from a plight far worse than anything actually experienced, bad as that has been. Dairying presents one of the most glaring examples of the general bad effects on the whole industry of a clash of interests between any two branches of it. The obvious reference here is to the clash of interests between the dairying and the livestock breeding industry. Our dairy herds are the best in the world, but this quality and position depend upon the efforts of the breeder. It is he who breeds and places at the disposal of the dairy farmer these wonderful animals giving a high yield of milk of a first rate standard of quality.

The big dairy farmer is not concerned with breeding and his only object in owning a herd is the amount of milk he can get from it. So little does he care about breeding that were the business of breeding left entirely to him our herds would deteriorate in a short time to the standard of twenty years ago.

The Livestock Improvement Scheme.

In its report on the results of the operation of the Livestock Improvement Scheme for 1927 the Ministry of Agriculture says that a great deal has been done by the scheme in demonstrating the beneficial results accruing from the use of good bulls and in effecting improvement in many cases in the quality of cattle.

Considerable scope for further improvement still remains, however. The small farmer is one culprit. There is some excuse for him, because the position is brought about largely by lack of capital. But there is no such excuse for this carelessness and neglect of large dairy farmers in the use of inferior bulls. These animals are kept without any regard to their suitability for getting good stock. Dairy farmers, as a rule, have herds of good cows, and it is a distinct loss to the country that such cows should not be allowed to produce progeny that is fit to rear.

What is happening is that the dairy farmer, whose sole object is milk, is frustrating the efforts of the breeder the moment the cows fall into his hands. Seeing that well-bred calves make pounds a head more than inferior ones, and are no more costly to keep, the position is extremely difficult to understand.

There is a great chance for the B.D.F.A. to make an effort among its members, as well as those who are not, to get this scandal removed.

The End of a Busy Day.

Decrying British Agriculture.

The latest example of the fallacy of comparing Danish and British farming to the detriment of Great Britain comes from the pen of a Danish agricultural writer.

His diatribes against what he terms our "retrograde agriculture" receive a severe castigation from a contemporary which says:—"It is almost incredible that a work which pretends to be a serious contribution to the subject should make no mention whatever of relative costs of capital expenditure, of production or even of distribution, should utterly neglect all considerations of difference in climate and should boldly assert that the land of Denmark is of far inferior quality to the land of England."

Donkeys for Farm Work.

The Rev. St. John Priest, in an exhaustive report on the agricultural conditions in Buckinghamshire, published in 1810, refers to the value of donkeys for farm work.

"The Marquis of Buckingham keeps a team of asses for his farm, and they are esteemed very serviceable. Upon heavy lands, asses with panniers might be rendered very useful in carrying turnips or other green food to carts upon the sides of the fields, in order to prevent the evil attending the tread of horses, and the wheels of the carts, upon the ploughed land in winter. Many asses are used at the potteries at Amersham, to convey that manufacture about the country, and also for the white sand from Chalfont."

THE SMALLHOLDING *and* ALLOTMENT

Spare the Spade, Spoil the Crop.

DIGGING is very dull, and certainly very hard, work. But the benefits derived are so great that it may be regarded as essential on the smallholding and on the allotment. Merely to stir the surface is little better than useless. Deep digging and trenching must be the order of the day.

Air, so necessary for plant growth and for the life of beneficial bacteria, is admitted to the soil by deep tillage. The weather also has a better chance of pulverising soil particles and of drying out excessive water. At the same time, considerable harm is often done by the novice who undertakes trenching.

Two Ways of Digging.

NO harm can result from bastard trenching or two-spit digging, because in this case the soil is not reversed, but is merely turned over, stirred, and kept in the same strata. The top soil remains at the top and the bottom soil at the bottom.

Ordinary trenching means cultivating the soil two or more feet deep and reversing the soil. Now this can only be practised with advantage on deep, rich soils. On thinner and poorer soils reversion would bring up to the surface much sour and harmful undersoil and subsoil.

Preparing for Early Vegetables.

THERE is growing up among those who are content only with the best a practice of preparing the beds for certain of their vegetable crops during the winter, as digging is being done. The celery trenches, for instance, are taken out, manure put in, the subsoil broken up, and everything got ready for the plants. Trenches, too, are now being prepared for runner beans. They will be left open till just before sowing time to ensure well-weathered soil.

Most important of all, however, is the onion bed, which has to be dug over to a depth of at least two feet, the subsoil being well manured, the top soil dressed with wood ashes and soot, and the surface given a sprinkling of lime.

Articles on the Smallholding and Allotment will appear regularly in BRITANNIA, *and Mr. E. T. Brown will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. Inquiries should be addressed to him, c/o* BRITANNIA, *Inveresk House, Strand, London.*

The New Herb Border.

IF a good supply of herbs is required during the winter now is the time to prepare a border for them. Marjoram, thyme, sage and mint should all be planted now, if the soil is not heavy; in the latter case, planting should be deferred till spring.

The first thing to do is to dig a thorough dressing of manure into the ground and to bring a good tilth to the surface soil. Stock the border with fresh young plants one foot apart in rows which are eighteen inches apart. It is a good plan to use a trowel for this, and also to have some road grit handy, with which to make the roots firm in the ground.

If there is already a herb border in existence, there is very little to be done for the fresh season. New mint plants, however, are a necessity, as the old ones gradually become smaller and smaller until the shoots are useless. All the other plants will do for the next season if they have the "leggy" or worn-out roots removed.

Present-time Jobs.

IN order to hasten their growth, give celery and leeks a dressing of liquid manure, and remember that bonfire ashes act as an excellent stimulant for winter greens.

As soon as all the potatoes are lifted, fork over the ground lightly and pick up any stray tubers.

On a sheltered piece of ground broad beans may be sown with every prospect of success. Rich ground is not essential

This is fruit tree planting time. A dry and fairly warm day should be chosen. Planted during severe weather or in wet soil the trees have not a chance of developing well.

All diseased or decayed fruit should be removed from the trees and bushes. Fruits lying on the ground should also be collected, as they harbour pests and encourage disease.

Digging is both easier and more effective if the spade is kept thoroughly clean. A piece of wood should always be handy for this purpose.

E.T.B.

THE TALE OF YOUR DOG

By Michael Chance

(IV.) The Fox Terrier.

IF you are sufficiently energetic to ferret out the history of the particular breed of dog in which you happen to be interested, you will probably find (in cases where it is necessary to go back a hundred years or more) that its origin is surprisingly obscure, because it is only in the last fifty or sixty years that the cult of dog-breeding has become so scientific and universal.

For instance, authorities on that game and justifiably popular little fellow the fox terrier, in their endeavours to establish the claims of long descent, are inclined to voice as many contradictory opinions as the members of any political party. Some maintain that he was originally a cross between a beagle and the old-fashioned bull-terrier; others, that such crossing took place subsequently and not originally, and was responsible for giving the fox terrier his mainly white coat. Still others contend that terriers similar in character to our cheeky little friend of to-day, and used for similar purposes, have been in existence for hundreds of years.

This latter theory is amply confirmed in a number of old books which make it clear that in the fifteenth century dogs, known by the Latin name of *terrarius*, were used for bolting foxes and badgers. In seventeenth and eighteenth century books there are numerous references to working terriers who, however, were probably almost entirely brindle, the nearly white dog was not evolved till about 1790.

Small and Nippy.

THE dapper little chap of our times is larger than his ancestors, who were required to be small and nippy; when the breed became much cultivated by certain foxhound packs, notably the Belvoir and the Grove, who established definite strains, smallness was the first desideratum.

From these beginnings, from these working terriers, whose variations of shape and colour were probably as manifold as those of ladies' hats, was evolved the smart, bright-eyed little friend who cheers many a home and who, by reason of his strong appeal to all sorts and conditions of humans, has become almost a national dog.

In recent years (since about 1875) the wire-haired terrier has tended to outstrip his smooth coated brother in quality and in popular estimation; which is as it should be in view of the fact that he is considered to be the originator of his race. But he is in no sense a dog apart; in fact, smooth-haired bitches have been much employed in breeding wires.

A Fox Terrier's Points.

THERE is no essential difference in the points of the two types, except that the coat of the "wire" must be harsh and strong, and on no account soft or woolly. Great strength in a small compass is the general idea to aim at; your Jim (or do you call him James?) should have a flat, narrow head, small V-shaped ears neatly folded over close to his cheeks, a black nose, small and dark eyes; a clean, long, muscular neck and a short, strong back.

It is interesting to note that each of these points is a definite aid to the fox terrier in his own job—namely, bolting foxes. He must have long thighs and low hocks, strong hindquarters and straight front legs; but if his elbows stick out, all his friends will laugh at him. He must have small feet and cat-like paws and, although any colour will do for his patches, white must predominate in his coat. He must be dashing and game and of good but not coarse bone; a symmetrical 17 lb. is a good average weight.

Mr. J. E. Barlow's Fox Terrier Ch. Crackley Supreme.

Even if your terrier lacks some of these hallmarks of nobility, he is probably cheery, intelligent and good-tempered. What more can man want in a companion?

By
HORACE
ANNESLEY
VACHELL

The fellowship of the hunting field is the main cause of its popularity.

HUNTING *TO* LIVE

IN his interesting article "Hunting to Kill," Mr. Henry Williamson in the issue of BRITANNIA of November 2nd admits that he is "sitting on the fence." He is not alone there. He belongs to that noble army of martyrs who see both sides of a question, martyrs in the sense that they must sacrifice their peace of mind, because that mind is at civil war with itself; they are racked by problems which, apparently, are beyond their solution.

This sedentary attitude does not help them or anybody else. Most of us can see the more obvious disabilities of party government, but we have to admit—whether we like it or not—that there is nothing else measurably in sight to take its place.

Would Mr. Williamson—and the gentlemen who sit beside him "on the fence"—abolish "blood sports," if they could achieve that object by lifting a finger? I suppose there are conscientious objectors to the destruction of wasps' nests. A wasp is one of God's creatures. Rarely does he use his sting unless provoked to do so.

It seems to me that a man must make up his mind definitely upon certain vexed questions, and then they cease to vex him. I venture to suggest, also, that a man (or woman) who indicts our field sports as cruel should refuse to eat game or fish slaughtered by sportsmen. I have heard impassioned anglers rail against fox-hunting. Till quite recently anglers seemed to be immune against the charge of cruelty to God's creatures. More, in the innumerable discussions concerning hunting and shooting, I have never yet met a critic who could suggest—apart from his destructive criticism—anything reconstructive.

Instinct of the Chase.

HOW are we to deal with the dislocations, the unemployment, for example, that would follow the abolition of field sports? As conditions are, in an over-populated country, where trades are interdependent, the question would appear to be unanswerable.

Public opinion "put down" bear-baiting and cock-fighting; public opinion—and nothing else—could abolish our field sports. Can a nation be made sober by Act of Parliament? Let Uncle Sam answer that. Can a nation be made humane by the same means? Certainly the instinct of the chase, the *ardor venatoris*, is ineradicable. A man who chases the nimble dollar *and gets it* is cruel to the fellow-creature from whom it is taken.

If it could be shown that field sports—hunting, shooting, stalking and fishing—made men less humane than, say, our minor poets (engrossed with the chase of the right word and phrase) why then, admittedly, their abolition ought to be a plank in any progressive platform.

In my own experience I have found sportsmen, taking them as I have met them during the past fifty years, to be good men and true, simply because consideration for others is the supreme test of sportsmanship. The unwritten laws of the hunting-field cannot be violated with impunity. The novice soon discovers that if he "presses" hounds, if he "thrusts" unduly, if, in fine, he fails in consideration towards hound or horse or follower, he will be incontinently damned. The same unwritten laws obtain out shooting. A "selfish shot" is anathema.

The offenders against these unwritten laws are, with rarest exceptions, men or women who have no real love of sport, but who take to it because it is, in their opinion, the right thing to do. They have no inherited sense of sportsmanship and they are never accepted as sportsmen. Unhappily, since the war and the impoverishment of the squirarchy these gentlemen with money to burn are alarmingly on the increase.

Killing is not Everything.

MR. WILLIAMSON is mistaken when he affirms that "the sportsman does not care very much how his hobby "may affect the feelings of others." He does care—and he has to care. But Mr. Williamson may mean—and

Hunting to Live—*continued.*

I think he does—that the average sportsman is indifferent to hostile criticism of sport. This, in the main, is true. But why should he care? The Free Trader is indifferent to the hostile criticism of the Protectionist, and *vice versa.* As a lover of the nobler red wines of France, I am indifferent to the railings of Pussyfoot.

Mr. Williamson, and with him all who condemn what they term "blood sports," persist in the belief that the sportsman is "out to kill," which is true enough, but their arguments in support of abolishing sport are based on the assumption that "killing" is *everything.* If it were, blood sports would have ceased to be long ago. Killing is the least part of true sportsmanship. Few men would care to hunt alone. The fellowship of the hunting field is the main cause of its popularity; and it is becoming increasingly popular with those who hunt "on wheels" on this account.

A good "hunt" is an epitome of life. To some of us it is life as differentiated from the stagnation of mere existence. One could cite the names of famous men who have found in the hunting-field recreation and rejuvenation, who for a few hours have been able to lay aside the cares of state and, erect in the saddle, to ride straight across a stiffly-enclosed country. Do such men hunt "to kill"? No; they hunt to live, to feel once more the thrill of youth, to experience the zest of surmounting obstacles and the triumph of "holding one's own" against the weighty odds of years and bodily infirmities.

I have seen a man crippled by lumbago hoisted on to his horse and ride that horse to the end of a long and strenuous run! During the war wounded officers home on leave, who had never been "entered" to fox, came out hunting because of the joy of it. Little they cared for the "kill"; what they sought and found was the ardour of the chase. Do our humanitarians think that these young men would have been better employed dancing at night clubs or nursing their wounds in an armchair?

A Training for Life.

HUNTING, I repeat, is an epitome of life. There are the same adventures and misadventures which challenge the qualities which make life worth the living. No "skirker" or "skirter" sees a stout fox "broken up." Courage, judgment, an eye for a country, are the hall-marks of a fine horseman. He must know himself and his horse. He must be quick witted, resolute, and observant; he must make up his mind what to do and do it promptly. Is there any better school for man-making than the hunting-field? Here all are equal. A boy on a pony may "show the way" to a millionaire on a five hundred guinea hunter.

Great hardships have to be endured out hunting; and for the most part they are endured cheerfully. How often I have seen a tired man walking home beside a tired horse; and the same man will insist that his gallant partner has his bucket of gruel before he slakes his own consuming thirst.

Love of our countryside is another distinguishing quality of nearly all sportsmen worthy of the name. You can't ride over a country without learning something about it and the people who make their living off it.

Mr. Williamson feels that an otter is a little brother bullied by those who hunt him. But, apparently, the trout destroyed by his little brother excite no compassion in him. He can't have it both ways. But this, I submit, is what our humanitarians are trying to achieve. They have nailed to the mast their banner "No hunting to kill," which means no hunting at all, but if all animals are our little brothers, oughtn't we to set about preventing *them* hunting to kill? How will the humanitarians deal with their lesser brethren?

Prefers the Fence.

A WORD in conclusion about the spiritual world of which, so Mr. Williamson asserts, the sportsman has very little comprehension. That is as may be. What is really comprehended about the spiritual world? We live in a material world and try to make the best of it. We are told that in Heaven there is no giving in marriage. If we accept that as a revealed fact, are we to advocate celibacy here below? A few do, but they are labelled "cranks." Spirituality is a peg dear to champions of lost causes. They hang upon it arguments which cannot bear the strain of workaday uses. Vegetarians claim that a flesh diet is incompatible with spirituality. Is our little sister, the cow, more spiritual than our little brother, the otter? Is G.B.S. more spiritual than a chop-eating archbishop?

All said and done, each man must decide for himself whether or not our field sports are a menace to his spirituality. He should be entreated not to sit on a fence. He must weigh the *pros* and *cons*; he must strike a balance satisfactory to his conscience. Astride a good horse, with hounds speaking to a breast-high scent, with a straight-going fox four fields ahead, Mr. Williamson can enjoy himself. At least, reading between the lines of his article, I believe so. And yet, he prefers the fence.

Strange, passing strange!

Next Week's Features in Britannia.

In addition to our regular features, next week's issue will include:

LORD BIRKENHEAD
on
Is it Right to Hang a Man?

E. TEMPLE THURSTON
on
The Chaos in the Theatre.

Dr. HADEN GUEST
on
The Socialist Woman.

ALEXANDER KERENSKI
on
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Hunting *the* Fox

By "HARBOROUGH"

Lord Dalmeny, M.F.H., at the opening meeting of the Whaddon, of which he has been master since 1923, at Hoggeston near Winslow.

Casualties and Tarmac.

IT is hardly possible to say that we have had an all-round successful start with this hunting season, with two masters of hounds laid out with broken legs—both collected by falls on the treacherous tarmac which local authorities still insist upon using for making our roads; foot and mouth disease a living danger in Kent and Dorset; Kirby Gate, that historic and picturesque Quorn curtain raiser a "frost," or more strictly speaking, a fog, for hounds had to be taken home soon after one o'clock, and some hunt servants, including Cumpstone, the York and Ainsty huntsmen either on the sick list or laid out by falls.

Harry Rowston, the first whip to the York and Ainsty, I hear, had a peach of a fall, and is not right again at the time of writing this. As to the bad accidents to Mr. Heatley, the Master of the Essex Union, and to Colonel F. G. Barker, who is joint of the Garth with Lord Dorchester, I am afraid it is goodbye to fox-hunting for both of them for this season, especially where Mr. Heatley is concerned, as his leg is broken in two places. My sincere sympathies: and my indignation; and I want to fire off some ammunition at both motor cyclists and at the makers of these dangerous roads.

Mr. Heatley's accident was aided by a motor cyclist and completed by the tarmac. I am sure that motor cyclists, who do not slow down when passing horses or hounds and are also over-fond of going too close, do so in nine cases out of ten through ignorance of the fact that horses are apt to shy at the machine-gun noise these doubtless useful vehicles are so fond of making; but I do make an earnest appeal to them to remember that a horse is a thing of flesh and blood—and nerves—and that hounds either going to a fixture or coming back at night, are a very vulnerable target, and that however careful the Master and hunt servants who are with them are, they cannot be depended upon to get out of the way in response to the hoot of a motor horn, as human beings would do. This appeal is to all classes of motorists who, I am sure, are no more anxious to endanger valuable lives, both human and otherwise, than are any other people.

As to the roads and those who make them out of a substance which, wet or dry, is a death-trap to all animal traffic and none too much beloved by even the motorist, one feels that one is up against a brick wall. Appeals have been made year in year out for local councils and all those who have to do with the making of roads, to contrive some substance which, while quite as durable, is less dangerous. No notice, however, has been taken and in some cases local authorities have had the hardihood to assert that tarmac is perfectly safe, and that it is the fault of fresh horses when accidents occur. This, of course, is pure bunkum. Various non-stop shoes and bars have been invented and some of them have been more or less successful, but the bottle-neck of the thing is the road itself. Why should local authorities continue to concoct roads which are death-traps to a very large proportion of the tax-paying public? Because a less dangerous surface may be more tedious to lay that is no reason against it. Many motorists will back up the hunting people because, as is the case, the present road with its often very high camber is a patent recipe for a bad skid, especially when wet.

The Whaddon Chase.

IT is good to learn from the Master (Lord Dalmeny) that he has such a satisfactory young entry this year, and that he considers the 17 couple of young hounds who are now in process of being made into real foxhounds to be as good a lot as they have had for some time past. Lord Dalmeny has an excellent huntsman in Bodington, who is one of the people who knows that the best place to catch foxes is in the kennel.

I was with these hounds a short time ago, not having then seen them since some time in 1927, and I thought that the Master was amply justified in his view. We did not have a hunt and I did not go and see them afterwards individually on the flags, a good place for a close-up, but I think you can usually tell if all's well if you have anything in the way of an observant eye. The hound that practically has made the pack since Lord Dalmeny has had them (1923) is Tapster (1918), by the Berkeley Valesman (1914) out of the Berkeley Tangible (1915), and Tapster's son, Lawyer (1920), carried on the good work as a stallion hound. He never got them a bad one and Lord Dalmeny has not been able to go wrong with this blood, and they have got a good deal of the Heythrop Raglan (1917) also in the kennel. The Heythrop, incidentally, are one of the most carefully bred packs of hounds in all England, and if you are fond of hounds and want to see something to delight your eye, go and ask Major D. St. G. Daly to let you have a look at them. The Whaddon country, which was Grafton till 1862, at which date it was only lent, is justly called the "Londoner's Leicestershire." It is no misnomer, as you are likely to discover if you are on the wrong kind of horse. It takes as much jumping as any in all England, and it is almost all grass with a brand of double which will beat the boldest on occasion, to make no mention of the brooks, the Hardwicke being as much as anyone would ask for; and there are also the Creslow, Weedon, Cublington and Winston, which take a lot of doing.

A fact is mentioned in *Shires and Provinces* which some people may not know, namely, that the Whaddon country is the only one in England, bar the Isle of Wight, which is entirely surrounded by water. This is a fact, as the rivers, canals and brooks make an island of it. Whenever anyone mentions the Whaddon, people usually say, "Oh, yes, that is the country over which Harry Dalmeny and Bill Lowndes had such a fight!" This is quite erroneous. It was not a fight between these two gentlemen at all. Lord Dalmeny was not in England when the Whaddon Chase committee invited him to be Master of the Committee pack. There was a row as we all know but it was not a duel between the present M.F.H. and the late one. However, all these hatchets are now buried "five fadom deep," and let's leave 'em buried! Lord Dalmeny has shown great sport and everything works on greased machinery with the farmers and everyone else.

Incidentally, Lord Dalmeny is one of the three best heavy weight men to hounds in all England. He was one of the select few who saw the end of the great Badby run with the Pytchley in 1911 and was the man who viewed Frank Freeman's beaten fox for him. The incident was mentioned by "Brooksby"—the late Captain Pennell-Elmhirst.

A Pytchley snapshot at Misterton. Earl Beatty talking to Mr. Ronald Tree, joint master of the Pytchley with Lt. Col. Jack Lowther, D.S.O.

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IMPROVING YOUR SET

By Robert W. Beare

As a result of the great improvement that has taken place in regard to both radio sets and valves, there must be many thousands of listeners who, unable or unwilling to scrap their existing apparatus and invest in new, are anxious to modernise their sets so far as possible.

In many cases this may be done simply by the substitution of new valves, for, apart from the materially better performance of the latest examples, it does not appear to be generally realised that a valve may become more or less unserviceable, even though its filament remains intact.

The Life of a Valve.

We usually talk of valve life in terms of a thousand hours, but this may be considerably exceeded without noticeable deterioration of performance. In any case, who troubles to keep account of the number of hours that a valve has been in use—and, consequently, who knows when it is approaching its allotted span? One thousand hours represent, on an average, about a year's use—but it does not necessarily follow that the complete renewal of the valve equipment should be an annual charge.

At the same time, those who are dissatisfied with the performance of their set, as compared with that of more modern models, would do well to change over, as a first measure towards improvement, to the most recent types of valves for each particular purpose. It must be borne in mind, however, that the taking out of the old valve and the putting in of the new is not quite all there is to it. In many cases the new valves will not work at all satisfactorily unless the high tension and grid bias are adjusted to suit their requirements, and almost invariably some adjustment is necessary.

The use of a super-power valve in the last stage, where this type has not been used before, is very likely to be disappointing, if strict attention is not paid to its grid bias needs.

Is It Worth Modernising?

The particular means of modernisation to be employed on any set depends to a large extent upon the age of the set. There are still in existence many receivers originally designed for use with the old bright emitter valves, in which there is only one high tension positive terminal and no provision whatever for the biassing of the grids of the power valve or valves.

These are usually fitted with obsolete swinging coil reactions, and more likely than not the low frequency transformers employed compare very unfavourably with modern instruments. Many sets of this type were five valvers, which actually gave a performance less efficient, in regard to range, than a modern two valve set.

It is rather a question whether such a set is really worthy of modernisation, but the process is neither difficult nor unduly expensive. The high frequency stages can be eliminated entirely, since in their existing form they are worse than useless. They may be replaced by a single-stage employing a screen-grid valve, or, if simplicity and economy are the main considerations, they need not be replaced at all.

Probably a more efficient tuning system than that originally fitted will be desirable, and the reaction should certainly be converted to what is generally known as the Reinartz method, in which a small variable condenser is used to control reaction.

A separate lead must be taken to fresh high tension positive terminals, space for which can usually be found on the existing terminal panel, and grid biassing provision must be made. And finally, it is almost always worth the small extra cost to replace the old transformers with modern instruments.

A Fascinating Pastime.

As I said before, it is doubtful whether so extensive a scheme of modernisation is really worth while in view of the extreme moderation of the price of quite a number of thoroughly good up-to-date two and three valve sets; but for those who are interested in the constructional side of radio, the work of conversion is rather fascinating, especially when it is repaid by enormously improved reception.

Marconiphone Portable 5-valve Receiver—a child can work it.

Main Units for All.

It is a satisfactory sign of the times that a local electricity supply company is undertaking to provide consumers with battery-eliminating apparatus for use with radio sets on the hire-purchase system. This forerunner of what will shortly, I imagine, be the common practice, is the Middlesbrough Supply Company, and they are to be heartily congratulated upon their enterprise and initiative. The general tendency among radio users is now entirely towards the elimination of all batteries, and recent developments, especially in regard to metal rectifying units, have made it possible.

For those who desire the absolutely silent background of reception which, apparently, it is still true to say that only an accumulator high tension supply can provide, it is interesting to note that the Exide Company have recently marketed a new development. This is the necessary battery of small secondary cells, made up in ten-volt blocks, plus a trickle-charging apparatus which is automatically switched on as the supply of energy to the radio set is switched off.

One of the principal disadvantages of accumulator h.t. has been its bulkiness and weight when the question of recharging arose. Only those who were able to make use of the domestic electricity supply for recharging purposes were able to derive the full benefit. But the Exide equipment places accumulator h.t.—probably the ideal supply—at the service of all who have electric light in their houses.

Bristol Radio Week.

Radio weeks have been held with great success in various parts of the country, and now Bristol has entered the field. These radio weeks are undoubtedly of great general benefit to the industry in still further popularising wireless, and no doubt they perform most useful propaganda work from the particular town's point of view.

The Bristol week begins on Monday next, and the Cardiff programmes have been specially designed in connection with it.

American Wavelength Muddle.

We sometimes complain of the difficulty of separating various popular European broadcast programmes, and of the considerable amount of heterodyning that is still prevalent in spite of rearrangement of wavelengths and frequencies. But our troubles are insignificant compared with those to which American "radio fans" have been subjected ever since the inception of broadcasting in the United States. An effort is now being made to sort out the muddle by the Federal Radio Commission, but matters have gone too far to promise an early and complete solution.

In the early days in America, broadcasting was practically uncontrolled. Anyone who wished might erect and work a station on any wavelength that seemed good to him. And he did!

We may have had our own troubles and complaints in regard to the B.B.C.'s consistently arbitrary attitude, and we may have regretted the freedom which apparently they possessed in the United States. But I think it has been proved that the stern control exercised in this country has operated in our best interests.

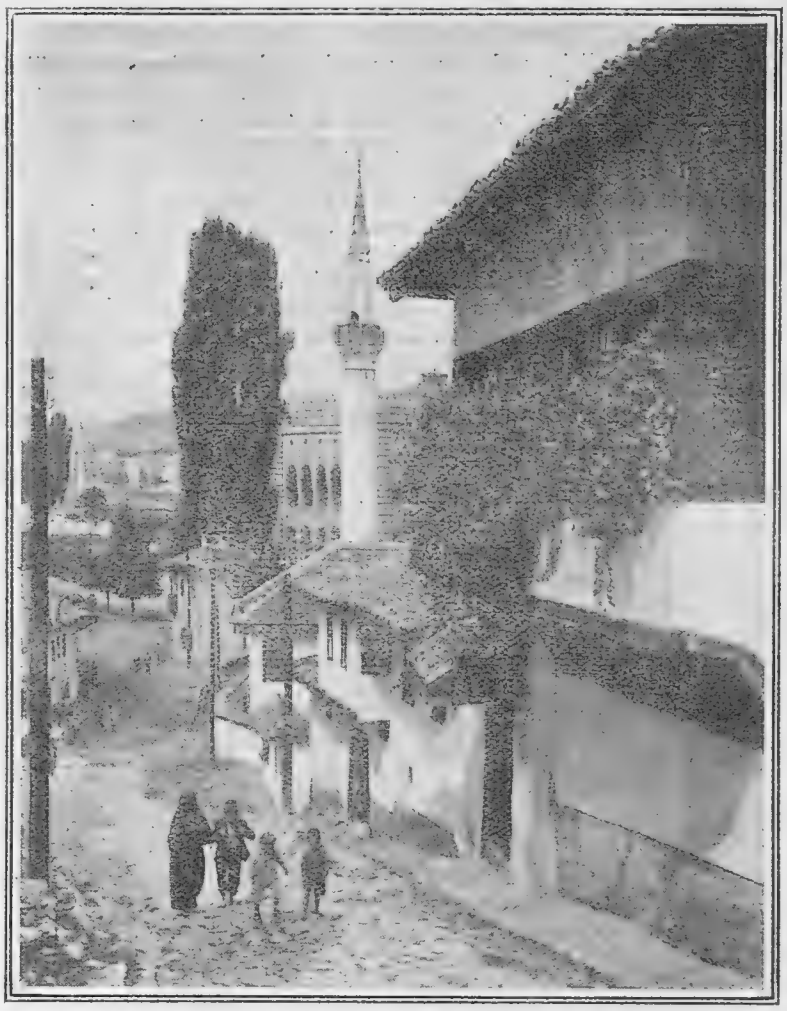
If your radio won't work write to BRITANNIA *about it.*

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

LIFE in the NEW BALKANS

YUGOSLAVIA



One of the hill streets in Sarajevo.

By ROSITA FORBES

WHEREVER the traveller crosses the extended frontiers of Yugoslavia, he is likely to be convinced of one thing at least. The Serbs are men. They know what they want and they mean to get it. Neither their political nor police methods are likely to appeal to Western civilisation, but they are dealing in the main with exceedingly primitive peoples who are used to being governed by brute force and who understand no other argument. In the North, they have to cope with Croatians and Slovenians who, like the Irish, "don't know what they want and won't be happy till they get it!"

Fighting with Bare Hands.

THE Serbs are the Americans of the Balkans, and their present unwieldy kingdom is no more than a collection of States loosely united for economic reasons. Before the war the small Serbia contained some 3,000,000 Slavs, but they were and always will be a militant race and they burned to liberate their two million compatriots under Austrian rule. When they went into a war in which they suffered more than any other nation, they really believed they were fighting for Slav freedom in the Balkans. To their imperialistic minds, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and heaven knows who else were Serbs in disguise!

After their army had been exiled for two years, it fought its way back through Macedonia and the plain of Kossova, inhabited almost entirely by Albanians, literally with its bare hands! It was a feat which probably no other nation would have attempted, but the Serbs, re-conquering a land which had been their own under mediæval Tsars, forgot the intervening 500 years of Turkish and Austrian rule!

To-day Yugoslavia represents a conglomeration of 14,000,000 people, of which a third perhaps are Serbs. The remainder are Moslems of Turkish extraction, Greeks, Albanians and Cziganes, Austrians, Hungarians, Macedonians (using the definite article in their Slavonic language which is sufficient to prove that they are Bulgarian rather than Serbian), Spanish Jews, and Rumanians, as well, of course, as Croats and Slovenes!

An Unplanned City.

BELGRADE, which used to be a simple country town, with no capital pretensions, except the Germanic palace in which King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered, is now well on the way to being a city. There is an air of business-like bustle about its streets, most unusual in the Balkans. The restaurants, where the service is abnormally quick and the clients are all typically commercial, might have been transported from some earnest American state. Belgrade is growing in all directions, and she is growing splendidly with regard to the size and appearance of her new buildings, but she has no definite plan; so imposing streets end in a field, or slip unexpectedly into the river. Where the Save and the Danube meet, there is an old fort which has seen the rout of so many invaders, Turk, Hun, and Tartar from the Steppes, and, later, of Austria, whose army was twice flung back across the river by this small Balkan State.

Fifty miles from Belgrade the present King and Queen have built a cottage on the top of a hill which is clothed in vines. For four years they've been making a garden and developing a vineyard, where Queen Mary (the daughter of Rumanian Marie) works all day among the grapes. She likes country life, and is trying to grow orange roses to match her orange chintzes, but she told us she always left the arrangement of her furniture to the King.

"He knows exactly where everything should go," she said, and, after an English tea, took us out to see the mosaics, a glory of blue and gold, with which she is lining the whole of a neighbouring church. This, too, stands among the vines, and its piled white cupolas dominate the collection of charming cottages in which the small princes and the staff are housed. "From the distance we thought this was where you lived," I said. "We shall, some day," replied the Queen, with the utmost cheerfulness. "It's the royal mausoleum!"

Unrealised Ambitions.

IT is impossible to write of Yugoslavia as a whole. The North is frankly Austrian. Zagreb and Ljublin, the capitals of Croatia and Slovenia, are gay Germanic cities with excellent hotels and opera. They have an air of well kept purposeful prosperity. Their culture is particularly emphasised in order that politicians and officials may show the superiority of their Western veneer to Belgrade, which they consider Eastern and barbarian!

The Croats are typical of every province which, before the war, belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They were not strong enough to demand autonomy, but by nominally linking themselves with a large and growing Balkan kingdom of inferior culture and standard of living, they imagined they would have the dual advantages of running their own show while profiting by a powerful military and economic organisation.

Their ambitions have not been realised, for the Government is centralised in Belgrade and the higher official posts in Croatia are filled by Serbs, while Croat officials are "exiled," as they consider it, to serve in Bosnia and Herzogovina, where primitive Moslems predominate.

Before the war, all these provinces had a very large share of local self-government, and a despatch to Vienna was answered within ten days. It takes three months to get a reply from Belgrade, where the usual Balkan corruption flourishes in public departments and where it is hoped that procrastination will cover ignorance.

There is no upper class in Serbia, unless the term may be applied to the Moslem "Begs," who still retain a certain proportion of their estates in the erstwhile Turkish provinces, or to the very few impoverished Magyar nobles living in retirement along the Croatian border, but it is undoubted that the officials, outside Serbia proper, regret the old *régime*. They were proud of the efficient Austrian organisation, and there was far more opportunity of advancement for the intellectuals.

The peasant of Bosnia and Herzogovina has more personal freedom under the Serb and it is the Moslem habit to submit to any and every form of authority. He is more heavily taxed, but that is "the will of Allah." All he wants is to be let alone! Since the agrarian reform, he owns enough land to support his family in the extreme poverty to which he is accustomed and the official has much less power to annoy him.

The Balkan Pig.

THE villages in mountainous Bosnia are particularly attractive, for the white-washed houses have old wooden beams and lattices. They look as if they were trying to hide under their immense penthouse roofs with frilly eaves, and they clamber up the hill sides at such precipitous angles that one is forced to speculate on the adhesive quality of the local mortar!

By the absence of the usual curly-haired and independent Balkan pig, it is possible to distinguish a Moslem village, even if the mosque

with a minaret of carved wood is not visible. In the rich Islamic houses, there are exquisite wooden ceilings, elaborately carved and enriched with bosses of chased metal, or with an all-over design of large, flat-headed nails! Sometimes there is a frieze painted in Byzantine colours. Pillars, alcoves and cupboards are all adorned with the same metal-work. The wooden divans are raised only a few inches from the floor.

There is a clay stove fitted into a recess, and its surface is pitted with shiny green porcelain hollows as if bowls had been stuck into it when the clay was soft. Open pens of charcoal add to the heat, and there is generally a brazier for coffee-making. The men smoke the longest chibouks I've ever seen. The mouthpiece is of amber, and at the other end of this four-foot pipe the bowl rests on a tiny wooden stool at the smoker's feet.

The old Bosnian carpets are nearly as good as the Persian, and, in the harems which still exist in Moslem Yugoslavia, they are used to cover the pile of mattresses and quilts on which the women sleep on the floor of whichever room they happen to choose, and which are bundled into a cupboard during the day.

The harems of such old-fashioned towns as Sarajevo have double windows two feet apart and the inner ones are strongly latticed, so that the fair inhabitants can neither see nor be seen. The women wear the old Turkish dress which Stamboul has discarded. It consists of pale satin trousers, embroidered with flowers and fruit, a muslin chemisette with wide sleeves, a bolero so stiff with gold embroidery that it looks like metal, and a queer little satin cap under a transparent veil. They offer the visitor rose-leaf jam, which tastes like cold cream, on oxydised copper tables a few inches high.

Local Customs.

IN Yugoslavia there is but one sport, and that is politics. In Croatia a political meeting is as exciting as international football in Manchester. In Bosnia the chief newspaper is called *Politica*, but it is not particularly popular outside the towns, for the peasant is generally illiterate. He is clever with his hands. He canalises the abundant water-power and, with its help, employs primitive and home-made wooden machines for smithies, leather work and weaving. His cabin has an open roof wherein hang meat and vegetables, gradually drying in the smoke from the stone cooking hearth.

Sometimes there is a well or cistern in the middle of the living room, and a pole to which is attached a wooden loop. Inside this primitive belt the baby is secure, while it practises the muscles of its legs and its vocal powers! There are wooden bunks round the walls and a table perhaps a foot high. Otherwise the hut is bare, except for the usual chestful of ceremonial costumes. The most amusing of these is worn on the borders of Bosnia and Croatia. Here, when a girl is marriageable, she goes to church, or to the village festivals, with a six-inch mirror attached to her embroidered cap, a fantastic erection of peacock's feathers sticking up behind it.

Karaula-Zara: A wayside inn.

A blind musician of Cetinje.

Poverty-stricken Montenegro.

MONTENEGRO is one of the poorest Yugoslavian provinces, but it is essentially Western. In contrast to the colour and the oriental publicity of Bosnia and Macedonia, where the shops are open-fronted booths and the Turkish cafés full of fezes and scarlet sashes, it is particularly reserved. Its limestone mountains are a curious bluish white, arid beyond conception. In their colourless tormented desolation, for the crags are piled one upon another as if by a careless Titan, they might be the mountains of the moon. The cottages are like molluscs plastered on the rocks, and the tiled roofs are held in place by stones.

The cultivated area consists of small pockets among the crags, often miles from the nearest village. Sometimes, in order to make their toy fields, the peasants are obliged to carry up the earth from the plains on their backs. They are a vigorous, hard-working race, intensely independent, and resentful of the politicians who merged their unconquerable country in post-war Yugoslavia. Occasionally you see an old man in national dress, blue voluminous bloomers, a scarlet embroidered waistcoat and a cap like an inverted box, but most of the inhabitants wear the faded drabs reminiscent of fogs. The women plait their splendid hair round their foreheads and cover it with a dark shawl.

A Primitive Existence.

BOTH sexes are tall and fine-featured. Their hospitality is prodigious. A guest is "a gift of God," and if you climb to a mountain village—on foot, of course, for goats would be the only possible steeds for Montenegrin tracks—you are expected to visit every house in turn. In each you are offered a most potent form of "rakī," the local spiri made from plums, and it is taken for granted that you will spend at least one night in the village. In Montenegro there are beds, but they are all in one room, and where space is limited the guest is only offered half of one!

Nobody undresses, and food is served on a table in the middle of the beds, for the only other room is a kitchen. Here the oldest woman presides as goddess of the coffee-pot. Crouched over an open wood fire in the middle of the room, which is always dense with smoke, she looks like a witch. The other women wait on the guests and they will not sit down if there is a man among them. Pigs and chickens wander in and out, and, in the evening, a boy plays the "gusla"—a kind of lute—while his elders sing patriotic songs between draughts of "raki."

Love of Country.

THE Montenegrins have always been a warrior race, and now their most intransigeant patriots have retired to the mountains, where they wage guerilla war, their hand against every man's. The Serbs try to rule with a mailed fist and the discontent increases, but, at least, the two races respect each other. Both love their land with a passion known only to races which have long fought for independence. The United States used to support a floating population of some 30,000 Montenegrins, but all brought back to their own mountains the dollars they earned in America, and not one returned without kneeling to kiss the soil which had nurtured him.

My Life

By Benito Mussolini

I was in Rome . . . . Rome the coveted goal of princes and leaders, the universal city, heir to the old Empire and the power of Christianity! Rome welcomed me as a leader of national legions, as a representative, not of a party or a group, but of a great faith of an entire people.

ON the night of October 28, 1922, deputies, senators and politicians of Milan, all who were well-known in the parliamentary world, came to the offices of the *Popolo d'Italia* and asked me to desist in a struggle which they asserted would be the beginning of a violent, grave and reprehensible civil war. They proposed an armistice and truce with the central government. Perhaps a ministerial crisis might save the situation and the country.

I smiled at the innocence of these politicians and answered them as follows:

"My dear Sirs, there is not the slightest question of any partial or total crisis or of substitution of one Ministry for another. The game I have undertaken has a wider and more serious character. For three years we have lived in a cauldron boiling with small battles and devastation. This time I will not lay down our arms until complete victory is won. It is time to change the direction not only of the Government, but also of the whole of Italian life. There is no question of a struggle of parties in Parliament, but here is a question—we want to know whether we Italians are able to live an autonomous life or are to be slaves of our own weakness, not only as to foreign nations, but also in our own affairs. War is declared! We will fight to the bitter end. The struggle is blazing all over Italy. Youth is in arms. I am rated as a leader who precedes, and not one who follows. I will not humiliate this page of marvellous resurrection of Italian youth with arbitration. I tell you that this is the last chapter. It will fulfil the traditions of our country. It cannot die in compromise."

I then showed my visitors a letter, which I had received at dawn from Commander Gabriele D'Annunzio. I had sent a brief message to the redeemer of Fiume, who had been with us since the first moments of the darkest struggle. It was brought by the Generals Giampietro and Douhet, and Eugenio Coselschi. D'Annunzio had immediately answered in these terms:

"Dear Mussolini,

"I received your three messengers tonight, after a hard day's work.

"In this book, so many times interrupted, are gathered the truths that the one-eyed man discovers in retirement and meditation. I think that now Italian youth must recognise them and follow them with purified heart. We must gather together all our forces and start them toward the great goals which are fixed for Italy by her eternal destinies. From virile patience and not from restless impatience salvation will come to us.

"My messengers will tell you my thoughts and my intentions, free from all vague colourings. The King knows that I am still the most faithful and most eager soldier of Italy. Let him stand against the adverse destinies, which must be faced and defeated. Victory has the light eyes of Pallas. Do not blindfold her. *Sine strage vincit. Strepitu sine ullo.*

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO."

The King of Italy.

AFTER having read this letter to these Lombard politicians, I sent them away, telling them that if I were left with only one man, or, indeed, all alone, I would not abandon the fight until I had obtained the final objects which I had outlined to my associates. The logical clearness, the stout, rigorous, coherent reasons I had given impressed those who had come to offer conciliation. I think that one of them must have immediately sped off to inform the Premier, Facta, that nothing could be done with me.

Poor Facta! He was wondering how and to whom he could announce this real crisis among the sham crises. He had cried "Wolf!" too often. The Chamber was closed at that time. Where could he turn? Anyone can see in all events, even in solemn events, that the grotesque and the ludicrous always find a way in and sometimes manage to prosper under the shadow of great and tragic happenings.

The last of the Liberal governments of Italy wanted to make its last gesture. It addressed a declaration to the country which read:

"Seditious manifestations are breaking out in some of the Italian provinces, brought about to hamper the normal functioning of powers of the State. They are of such a nature that they may throw the country into serious trouble.

"The Government has tried its utmost to reach an agreement, with the hope of bringing a peaceful solution of the crisis. Facing, however, a revolutionary attempt, its duty is to maintain public order by all means and at any price. Even though its resignations have been made, it will fulfil this duty for the safety of citizens and the safety of the free constitutional institutions. Meanwhile citizens must keep calm and must have faith in the measures of Public Security that have been adopted.

"Long Live Italy! Long live the King!"

AT the same time the Ministers put their portfolios at the disposition of the President of the Council, Facta. This man sought advice from several friends in Rome. As a result he tried to proclaim martial law, but the King, in his profound wisdom, flatly refused to sign the order. The Sovereign understood that the Blackshirts' revolution was the conclusion of three years of struggle and of fighting; he understood that only with the victory of one party could we achieve peace.

Fascism was under arms, it was dominating the centres of national life, it had a very well defined aim, and it could not allow its victory to be mutilated or adulterated by the various compromises suggested. That was my exact answer to the mediators of union. No compromise!

THE struggle continued with the objectives I had mapped out. It is impossible in autobiographic pages to present a complete picture of the revolutionary events in those days. I distinctly remember that with every hour that passed I had more and more poignantly the sensation of triumphing over the Italian political situation. Our adversaries were confused, scattered, speechless. The Fascisti in compact files were already near the gates of Rome and were expecting that I would march at the head of their military formations to lead them into the Capital. On the afternoon of the 29th I received a very urgent telephone call from Rome on behalf of the Quirinal. General Cittadini, first *aide-de-camp* to His Majesty the King, asked me very kindly to go to Rome, because the King, having examined the situation, wanted me to form a Ministry. I thanked General Cittadini for his kindness, but I asked him to give me the same communication confirmed by telegram. One knows that the telephone may play dirty tricks at times! General Cittadini, after having first objected that my request was not usual under the Court regulations, considering the abnormal and informal situation, consented to send me the same invitation by telegram. In fact, after a few hours an urgent message arrived.

Here it is :—

"Mussolini, Milan,

"His Majesty the King asks you to come immediately to Rome for he wishes to offer you the responsibility of forming a Ministry. With respect.

"General Cittadini."

This was not yet victory, but the progress made was considerable. I communicated directly with the headquarters of the revolution in Perugia, and with the various commands of the Blackshirts in Milan. I gave, by means of an extra edition of the *Popolo d'Italia*, the news of the command I had received.

But I was in a terrible state of nervous tension. Night after night I had been kept awake, giving orders, following the compact columns of the Fascisti, restraining my eager followers from any acts which might cast even the slightest slur on the knightly practices of Fascism.

A PERIOD of greater responsibilities was about to begin for me. I gathered all my strength to my aid, invoked the memory of the dead, asked the assistance of God, and called upon the living faithful to assist me in the great task that confronted me. That night, October 31st, 1922, I left the direction of the *Popolo d'Italia* and turned my fighting journal over to my brother, Arnaldo. In the number of November 1st, I published the following declaration :—

"From now on the direction of the *Popolo d'Italia* is intrusted to Arnaldo Mussolini. I thank and salute with brotherly love all the editors, collaborators, correspondents, employees, workers, all those who have assiduously and faithfully laboured with me for the life of this paper and for love of our Country.

"Rome, October 30th, 1922.—Mussolini."

I parted with regret from the paper that had been the most constant and potent element of our Victory. I must add that my brother, Arnaldo, has been able to maintain the editorship with dignity and capacity.

When I had entrusted the paper to my brother I set off for Rome. To the zealous people who wanted me to have a special train to go to Rome to speak with the King I said that a compartment in the usual train was quite good enough. Engines and coal should not be wasted. Economise! That is the first and acid test of a true man of Government. And after all I would only enter Rome at the head of my Black Shirts now camping at Santa Marinella in the atmosphere and the shining rays of the Capital. The news of my departure spread all over Italy. In every station where the train stopped there had gathered the Fascisti and the masses who wanted to bring me, even through the pouring rain, their cheers and their good will.

Leaving Milan was painful. That city had given me a home for ten years; it had followed me in every stress; it had baptised the most wonderful squads of action of Fascism; it had been the scene of historical political struggles. Now I was leaving it, called by destiny and by a greater task. All Milan knew of my going, and I felt a shade of sadness even in the hour of victory.

But this was not the hour for sentimentality. After the kisses and farewells of my family I said good-bye to many prominent Milanese and then I went away, running into the night, to take counsel with myself, to refresh my soul, to listen to the echoes of voices of friends and to envisage the wide horizons of to-morrow's possibilities. The minor episodes of that trip and of those days are not important. The train brought me into the midst of the Fascisti, I was in sight of Rome at Santa Marinella. I reviewed the columns. I issued my orders for the entrance into Rome. I established connections between the quadriumvirate and the authorities. My presence redoubled the great enthusiasm. I read in the eyes of those young men the divine smile of ideals triumphant. With such elements I would have been inspired to challenge, if need be, not only the base Italian ruling class, but all the enemies of the world!

IN Rome an indescribable welcome was waiting for me. I did not want any delay. Even before making contacts with my political friends I motored to the Quirinal. I wore a black shirt. I was introduced without formalities to the King. The Stefani Agency and the great newspapers of the world gave stilted or speculative details about this interview. I will limit myself, for obvious reasons of reserve, in saying that the conference was characterised by great cordiality. I concealed no plans, nor did I fail to make plain my ideas of how to rule Italy. I obtained the Sovereign's approbation. I took up lodgings at the Savoy Hotel and began to work. First I made agreements with the general command of the army to bring my Fascist militia into Rome and file them off in proper formation in review before the King. I gave detailed and precise orders. One hundred thousand Black Shirts paraded in perfect order before the Sovereign. They brought to him the homage of Fascist Italy!

I was then triumphant and in Rome! I killed all unnecessary demonstrations in my honour. I gave orders that not a single parade should take place without the permission of the General Fascist Command. It was necessary to give to everybody from the first moment a stern and rigid sense of discipline in line with the regime which I had conceived. I discouraged every manifestation on the part of army officers who wanted to do me honour. I have always considered the army outside and above every kind of politics. The army must, in my opinion, be inspired by absolute and conscientious discipline. It is an institution which must be preserved inviolate. It must not suffer the slightest loss of its integrity.

But other and more complex problems surged about me. I was in Rome not only with the task of composing a new Ministry; I had also firmly decided to renew and rebuild from the very bottom, the life of the Italian people. I vowed to myself that I would impel it towards higher and more brilliant aims. Rome sharpened my sense of duty. The Eternal City has two Courts and two Diplomacies. In the course of centuries it has seen imperial armies defeated under its walls. It has witnessed and beheld the decay of the strong, and the rise of universal waves of civilisation and of thought. Rome, the coveted goal of princes and leaders, the universal city, heir to the old Empire and the power of Christianity; Rome welcomed me as leader of national legions, as a representative, not of a party or a group, but of a great faith and of an entire people.

I HAD long meditated on my actions as a man of party and as a man of Government. I had thought about these things as I walked by day,

The Quirinal Palace, Rome.

and even as I slept by night. I had won. I could win more. I could nail to the wall, not only metaphorically, but in fact, if I had wished, my enemies, those who had slandered Fascism, and those whom I hated for having betrayed Italy in peace as they had betrayed her in war. The atmosphere was pregnant with tragedy. I had mobilised three hundred thousand Blackshirts. They waited for my signal to move. They could be used for one purpose or another. I had in the Capital sixty thousand armed men ready for action. The march on Rome could have lit tragic fires. It might have spilled much blood if it had followed the example of ancient and modern revolutions. Now was the time in which it was more necessary than ever to examine the field with calm serenity, and with cold reason to compare the near and far results of our daring action in regard to our definite aims.

I could have proclaimed a dictatorship, I could have formed a dictatorial Ministry composed solely of Fascisti of the type of Directory which was formed in France at the time of the Convention. The Fascist revolution, however, had unique characteristics; it had no antecedent in history. It was different from any other revolution also in its capacity to re-enter, with deliberate will, legally established traditions and forms. For that reason also I knew that the mobilisation should last only the shortest time.

I did not forget that I had a Parliament on my hands; a Chamber of Deputies of sullen mind, ready to lay traps for me, accustomed to old traditions of ambiguity and intrigue, full of grudges, only repressed by fear; a dismayed Senate from whom I could obtain a disciplined respect but not an eager and productive collaboration. The Crown was looking on to see what I would do, following constitutional rules. The Pontificate followed the events with anxiety. The other nations looked at the revolution suspiciously, if not with hostility. Foreign banks were anxious for news. Exchange wavered, credit was still vacillating, waiting for the situation to be cleared. It was indispensable, first of all, to give an impression of stability to the new regime. I had to see and foresee everything. I slept not at all for some nights, but they were nights fecund in action and ideas. The measures that immediately followed in the first twenty-four hours of my Government bear witness to that.

ANOTHER problem arose out of the character of the revolution. Every revolution has in it, besides the great human mass of impact and the conscientious and unselfish leaders, two other types, adventurers and melancholic intellectuals, (one might call, by a synthetic expression), ascetics of revolution. When the revolution is over, the mass, which is often moved by the simple intuition of a great historical and social reality, goes peacefully back to its usual activities. It forms the laborious and disciplined leaven of the new regime. The conscientious and unselfish leaders form the necessary aristocracy of rulers. But the ascetics and the adventurers are a dead burden. The first would like to see a perfect humanity overnight. They do not understand that no revolution can change the nature of men. Because of their Utopian illusions the ascetics are never contented, they waste their time and other men's energies in sophistry and doubts just when it is necessary to work like fiends to go forward. The adventurers always identify the fortunes of the revolution with their own fortune; they hope to gain personal advantage from the victory, and they harbour resentment when their wishes are not satisfied, clamouring for extreme and dangerous measures. Now, I had to defend the Fascist victory from the ascetics and the adventurers. The adventurers, however, sank rapidly in the Fascist revolution, because it was different and on a higher plane to any other revolution. But I felt it my constant duty to examine, in such a grave moment, every step I made.

First of all, in the pressure of events I desired to assure regularity to the country and to constitute a new Government. Order came quickly. There were only a few sporadic incidents of violence, inevitable under such conditions. I felt the necessity to safeguard Facta, and I called ten Blackshirts who had each been much decorated for bravery for the purpose of escorting Facta to Pinerolo, his native town, under their word of honour. They

"Motors give me a new and great sensation of strength."
Mussolini is an enthusiastic Motorist.

kept their promise. "Nobody," that was the order, "should touch a hair, mock or humiliate Facta." He had given his only son to the country, killed in an aeroplane accident during the war, Facta deserved respect for that and more

I forbade reprisals against the opposition leaders. It was only by my great authority that I avoided the destruction, not only rhetorical, but also real of my most rabid enemies. I saved their skins for them. At the same time—in the space of a few hours—I constituted a new Ministry. I discarded, as I said, the idea of a Fascist dictatorship, because I wanted to give the country an impression of a normal life far from the selfish exclusiveness of a party. My sense of instinct for equilibrium accompanies me for tunately in the gravest, the most strenuous, and the most critical moments. I decided then—after having weighed everything—to compose a Ministry of a nationalist character. I have had the feeling, as I did then, that later there would be a process of clarification; but I preferred that it should come forth spontaneously from the succeeding political events. But that was the last generous gesture that I ever made toward the old Italian ring of parties and politicians.

In the new Ministry, among ministers and under-secretaries of State, were fifteen Fascisti, three Nationalists, three Liberals of the right; six "Popolari" and three Social Democrats.

I kept for myself, with the Presidency of the Council, the office of the Interior, and assumed *ad interim* that of Foreign Affairs. I gave to Armando Diaz the Ministry of War, and I promised to give him an army worthy of the country and the victor of Vittorio Veneto. I called Admiral Thaon di Revel for the Navy and Federzoni for the colonies.

When the Ministry was complete, I wrote the following paper of demobilisation, signed by the quadriumvirate:

"Fascisti of all Italy!

"Our movement has been rewarded by Victory. The leader of our party has assumed the political powers of the State, both for domestic and for foreign affairs. Our Government, while it consecrates our triumph with the names of those who were the creators of it on the land and on the sea, includes for the purpose of national pacification, men from the other parties, because they are attached to the cause of the nation. Italian Fascism is too intelligent to desire a greater victory. "Fascisti! the supreme quadriumvirate of action salutes your marvellous proof of courage and discipline. You have proved your merit in the service of the Country. Disperse then with the same perfect order with which you mobilised for the great trial, destined—we firmly think—to open a new epoch in Italian history. Go back to your usual work, because Italy now needs peaceful work to reach better days. Nothing must trouble the powerful stride of the Victory we have acquired in these days of proud passion and sovereign magnitude.

"Long live Italy. Long live Fascism!"

THE QUADRIUMVIRATE.

Then I sent a telegram to D'Annunzio, and I distributed an energetic circular to all the Prefects of the Kingdom and to the smaller authorities. D'Annunzio's telegram read: "Assuming the hard task of giving discipline and internal peace to the Nation, I send, Commander, my affectionate greetings to you and hopes for the destinies of the Country. The valiant Fascist youth which gives back a soul to the Nation will not blindfold Victory."

—MUSSOLINI.

The text of the circular sent to office holders was as follows:—"From to-day, entrusted with the confidence of His Majesty the King, I undertake the direction of the Government of the Country. I demand that all authorities, from the highest to the least, discharge their duty with intelligence and with complete devotion to the supreme interests of the Country.

"I will set the example.

"The President of the Council and Ministry of the Interior."

(Signed) MUSSOLINI.

I announced finally, for November the 16th, a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies, to render an account of what I had done, and to announce my intentions and programme. It was an exceptional meeting. The hall was packed. Every deputy was present. My declarations were brief, clear, energetic. I left no misunderstanding. I affirmed the rights of revolution. I called the attention

of the audience to the fact that only by the will of Fascism had the revolution remained within the boundaries of legality and tolerance. "I could have made," I said, "of this dull and grey hall a bivouac for corpses. I could have nailed up the doors of Parliament and have established an exclusively Fascist Government. I could have done those things, but at least for a time I did not do them."

I then thanked all my collaborators and pointed with sympathy to the multitude of Italian labourers who had aided the Fascist movement with their active or passive solidarity. For every subject I made declarations of weight that showed how Fascism had already been able to assay and analyse and solve varying and urgent problems, and to fix the future outlines of Government. Finally I concluded:

"Gentlemen: From further communications you will learn the Fascist programme in its details. I do not want, as long as I can avoid it, to rule against the Chamber; but the Chamber must feel its own position. We ask full powers because we want to assume full responsibility. Without full powers you know very well that we couldn't save one lira—I say one lira. We do not want to exclude the possibility of voluntary co-operation, for we will cordially accept it, if it comes from deputies, senators, or even from competent private citizens. Every one of us has a religious sense of our difficult task. The country cheers us and waits. We will not give it words, but facts. We formally and solemnly promise to restore the budget to health. And we will restore it. We want to make a foreign policy of peace, but at the same time one of dignity and steadiness. We will do it. We intend to give the nation a discipline. The nation shall have it. Let none of our enemies of yesterday, of to-day, or of to-morrow be illusioned in regard to our permanence in power. Our Government has a formidable foundation in the conscience of the nation. It is supported by the best, the newest Italian generations. The Fatherland has again found itself bound together from North to South, from the metropolis to the active colonies of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean. Do not, Gentlemen, address more vain words to the nation. Let us, instead of talking, work with pure heart and ready mind to assure the prosperity and the greatness of the country. May God assist me in bringing to a triumphant end my hard labour."

I do not believe that, since 1870, the hall of Montecitorio had heard more energetic and clear words. They burned with a passion deep in my being. There were in that speech the essences of my old and recent wrestlings with my mind and soul. More than one deputy had to repress all the rancour generated by my deserved reproaches; but my exposition in Parliament was compensated by the approval of the whole of Italy. I was speaking to the entire nation. It listened to me and it understood me!

My political instinct told me that from that moment there would rise with the increasing truth and expanse of Fascism the dawn of new history for Italy.

And, perhaps, the dawn of a new path of civilisation.

MY revolutionary methods and the power of the Blackshirts had brought me a tremendous responsibility. My task, as I have pointed out, was neither simple nor easy; it required great vision, it gathered continually more and more duties. A wholly new existence began for me. To speak about it makes it necessary for me to abandon the usual form of autobiographic style; I must consider the organic whole of my governmental activity. From now on my life identifies itself almost exclusively with thousands of acts of government. Individuality disappears.

Certainly I know that I took the direction of the Government when the central power of the State was sinking to the bottom. We had a financial situation which Peano of the Liberal

St. Peter's, Rome.

Party had summarised in an astounding figure: six milliards of deficit! Individually the people fed on expedients. Progressive inflation and the printing presses gave everybody the old illusion of prosperity. It created an unstable delusion of well-being; it excited a fictitious game of interests. Abroad, our political reputation had diminished by degrees. We were judged as a nation without order and discipline, unable either to prosper or produce. The chronic infection of disorder had withdrawn the sympathies of countries better equipped than we were. Worse yet, it had increased the contempt of many of our enemies.

The Italian school and university system, with its complex formation, had turned its energies into purely abstract, theoretical functions; it had withdrawn more and more from a real world, a modern world, and from the fundamental problems of national life.

A BUREAUCRACY, already suffering from elephantiasis, increased its distention, generating that spirit of trouble, those characteristics of instability, of intolerance, of slight love for duty, which are typical in all great accumulations of functionaries, especially when they are not well paid, and do not see their moral prestige supported and built up by the authority of the State and by a precise and clear definition of individual responsibility. We still had the Fascist squadron formations. There was a possibility that they might become—in the new conditions of life—a danger towards public order and legality. The Army and the Navy lived apart from the great problem of national life. Aviation was in disorder. It was difficult to give it new strength. One must not forget, speaking of aviation, that Nitti had forbidden flight, not only to the military planes, but also to the civil machines.

In the meantime in Rome there assembled all the arms and legs of anti-Fascism. The political parties, at first dismayed by the revolution of the Blackshirts and my advent to power, began to revive once more. The Italian Press was, for the greater part, tied to old groups and old political customers. It was necessary to recognise all civil life, without forgetting the organic problem of a watchful force. We had to put political economy, schools, and our military strength in order. It was necessary to abolish double functions, to reduce bureaucracy, to improve public services, and to hold back the corrosion and erosion of criticism developed by the remnants of old political parties. I had to refine and improve Fascism. I had to divide and floor our enemies I saw the goal for which I must strive I abandoned everything that kept me tied to the fortunes of my newspaper; I parted from everything that could have the slightest personal character. I devoted myself, wholly, completely, exclusively, to the work of reconstruction.

TO-DAY I am the same. I strive still to be a simple, devoted servant of the State; chief of a party, but, first, worthy head of a strong Government. I have abandoned, without regret, all the superfluous comforts of life. I made an exception in sports which, while keeping my body alert and ready, succeed in creating healthy and happy intervals in my complex life of work. In these six years—with the exception of official dinners—I have never passed the threshold of an aristocrat's salon, or of a café. I have almost entirely given up the theatre, which used at one time to deprive me of many useful hours of evening work. I love all sports; I drive a car well; I have done tours at great speed, amazing not only to my friends, but also to old and experienced drivers. I love flying; I have "been up" numberless times. I fell once from a height of fifty metres, but that did not stop my flying. Motors give me a new and great sensation of strength. To ride on a magnificent horse is for me a joyous relaxation, and fencing, to which I am devoted, gives me the greatest satisfaction. I ask of my violin nothing more than serene hours of music.

And I read the works of the great poets . . . Danté . . . the philosophers . . . Plato . . .

No other amusements interest me. I do not drink; I do not smoke, and I am not interested in cards or games. I pity those who lose time, money and sometimes all of life itself, in the frenzy of games of chance.

As for love of the table; I don't appreciate it. I do not feel it. In these last years my meals have been as sober as a pauper's. In life to-day it is the spiritual element which leads me on. Money has no lure for me. The only things for which I aim are those which identify themselves with the greatest objects of life and civilisation, with the highest interests of my country. I am sure of my strength and my faith. I leave, without looking over my shoulder, my foes and those who cannot overtake me. I leave them with their political dreams. I leave them . . .

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next week

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

THE REV. ERNEST J. BARSON

ON THE CHURCH AND YOUTH

WHY is it that the Church fails to attract to its service the greater number of keen, eager, thoughtful young people of to-day? This question is variously answered, and admits of many explanations, some of which cut across each other. The contrast, however, between the uprising of the youth of the nation in 1914 in response to the appeal to enlist in a great cause, and the indifference of the same sort of young people to the call of the Church to-day to give themselves to the task of making the Christian faith effective in the world, is one that challenges the attention of all who have the cause of the Christian faith and the future of this country at heart.

The Heroic in Man.

After the War preachers emphasised that aspect of the Christian Faith which appeals to the heroic in man, believing that this had not been adequately presented to youth, who never associates the Christian Church with anything heroic. He thinks the parson has a fairly easy job, preaching on Sundays and doing little in between, that the Christian missionary lives in equal comfort "where ever prospect pleases" and man is no more vile abroad than he sometimes is at home. If he finds upon inquiry that this is a very distorted view of the real facts, and that, in any case, the challenge of Christianity is not in its professors, but in its Founder, he is still baffled to discover in the forms of service to which the Church invites him anything that deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as the cause that won to itself the deathless devotion of the early years of the War.

We preach to him the gospel of the Heroic Christ, Who, instead of the joy set before Him, endured the Cross, and appeal to him to take up his cross and follow Him. When he responds, as he does respond to that appeal more readily than to any other, and comes forward eagerly to offer himself in the service of Christ, the only outlet for his enthusiasm the Church offers him is to take a class in the Sunday School or help to run a troop of Boy Scouts, neither of which has the appearance of being the adventurous sort of job they often are.

The Church seems to him more like a munition factory which, after the War, uses its machinery for manufacturing tin whistles, and then devotes its energies to the task of raising enough wind to play a tune on them. The day has gone by for him when he is willing to wear a paper hat, and beat a toy drum, in order to take part in a sham fight, though he does not forget that in real warfare the beating of a toy drum rallied a broken regiment and recovered for it its soul with which it went marching on.

The Call to Youth.

Wherever there is a call to Youth, whether to climb Mount Everest, pilot an aeroplane across the Atlantic, beat the world's speed record at the risk of his life, there are always more aspirants for the task than there are vacancies.

The Church seems to Youth to have discovered neither the moral equivalent for War nor the way of adventurous service that fills the columns of our newspapers and the imagination of all lovers of the heroic in man. When the preacher talks to him, if he gives him the chance, of a Crusade for Christ, he has the vision of parsons conducting religious services many miles behind the lines, while other men with oaths on their lips, lead their fellows over the top. All this gives him the impression that modern Christianity seems to be organised more for the purpose of conducting religious services than to lead men in the service of religion.

If the Church could organise its own Christian Air Force to carry Bibles instead of bombs; if it could build up a great Tank Corps which by the sheer weight and power of its machinery could ride over and advance beyond the mass of indifference to religion which confronts it; or organise a Motor Cyclist Union to carry to the uttermost ends of the country the Good News the Churches exist to proclaim, organising speed trials to make its service more effective, there would be more applicants for these posts than any such organisation could find employment for.

Great Moments.

In all of which there is much force and some fallacy. The force lies in the sense of contradiction aroused when preachers claim that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and confess that the Church is impotent to save the world from the manifold dangers that threaten not only its peace, but its soul, and therefore its salvation to-day. The fallacy, however, lies in the belief that the sphere of the heroic lies anywhere else than in the realm of the spirit. The heroic moment in the life of young Ervine was not the final moment when he and Mallory disappeared over the topmost crest of Mt. Everest, but when in his rooms at Oxford he decided to give up the certain chance of rowing in the Oxford boat for that year and join General Bruce on the Third Expedition.

Mr. Somervell did as great a thing when he followed up his share in that same expedition by going out to work in foreign lands under the London Missionary Society. Eric Liddell, who broke the world's record at the Olympian Games in Paris, and who is now a missionary in China, did an heroic thing, when in obedience to the convictions of a lifetime, he refused to compete in events which were to be run on Sunday and risked the chance of making for himself a foremost name among British athletes.

But not all men were called to be missionaries in the time of the New Testament, though all were called to be saints. That was the adventurous thing, whether it involved leaving a good appointment like Matthew, or sticking to the same sort of job like Zaccheus, and proving to the world that a man could be a tax gatherer and an honest man at one and the same time; whether it involved leaving home and kindred or carrying on with the daily work of the world and serve God rather than Mammon. When men came to Jesus asking what they should do to work the works of God, He did not call them to a special kind of service, but to a certain way of life. The first thing necessary, He told them, was to believe.

There is no adventure of the spirit comparable with that which a man makes when he confronts the world and all its problems and tasks with the affirmation, "I believe in God." To believe in God, and as Donald Hankey put it, to back up your belief with your life, is a much more adventurous act than to cross the Atlantic, and it can only be tested in the same way, though the passage from East to West may have dangers greater than from West to East. I do not know whether it is easier to believe in God in America, though I fancy it is easier to believe in America. But we know that the world is still big enough for a man and a woman to be utterly lost in it, despite wireless and all the other marvels of an almost miraculous age.

It is still possible for a man or woman to set out upon a great quest across the unknown ocean of Truth and get lost in the trackless waste, even though the ocean may be charted for vessels built in another age and driven by another power.

Adventures into the Unknown.

The Church has too often interpreted its gospel as though its motto were "Safety First," instead of calling upon its members to be willing to lose their souls for Christ's sake. If Youth were encouraged to make its adventures into the Unknown within the fellowship and guidance, but not under the control, of the Church; if it were free to ask its questions, express its doubts, and state its faith in its own terms, risking its all on the soul's quest of Truth, Youth would make some blunders, and incur many risks, but it would find in the endeavour to live a Christian life that all its powers of endurance and heroism would be tested to the utmost.

Walt Whitman was not far from the spirit of Christianity when he wrote:—

"Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O Soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me.
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all."

"He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it," said Another. It is Life's supreme Adventure, and we are all called to it.

Next week BRITANNIA'S *Pulpit will be occupied by*
Canon Hannay,
("George A. Birmingham.")

THE WOMAN'S SECTION

Home Garden

EDITED BY

JULIA CAIRNS

Children Beauty

Cooking Fashion

THE PULSE OF THE EMPIRE

EVERY regular reader of "Britannia" is invited to make full use of this Service Department, which I am personally directing.

In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this free Service should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries, which should be addressed to :—

Britannia Universal Service,
Julia Cairns Department,
Britannia,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the enquiry within—e.g. "Home," "Beauty," etc.

IN that great Two Minutes' Silence in which, on Sunday, we honoured the memory of our Undying Dead; when, for one instant the heart of the Empire was so attuned as to seem to lift the veil that guards the unseen world, men and women asked themselves: "Have we kept faith with those who did not return?"

That glorious generation who

'. . . . laid the world away;
poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave
up the years to be
Of work and joy' . . . in the
'war to end wars'

What do they see?

They see the peace they gave their lives for unassured—the world still an armed camp, liable to conflagration.

They behold many of their surviving comrades—those splendid youngsters whom the world a decade ago delighted to honour—crushed in the economic race. And they witness the silent agony of a generation of women—homeless, childless—whose hearts and hopes lie buried in the furthermost corners of the Empire.

Even those homes for which they died are not yet secure in the event of another war, so much more rapidly than human conscience has human invention progressed. (The War Office "Manual of the Medical Aspects of Chemical Warfare" shows that one poison gas bomb dropped in Piccadilly Circus, can kill every living being in an area from Regent's Park to the Thames.)

Most heartrending of all, they find a fine idealistic generation growing up to whom the War is but an empty name—a dry page of past history. And they perceive a conspiracy to let youth go on believing—as they believed—that war is a glorious adventure, a gentlemanly game played between trained soldiers to martial music, in which the right man wins and the brave are rewarded.

AND in spite of nine million graves in Europe, the seven million disabled men (those drawing pensions alone number 6,854,000), some so gruesomely mutilated as to have preferred to remain for ever "missing—believed killed," war has its votaries. To thoughtless people it is still a "necessary evil." They forget that what was tolerable and profitable among primitive races is increasingly hideous and suicidal between civilised nations when the protagonists are machinery and metal against quivering human flesh. They forget that history proves national hatred to be a most unnatural thing, requiring every conceivable publicity device to fan it.

But from that great Two Minutes' Silence which preceded the week's peace activities, there comes a clarion call which women cannot ignore. For the sake of those nine millions who fell in the European War—for the sake of the many more millions of children who must perish in any "next" war—they must tell the Truth.

LET us show the young people—only a decade younger than our Fallen—the vast graveyard which is France. In those fields where blood-red poppies are born of heroes' blood, let youth pay homage. Let him stand in the twilight of devastated woods and sense the tang of death in his nostrils. Let him visit the Menin Gate or the great Cordonnier monument which marks the site where a hundred thousand lives were lost.

For only when youth has walked in the desolation of No Man's Land and the honeycombed chaos that is Vimy Ridge, penetrated the barbed wire morass of Thiepval, touched with his own hands the belts and bones and grenades that line the Bapaume trenches, seen with his own eyes the countless graves of soldiers "Known unto God," can he conceive what war really means. . . .

AND woman's is the task to make the world remember—to see that the truth is told—to make Peace as glorious and thrilling as War—a Great Adventure—a thing to work and die for if necessary—a thing to study and train for as in the past men studied and trained for war.

Because the Governments of democratic countries can only do what the people will them to do, Peace is not the concern of a few idealists, but everybody's business. Thinking women know that they have to go out and recruit their neighbours to this militant Peace, as well as their children, for without Peace all other things must come to naught. Scientists have sounded the warning: "Destroy war . . . or the next war must annihilate civilisation."

IORTH.

THERE IS ALWAYS SOME SHY CORNER OF YOUR HOME WHICH WILL WELCOME BEAUTY THERE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS WHICH MAY APPEAL TO YOU.

When Beauty comes into Your Home

By MARJORIE DAY

THERE IS NO MORE EFFECTIVE STYLE OF ORNAMENT THAN THE GOUPY VASE, AND THE TWO SHOWN AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE WILL HARMONISE HAPPILY WITH A MODERN DECORATIVE SCHEME.

ABOVE ARE TWO ALABASTER FIGURES WHICH STRIKE JUST THE RIGHT NOTE OF SIMPLICITY AGAINST A FABRIC BACKGROUND OF MODERNIST DESIGN.

CREAM CHINA POLAR BEARS, USED AS BOOKENDS, SET OFF GAY BINDINGS EFFECTIVELY; AND POLISHED SURFACES GAIN DECORATIVE VALUE UNDER THE SHADE OF A DELICATE GLASS TREE.

BELOW IS A NEW KIND OF GLASSWARE—"BUBBLE" GLASS IT IS CALLED. THE GROUND IS OF A DULL CLOUDY AMBER, AND HERE AND THERE ARE PATCHES OF DEEP GREEN.

THIS QUAINT GEISHA GIRL IN JADE GREEN IS SHELTERING BENEATH THE FAWN SILK LAMP-SHADE—UMBRELLA-WISE. A VERY ATTRACTIVE UMBRELLA TOO.

WITH WINTER ALMOST HERE AND FLOWERS ALREADY SCARCE, WHY NOT A SIMPLE EARTHENWARE PITCHER LIKE THIS, FILLED WITH PRESERVED FOLIAGE.

BELOW IS AN ORIGINAL ORNAMENT WHICH TAKES THE FORM OF A MINIATURE GARDEN, IN WHICH A LOVELY LADY LIVES HAPPILY AMID HER FLOWERS AND TALL GREEN TREES.

SHADED CANDLES, SUCH AS THE TWO ILLUSTRATED BELOW, WILL SHED A SOFT BECOMING LIGHT ON YOUR DINING-TABLE ON WINTER EVENINGS.

All the articles illustrated on these pages can be purchased—

—write to the Service Department as directed on page 703

THE OLD WOMAN FUMES ON FROCKS AND FIDGETS

"YOU don't want a house, my dear, you want a sentry-box." Thus a parent dated 1890 to a newly-married daughter who was enjoying her first flights of freedom from mother's supervision. And still, it may be observed, we are possessed of the moving spirit. A house is a very nice thing in its way, and its decorations and arrangements of its furniture, beyond all doubt, may be labelled Entertainment. But those joys completed, the stay-at-home programme is not considered quite nice, so dull—so boring—so unimaginative—and so altogether outside the desires of the young wife, until, of course—or is it of course ?—the nursery intervenes.

Not alone is woman a town traveller, but she is eager for change by land or sea or air. Change and more change, and when she is in England she will desire to be in France, and follow on gladly to Italy and Spain, adventuring at short notice to America, Egypt, India or China. At home, she deserves now a reputation of being specially sympathetic beyond the hours when pain and anguish wring the brow. She is not conspicuously keen on restful moments for herself, and, forswearing her classic title of "a creature of ornament," she has a crush on flying, is a victim to the car craze, devoted to the dance trick, while she may be justly placed upon the all-round active list, her one sedentary prejudice being bridge. Contract variety for choice. The Cock and Hen Bridge Clubs are full to overflowing, and inevitably the salary of the Baby's nurse mounts upwards, while the dressmakers' bills increase, for it is impossible in the same company, always to wear the same clothes.

The popularity of that repose which marked the case of Vere de Vere is in abeyance, and restless predilections find personal expression, when woman is off the athletic fields, in general fidgeting, with dogs or danglements, or her addenda, or her *coiffure*, or her complexion.

HAVING communised to death the extreme simplicity of one-to-three-piece abbreviated stockinette dresses, Madam and Miss embellish these to the elaborate degree, showing zeal with provocative beads and scarves; and being devoted to silken jumpers which require constant adjustment to kilted skirts of flighty conduct, their jingling bracelets slipping up and down, while real and fantastic necklaces and pendants, and floating ribbons with anchored tassels, serve the occupation of her idle hands.

Every fan has had its day, but now the huge and shaded feather variety flops to night duty, but its coquettish quality is unnecessary in our age of complete candour.

Dolls are abiding goddesses, and adorn many elegant unnecessaries, being permitted to conceal face decorations, and to perch with inappropriate impunity upon cushions, night-gown cases and fender stools and dressing tables.

PERPETUALLY, She who must be arrayed ruffles, pats, shakes and combs her shorn locks, dabs at her face, red-creams her mouth, while her dogs are closely cuddled, stroked, massaged, kissed and apostrophized. Alsatians, as well as Griffons and Pekes and Poodles, play their distracting part in a feast of fondling, and are as effective as the telephone upon the stage. But the announced return of the marmoset to the muff did not crystallize, perhaps because muffs remained off the modish list, but the threat may be fulfilled this winter, and dim the fierce light cast upon the tame lizard which so lately crawled into the daylight of social history.

I often desire to hobnob with some pretty fashions of other times, such as, for example, the head dress of lace or flowers, or the splendid turban of gold and jewelled osprey. That's the fault of the fashions. They are not magnificent enough. They are too confined in their ambitions, and each individual will persist in looking like every other. All on account of the war—that sad slogan comes in again here, for, undoubtedly, women fancied themselves tremendously in uniform, having no desire during those strenuous years to invest themselves with any decorative individuality except another stripe on the sleeve. There is no doubt in my mind that the short uniform skirts grew so familiar and so comfortable that they were held indispensable, and developed with exaggeration aforethought into the abbreviated absurdities which are distressing to the eye of the æsthetic beholder. No woman finds herself too ill-formed for revelation; and monstrous calves and swollen ankles boldly proclaim this at all ages and stages. "Against stupidity the very gods struggle in vain."

AUNT ELIZA

For exquisite lighting that will not discomfort the most delicate sight, light up with

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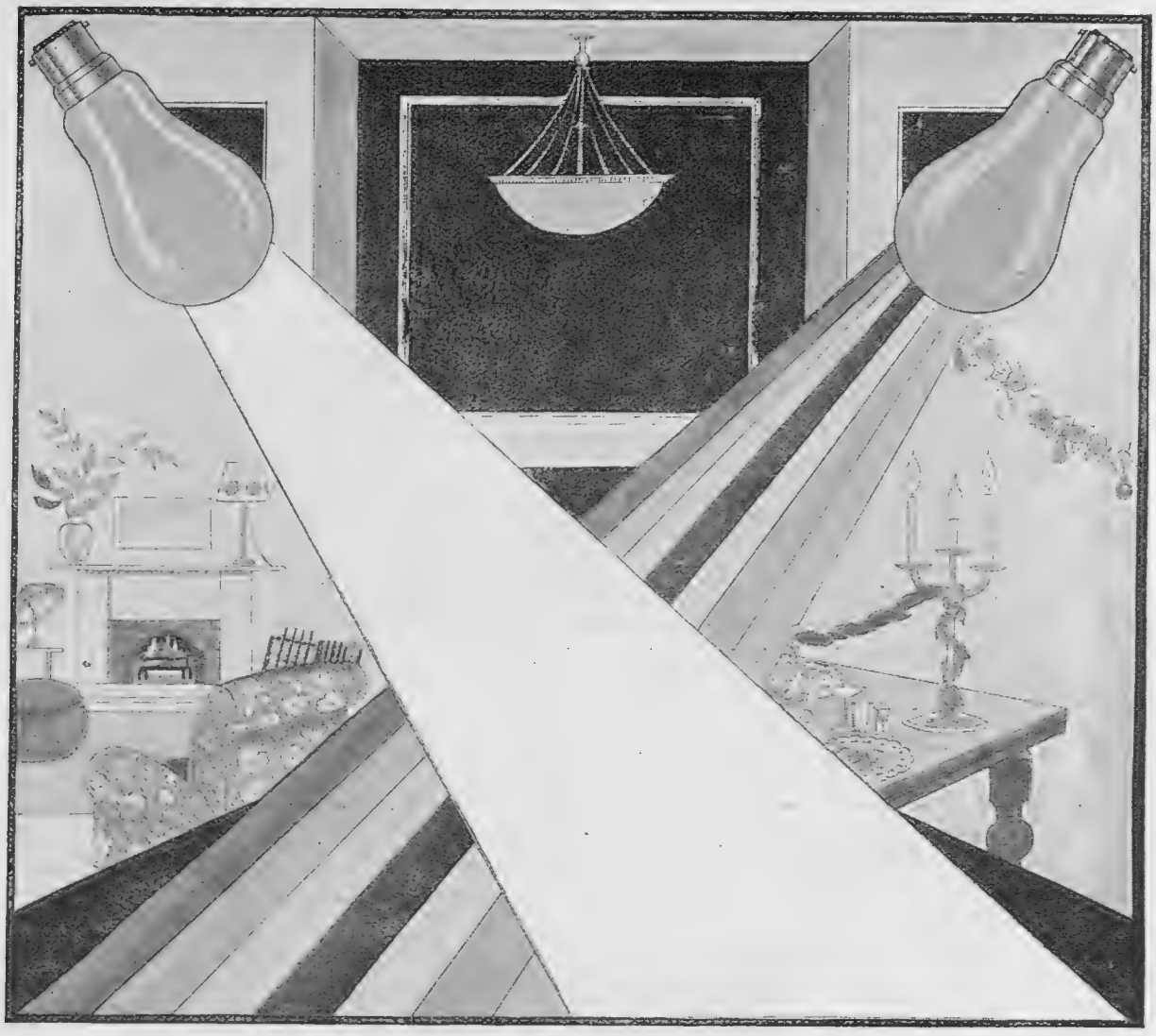
The Romantic Rose Garden

By

MARION CRAN

IN

Next Week's Issue



Softer Shadows

Comfort, Charm, Restfulness—all these will find their way into your Home by judicious lighting.

By Julia Cairns

IT was quite a small home, but its very smallness was one of its greatest charms. There had been no over-crowding of furniture, no undue striving after the bizarre or the more sophisticated. It was, in fact, just one of those lovable places that whispered "home" from its every corner.

Comfort. Charm. Restfulness. Intimacy—the very things that you and I want in our homes—seemed all to be there. And the reason? Because throughout the little entrance hall, the dining room, the lounge, the bedrooms, the kitchen and the nursery, there was never so much as a glaring light, never a crude, harsh shadow.

And the truth of the matter was this. The utmost care had been expended on the choice of electric lamps. Had you searched from ground floor to ceiling, you would not have discovered one ordinary clear glass lamp, with its consequent glare of the brilliant filament. Definitely no. But—what you would have found in every case would have been pearl-like lamps which are frosted internally. By this means, the light is diffused uniformly and gives a far, far better lighting effect with softer—in fact, hardly any—shadows, but merely a comfortable mellow glow, the brilliant filament is thus concealed and the glare-evil minimised.

Another important factor in the case of these inside frosted lamps is that so little light is absorbed by them, whereas the amount absorbed by externally frosted bulbs, even when perfectly clean, is three or even four times greater.

Thus in every instance, where this pearl-like lamp is used. The lamp inside the decorative English alabaster bowl pendant with its characteristic henna-coloured veinings, for example, will in no wise cast annoying shadows on the ceiling of the dining-room; no more will shadows fall from the reading lamp on to the book and partially detract from the fascination of the latest novel.

Again, how dearly we love colour to-day, love to introduce it into every corner of the home wherever possible. So, is there any wonder that colour-sprayed lamps are finding their way into every home—and with no small degree of success. Actually, they are standard lamps which have been treated by a special spraying process which produce a thin coating of porcelain. The surface is not affected by heat, light, water or acids and can be easily and quickly cleaned. They can be used with fascinating effects in the home—in fact, anywhere where it is desirable that the lighting should harmonise with the interior decoration. And seven shades from which to choose—blue, yellow, orange-amber, green, red, flame and ivory. In general—for instance, the colour of the walls, curtains, perhaps the carpet, or any other furnishing fabrics that may have contrived to evolve a particular scheme. There are seven delightful shades from which to choose, if you want to brighten your home by the introduction of these colour sprayed bulbs . . . . There is a rather delightful, restful blue, buttercup-yellow, orange-amber, which can look so effective in company with walls of old ivory or parchment shade, green, warm, cheerful red, vivid flame and ivory.

Marian Cran's weekly Gardening articles appear exclusively in BRITANNIA.

The blue bell-flowers, Campanula Pusilla and Paronychia Nivea love the nooks and corners of a rock garden.

BELLS UPON THE ROCKS (II)

By Marion Cran

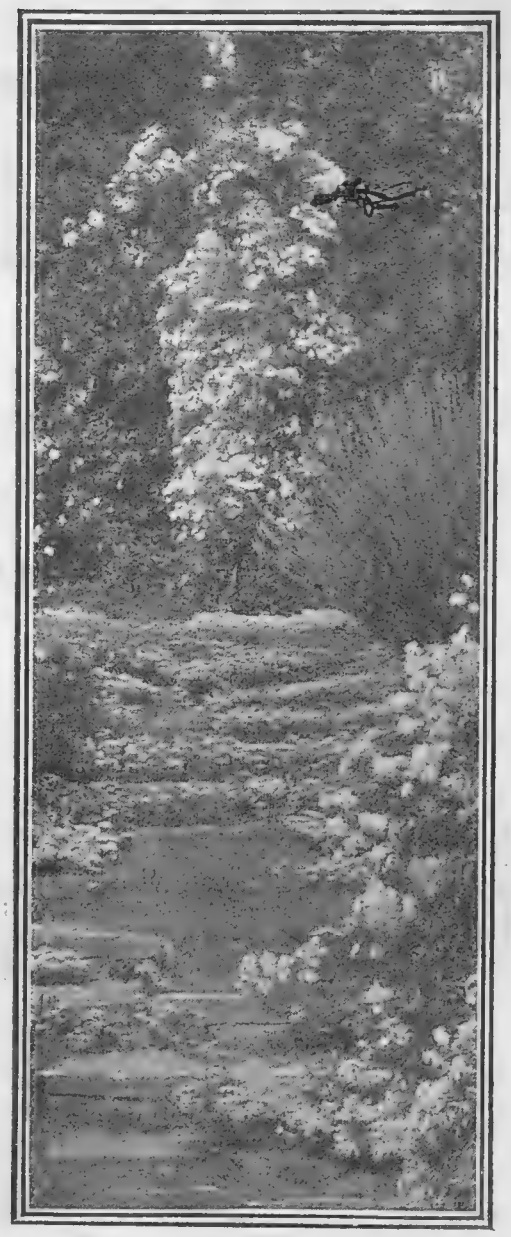
(Rock Gardens Part I. appeared in our issue of November 2nd)

THE Alpine plants seem to have a charm which binds our hearts more closely than the most gorgeous herbaceous border or lordly shrubbery can ever do. The tiny flowers nestle into the little cradles of sweet soil which we have made for them among the stones; intimate, appealing; and look up, laughing, into our faces as we bend over them, learning their loveliness feature by feature over again.

Fairy "Maiden" pinks blushing rose-red six inches high; Alpine Catchfly; green sandwort set with white flowers on stems delicate as an eyelash; Grecian pansies of deepest Tyrian purple, the heartsease of the rocks, compact and evergreen, with their sweet violet scent; and brilliant sun-roses, sticky campions, blue gentianella, summer starwort, woodruff, rosy thrifts set in green cushions—and the wonderful bewildering bell-flowers which are more various and generous than all. Just when the beautiful spring rock-garden is beginning to fade—the bulbs, the purple carpets of Aubretia and the gleaming snows of Arabis passing over—we find the blue and white bell-flowers are coming gallantly into bloom.

Tale of a Telham Beauty.

THE number in choice is confusing for those who have no acquaintance with the family. I knew an amateur who once saw the handsome spikes of Campanula Persicifolia Telham Beauty somewhere, fell in love with the great bells of soft lavender blue and wanted them for his border. He did not know enough of the genus to take special note of the variety, and so mixed the names up. But, when he looked for the tall stems in due season, he found they were not to be seen; a riotous mass of lovely little violet bells scrambling industriously around his feet did not connect itself at all in his mind with his autumn bell-flower order. He looked aloft and mourned his missing Telham Beauty, blaming the nurseryman. But he, poor man, having been asked for C. Muralis, had done his bit honestly—and so had the flowers which took kindly to their new owner's good soil, so far from their native Dalmatia; and had responded generously, not to say extravagantly, to his careful planting.



A garden of very sweet scent.

Altering Latin Names.

IT is quite necessary, in fact, to know something of the different species and hybrids among bell-flowers; they have been labelled hideously enough by the botanists who have a most infuriating habit of puzzling and boring the public by altering the Latin names after the unlettered have laboriously committed them to memory; there will be those, it will be discovered, who call this good hearted bell-flower "Muralis" by the ponderous name of Campanula Portenschlagiana—a discouraging affair!

Muralis blooms from June to September, creeping over the stones in a perfect flood of violet bells about six inches high. Of a much more luminous tone is the exquisite little bell-flower, rather like a tiny harebell. Campanula Pusilla, Miss Willmott—which grows very freely and covers the ground with soft silvery masses. There is a beautiful new species from the Isles of Greece which smothers its leaves in upturned flowers of rosy lavender—it is quite hardy and grows nine inches high. It is named C. Laurii and, although a new species, is quite reasonable. The best known of the rockery bell-flowers is perhaps C. Carpatica, which has been described as a "forest of wide gaping cups." It is very hardy and free blooming, and grows well from seed in blue colouring or in white.

A variety I seldom see, but have greatly admired, is C. Turbinata which has a wide blue cup borne close to the ground.

A Yorkshire Practice.

THESE little bell-flowers are not hard to grow, they like ordinary well-drained soil, are fond of a moraine in the rock garden if they can get it, and are better for partial shade.

Old Cornish Crazy Paving

UNEQUALLED FOR BEAUTY OF APPEARANCE.

THE shades of Copper and Gold on a Grey-Green background harmonise perfectly with the autumnal tints of the garden. 21/- per ton on rail. One ton covers 12 yds. super.

Penpethy Quarries, Camelford, Cornwall

They almost invariably need lime, and are really very good hearted plants, accommodating themselves readily to crevices in the stones, or to banks.

In Yorkshire, where stone troughs are still fairly easy to get, many ardent rock-gardeners put these queer vessels of stone, rough-hewn and weathered from long years of use, here and there in their rock gardens. They grow in them perfect little gardens in miniature; and I have often thought that people who live in cities and long for a garden, or invalids who cannot face the hard work of borders and shrubberies, might turn their thoughts to these beguiling things. They are baby gardens! The softly coloured worn stone edge goes round the jewel-like flowers as platinum or gold surrounds lovely gems which have been beautifully set.

Spartan Fare.

THE secret of keeping the flowers small in such a stone trough is to give them very poor soil; if it is at all rich they grow rank and "bolt"; in poor soil and gritty mixture they will keep true to their close fine character; because they are, after all, Alpines—mountain flowers used to hardship. They have learned to grow on the face of rocks and in the crannies of boulders where they fight for every grain of food. Spartan fare is the best fare for them. If the plants are put close together they join up in time to make a living woven fabric like rich coloured tapestry.

One may have, in the stone trough, rose-pink veils of tiny Primula Farinosa, stemless pearly cups of an Alpine anemone filmed with a silky iridescence of violet and russet-gold; the tiniest of Canterbury bells wavering on fairy stems; Myosotis Rupicola, a forget-me-not of clearest turquoise, less than an inch high; there may be also a bush of pink fragrant Daphne Rupestris peering under a "rock" no bigger than a thimble; a spun veil of Silene Acaulis rosy against the solid blue of Gentiana Verna; perfect dwarf crocuses, miniature daffodils; Phlox Douglasi; toadflax Linaria alpina—all so perfect and so exquisite that they are like the flowers of fairyland. One can study them for happy hours under a magnifying glass, and wonder without wearying at their smallness and perfection accentuated against their stone backgrounds.

REMEMBER TO—

Plant roses in well prepared ground and in beds which have been thoroughly dug. Plant alyssums, violas, forget-me-nots, wallflowers, etc.

Clean the herb bed, sow broad beans in a sheltered place, tie up endive for blanching and plant horse radish.

Cut down and clean asparagus beds, prune apples, pears, and if raspberries have not already been pruned, reduce the canes to five on each plant and tie up to stakes.

Finish planting tulips, now is the time.

Campanula Carpatica is one of the best known of rockery bell-flowers. It grows in great clumps of blue and white—a forest of gaping cups.

These little rockery bell-flowers are most accommodating, growing readily in crevices in the rock garden itself or on its banks.

The industrious little bell-flower Campanula Muralis.

Pine Not for Palm Trees

By GLADYS PETO

In the evil-smelling bazaar one counts his purchases and argues over every half-piastre.

BECAUSE, as a matter of fact, palm trees, and all that they stand for, are full of disappointments and not nearly so pleasant as one is led to believe. Fine and decorative the palm trees appear against the horizon; dusty, shabby things they are as they grow nearer and nearer and one stands at last below them.

Drearily, drearily, they lash themselves in a storm, and the leaves scrape upon each other in a most melancholy manner. It is true that the date palm grows, in its season, dates in shining, gleaming, bundles . . . but fruit that one is afraid to eat until it has been rinsed in permanganate and water! A sad affair. For before the succulent dates reach the table of the sojourner they have been tumbled in the dust of the bazaar and washed nonchalantly in the water of the canal, and they are therefore dangerous indeed. So happier she who sits beneath the elms of England and feeds upon her own hygienic currants and strawberries.

It is quite wonderful, of course, to have seen the palm trees in their native sand . . . but . . . it is nicer to be home again.

* * *

SUBURB PARK GREEN may appear a little dull. The tiny town of Buried-upon-Avon may seem still to sleep in spite of its cinemas and motor omnibuses, but for really deadly dullness there is nothing to compare with a remote outlying city in the nearer or the farther east.

At Suburb Park Green the morning's pleasant shopping and the gay departure for the Saturday matinée are nothing accounted of. The newspapers arrive with the milk. At El-Odreara-on-Nile these appear pleasures beyond one's wildest dreams. There is here no sallying forth across the green with basket, shopping list, and terrier. No friendly little talk at the dairy and the greengrocer's, no unexpected meeting with a newly made acquaintance, no gaily made arrangement for a visit to the cinema that afternoon.

* * *

AT El-Odreara-on-Nile the evil-smelling bazaar seems to sell nothing but native saddles, garlic, spice, and woollen scarves in hideous colours. The household shopping is done by the cook. In the dark little kitchen where the Primus stove for ever reeks and roars one counts his purchases and argues over every half-piastre.

Later there calls at the bungalow, the only other English woman who lives within thirty miles and with whom one has nothing in common whatever . . . with every window shuttered against the heat both ladies languidly embroider, or cut a queer length of silk from the bazaar into a frock that is to be worn at the next distant visit to the capital city—where there is, of course, much gaiety and gladness—though almost never a theatre at all. . . .

THE little roads round Suburb Park Green are sweet with flowers and trees. Great wide asphalt roads run between Buried-upon-Avon and the county town. What joy to get into the two-seater and off for the week-end trip. . . At El-Odreara the roads are made of mud . . . and lead, apparently, nowhere. They run between Fellaheen villages, each more dirty, sad and sinister than the last. Twisted tamarisk trees and the eternal bedraggled palms grow beside their borders. Flat patches of cotton and rice, geometrically intersected by canals, stretch on either side. The Nile, it is true, bears upon its bosom the triangular sailed dahabeeyahs of all the picture books. At Luxor, it is a fairy river—gleaming softly green . . . but not, somehow at El-Odreara. It is a plain work-a-day river here, watering the rice fields and bearing cotton bales.

* * *

THERE is, of course, for a visiting young woman, a little romance to be gleaned from the fact that there reside at El-Odreara but two other English women and twenty Englishmen at least. . . . But should she be kind, friendly and alluring, she collects admirers anywhere. . . Is she an ill-tempered little creature the male inhabitants of El-Odreara will not seek her company. . . Is the wife of the sojourner tactful and agreeable the young men will flock to her bungalow. Otherwise she is as much neglected as politeness permits.

* * *

So England is by far the better place . . . yet . . . the sky turns palest green behind the palm trees . . . the crescent in the sky burns behind the crescent on the mosque . . . the slender pencil of the minaret raises itself to heaven . . . the frangipani and the jasmine scent the evening air . . . while on the verandah white-clad callers sip their evening drinks . . . there is something to be said for the palm trees after all.

The morning's pleasant shopping and the departure for the matinée are nothing accounted of.

CATCHBELLS

By

MARGARET BOVILL

THE Johnstone children lived in a house where the furniture was shabby, and the carpets well worn. They were very rich all the same. To each of them had been given the priceless birthday gift of laughter.

You had only to hear their mother laugh.

Then your own mouth widened, if it was as tight and hard as a filbert. You were compelled to smile in sympathy, and you thought how lucky her children were to have such a mother. Perhaps, also, that they deserved it. Rosemary and Babs and Robin and John were happy little humans who radiated happiness, and one felt that the world was a pleasanter place because they were alive.

They were gathering apples in the orchard on the afternoon Jane arrived. Three of them were perched among the branches of a Ribston Pippin. Rosemary, who was four, sat on the ground beneath. They talked about their expected guest; pertinacious questioning of their mother had somehow failed to elicit any clear picture of her. "Beyond that she's twelve, and just a year older than me," said Babs, "we don't know anything. I do wish we could tell just a little bit what she is like."

As she spoke a bell rang, and they all hurried back to the house. In the drawing room with their mother was a small girl with big dark eyes, a sallow skin, and lips that drooped at the corners. She looked, as Robin said afterwards, as if she had swallowed a bad smell.

JANE stayed for a month, and at first she did not alter much. Her parents were wealthy. Expensive toys and luxuries of every kind had been lavished on their only child. But every year she became more fretful and discontented. Nobody knew that the mirror she held up to life reflected nothing but a depressing image of an inferior little girl. It was the only picture in the mirror, and it was herself. No wonder Jane behaved unpleasantly.

She seemed to attract diseases; measles, mumps, scarlet fever, tonsilitis. The last had been whooping cough. It had nearly worn her parents out. Jane without a disease was difficult; when afflicted with it unbearable; and whooping cough lasts for weeks.

After she was no longer infectious her father said, "Couldn't we turn her over to Mrs. Johnstone and the 'Happy Family' for a bit? She might catch a little cheerfulness from them."

Accordingly Mrs. Johnstone received a letter from her oldest friend begging her to take Jane. So Jane came.

At first she was shy, and would not join in any games. A knowledge that you are unattractive destroys self-confidence, and is very wearing. It prompted her to say nasty things.

"Why do you call your house Catchbells?" she asked John. "I think it's a silly name."

"What's wrong with it?" said John good temperedly. "It's all right. Come out and collect for the bonfire."

THE life the Johnstones led was so jolly and interesting that by degrees Jane began to forget about herself. She was used to luxuries, but this was the first time she had stayed in a house where laughter was as common as wild flowers. Although she rarely smiled, the other children's happiness made her feel happy. They admired, quite frankly, her camera, her gold pencil, and a leather suit-case marked with her initials. And this was consoling. But if she failed in a race, or was beaten at any competition, she sulked. The children wondered why, but Mrs. Johnstone guessed. She wanted to help, and waited for an opportunity. The thing she had no idea of was the effect her own beauty had on Jane.

"They sat round the bonfire and cracked nuts. Jane said they gave her indigestion . . ."

Jane adored beauty.

To be near Mrs. Johnstone made her feel in some inexplicable way better looking. *The conviction of her own ugliness was Jane's acutest pain.*

Although it was Autumn the sun shone nearly every day. Gnats hummed a drowsy song as they swam in the mellow, misty October air. The smoke from burning heaps drifted in lazy blue spirals, and smelt pungent and exciting. For days the children had worked hard collecting rubbish for their own bonfire. Dry skeletons of faded flowers, and lopped off branches, the long brittle stalks of the Michaelmas daisies. When the bonfire was lighted, they sat round it, and cracked nuts.

Jane said they gave her indigestion.

This was not true, but it had been a bad day. Babs had chaffed her in the morning about something or other quite trivial, and wounded her vanity—which was excessive, because her self esteem was small. She had brooded over the fancied slight for hours.

BETWEEN tea and bed was a pleasant time. In the schoolroom when the curtains were snugly drawn, Robin and John, who went to a day school, did a little prep.—or they didn't. Babs wrote her diary, an extremely private and sacred possession. Rosemary wandered round and was always busy until she went to bed at six. Then the others played a round game with their mother, who enjoyed it as much as they did. Not with that facetious pretence of enjoyment by which no child is deceived. From their babyhood her children had responded to this gaiety, as plants do to sunlight.

Jane refused to join in any game. While the others played Grab she sat on the sofa and read Babs's diary. Under a date in October

(*Continued on the following page.*)

Catchbells

By MARGARET BOVILL

(*Continued from the previous page.*)

she had written "Jane has come. She is ugly. She has a voice like a blunt saw cutting wood."

Jane boxed Babs's ears and pulled out some of her hair before anyone could intervene. They thought she had gone mad. She was scarlet with rage, stuttering with fury, she looked dreadful.

Sobbing convulsively Jane was led away by Mrs. Johnstone.

Next morning at breakfast there was a vacant chair. Mrs. Johnstone said Jane was not very well. They must all be very nice to her when she came down.

"Being angry is like a poison in the blood, and, a 'blunt saw cutting wood,' Babs—how would you like that said about yourself?"

"She shouldn't have read my private diary," Babs answered. "But I'm sorry."

"And *she* is very sorry," said Mrs. Johnstone. "Will you forgive her?"

No one, least of all her children, could resist their mother's smile.

AT lunch a chastened Jane appeared. She seemed different somehow. From time to time she made a strange grimace, which showed her teeth. She did so when she passed the salt or the mustard, when she picked up Babs's napkin ring, when Robin asked her if she'd like to gather the last of the apples. All that day Jane continued to grimace at intervals. It was her first attempt at a smile. The muscles of her mouth were not used to the exercise. But by practise they responded, as muscles always do, and the corners of her lips went up.

From smiles to laughter is a short distance. It acted like a tonic. Jane's dark eyes gradually brightened, and her complexion improved.

"She looks quite pretty now. Why?" Babs asked her mother.

"Because she has learned how to laugh," Mrs. Johnstone replied.

JANE never told anyone what Mrs. Johnstone said to her on that evening. At first she had talked to an eiderdown, and gone on saying patiently the things she wanted the person under it to hear. Bit by bit she rubbed out the picture of the discontented girl in Jane's mirror, and painted another one, and then another, and another; a whole gallery of delightful pictures. They all resembled Jane, a smiling Jane, whom everybody loved.

"And you're sure I'm not *ugly*?" said a shaky little voice at last.

"Quite sure," said Mrs. Johnstone.

THE CHILD CRAFTSMAN.

Shadow Shapes.

NEXT time you are asked what you would like for a present ask for a "Novlart" stencilling box; in it you'll find dear little round blocks of a special powder in different colours; special paper and, most exciting of all, the pictures themselves cut out of thin white cardboard.

Now choose which picture you would like to make. There are boats and birds and beasts, all sorts—shall we do a sailing ship first?

If you have a drawing board of your own it will be easier, but you can manage quite well on a table; put a clean newspaper over your board (or table) as the powder makes rather a mess if you are not careful; next a clean sheet of the special paper, and then fix your pattern carefully over it with drawing pins. Take the little pad you'll find in the box, rub it on the block of colour you want and dab lightly, through the cut-out part, starting at the top. Don't use much colour at a time; but go over it several times—otherwise you won't get a nice clear outline. When you have done from the tip of the brown sails to the blue sea lift the guide-sheet straight off—don't drag it across—and you'll have a lovely complete picture.

As you get cleverer you will learn how to cut out your own pattern and surprise everybody with your very own shadow shapes.

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MADAME OMELETTE

By W. Teignmouth Shore

I HAVE always thought of an omelette as a dainty lady, whom every wise man delights to "take in." She is a bit difficult to control; has a wayward disposition and an uncertain temper; will now and then take the bit between her teeth, after which she is not a bit fit for anybody else's teeth! Even the most skilful cook-woman or cook-man will fail with her sometimes. But, in fairness, it must be admitted that her misconduct is often due to the bad treatment she has received.

It is not a matter of opinion what are the ingredients that go to the making of an omelette, pure and simple. They are the best eggs and the best butter and a trifle of salt. No milk! No nothing else!

OMELETTES must be made in an omelette pan; of aluminium or copper, lined with tin, or of fireproof ware. The inside must be perfectly smooth. The pan is shallow, with sides sloping outward, the necessity for which will be seen shortly. It must (yes, *must*) be kept for omelette making only; also be scrupulously clean, which must be accomplished not by washing but by wiping thoroughly with two warm cloths immediately after using. Immediately before using it must be warmed, so as to ensure the absence of any moisture. You will require also a kitchen palette knife or a silver tablespoon, preferably the former. I will do my best to make these directions quite clear; if I fail, forgive me and please write to me.

Never try to make an omelette of more than six eggs. To a tempt more is to fill your pan too full and to ask for trouble. All I am going to say is based on the assumption that you are going to make a six-egger, so that quantities would have to be halved for a three-egge , which al o is a convenient size.

BREAK into a bowl six eggs. Do not *really* beat them, as anything approaching frothiness is fatal. Merely mix the yolks and the whites together thoroughly with a spoon. Add a pinch of salt for each three eggs, and a trifle of white, not black, pepper.

Make sure that your pan is absolutely dry, put in it enough butter to make, when melted, a thin coating all over the bottom of the pan; roughly an eighth of an inch deep, The fire, or other hea., must be quite brisk, but not savage. Melt the butter until it ceases to splutter, when all the water will have been driven out; do not allow it to brown. Now pour in the eggs, gently, so that they spread over the bottom of the pan evenly. You must look "slippy" about this, as the whole process of cooking an omelette takes only from 50 to 60 seconds. We are now at the critical moment, when you must use all your care, skill and attention. No one must speak to the woman at the pan! Hold the pan-handle in your left hand, very gently see-sawing the pan to and from you. Using your right hand, lift with your knife, or spoon, the part of the omelette which first "sets" or thickens—this happening almost immediately—and allow the unset eggs to run underneath the set ones, so that the omelette will spread out evenly.

When there is only a very little of the omelette still unset give the pan a sharp shake, and then—THEN—gently urging and helping the omelette with the knife, slide it out of the pan on to a very hot plate or dish. Need I say that it must be eaten at once? A not quite hot omelette should be given to an enemy only; it will be tough.

THESE directions are for a flat omelette, which I hold to be the best kind, folding meaning delay and enhanced chance of accident. But to fold or not to fold must be decided by the individual cooker. To be done thus: immediately before slipping the omelette out, insert the knife under the edge nearest the handle, and fold it over to the opposite side. Then slide it out. Or, if you prefer a three folder, fold over from two sides.

TO be able to make an omelette means that you can always, at short notice, turn out a breakfast, a luncheon, a dinner or a supper fit for anyone.

Is this all? It does seem easy. But I ask you, as your friend, not to plunge at it. Do not be headstrong! Be wary! Be patient! Practice! Laugh at and learn from a failure.

TO the "thinker-cooker" omelette making is a delight. The plain omelette described can be varied in almost a multitude of ways. *Omelette aux fines herbes* is surely the best of the variations, particularly if it is done simply thus: add to the eggs, a six-egger, mind you, another two pinches of salt, two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, and, as some insist, one teaspoonful of finely chopped shallot. Many cookers put much more, but it is so easy to kill what I will call the base flavour of the omelette. When serving this omelette, if you pour round it a small amount of rich but clear brown gravy it is transformed into an *omelette au jus*.

You may mix in a tablespoonful of cold lean ham or bacon, finely minced. Or a similar amount of minced kidney or of liver, fried in a little batter; and gourmets ask for and see that they get a few drops of Madeira in the frying butter. Or six button mushrooms, chopped very fine and fried till tender.

A cheese omelette is very nice and easy; just two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan or stale Gruyère added to the eggs, and a light sprinkling of the same on the omelette immediately before eating it. To some of these combinations a few drops of tomato ketchup or of Worcestershire sauce are a savoury addition.

You will be able to think out many other goodly "additions," but again I say do not be an "over-doer."

But do not use potatoes, nor any fish except shrimps, mashed sardines and anchovy fillets.

In Masquerade

By Sonia

THE FESTIVE SEASON IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT ITS FANCY DRESS DANCES.

ACHIEVE A SUCCESSFUL CHARACTER PART WITH THE AID OF MAKE-UP.

"THE Paint and the Powder." . . . Believe me, I quite hesitated over the title of my article of October 26th. Hesitated because for a brief while I thought my readers might misconstrue my meaning. You see, on the face of it, we always have been, we are, and I hope for many things we always shall be, simple souls where beauty is concerned . . . simplicity is beauty for us, and the word "make-up" sometimes offends.

In that same article I gave a definition of the art of Make-up, which I had read a short while before. I will repeat it: "The hand of art must be invisible," and where this golden rule is observed there is no question of such a thing as offence.

MAKE-UP should adhere to nature in its effect, otherwise it ceases to be an aid to beauty. In artificial light it may be more exaggerated, of course, than in daylight. Have you ever realised how lovely is the transparent effect which can be given to the eyes by the use of "shadow" powder dusted very lightly over the eyelids? And then, again, at night time the lightish lashes can be darkened by cosmetic. But be careful to choose a natural one, because, especially on fair lashes, black will look most artificial.

Mauve powder can be used at night on a clear, creamy skin, but never on a highly coloured complexion. Rather, use powder with a greenish tinge, which will help to tone it down.

But so much for the paint and powder of every day. The festive season is on its way and is nearly here, what fun make-up can be when Fancy Dress Balls, Charades and Theatricals are in view. After the right costume has been chosen, appropriate make-up will be your next consideration. How often is the whole effect spoiled by exaggeration! One is rather inclined to forget that stage make-up is too strong for the ballroom.

SET about it like this. After a pure cold-cream has been well rubbed into the face, you must decide whether a narrowing or full effect is required. If the former, then apply the rouge high on the cheek bone; if the latter, commence under the cheek bone and place it well over the whole cheek, and down almost as far as the chin. A suggestion of rouge on the chin will make a tremendous improvement; it is difficult to avoid a hard line appearing where the rouge merges into the white, but a paler shade of pink powder will help to graduate this. Afterwards, apply the liquid powder, and darken the upper and lower lashes with a liquid cosmetic; the eyelids must be very slightly shadowed too with blue powder and a slight touch placed underneath the lower eyelid as well. The eyebrows are the greatest fun of all for they can transform the meekest maiden into a veritable vamp!

And the neck and arms must certainly not be neglected else you will spoil the whole effect. Use a liquid powder, but one that is not too white in colour, and one that does not rub off.

Finally, dust powder lightly all over the face, and rouge the mouth to the shape you wish.

Whether the make-up be for night or daytime, a fancy dress ball or charades, your success depends upon the harmony of colour which you achieve, and the purity of the cosmetics you use.

La Mode in Three Aspects

STRESSES TWEED AND FANCY VELOUR, FACED CLOTH AND CRÊPE DE CHINE, AND DIAMANTI-EMBROIDERED GEORGETTE.

ABOVE is "the latest" in ensembles, taking the form of a perfectly cut and tailored tweed suit and a jumper of fancy French velour. The suit has a neat overcheck of orange and nigger against a deep beige and black background; orange and mohair are the colourings of the jumper, which is worn with gold tinsel. (H. J. Nicoll.)

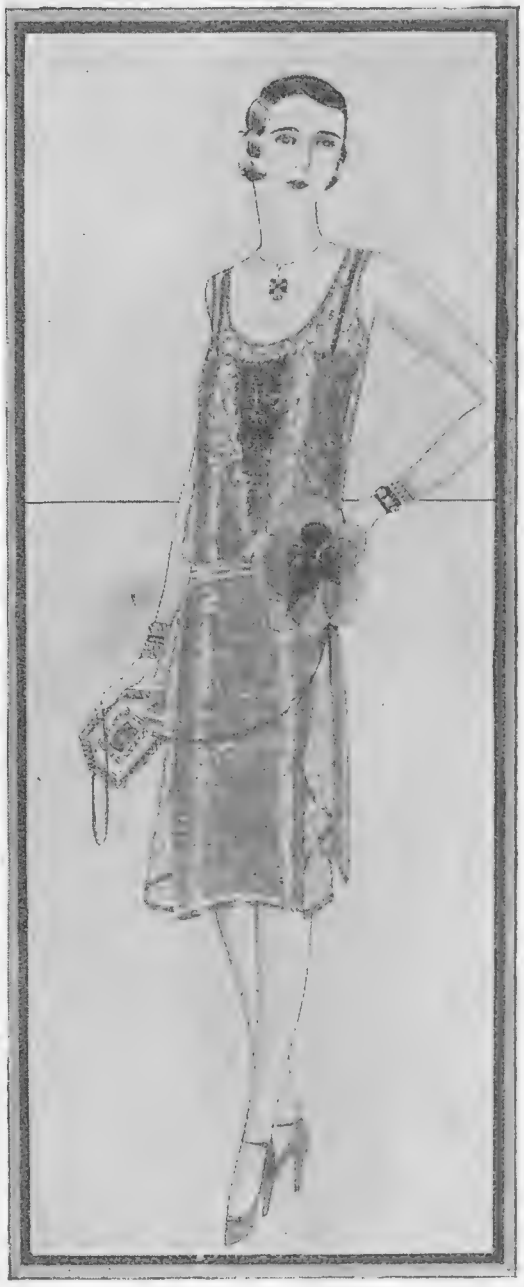
GRACEFUL frocks for dinner and dance are the order of the night, exemplified most attractively in the model shown below, with its dipping side panels. It is made of Georgette in a lovely "live" shade of green, and the bodice is delicately embroidered with diamanti. Note the natural waist-line outlined with a narrow belt buckled with semi-precious stones. (Maison Ross.)

HERE is an attractive afternoon ensemble for Winter wear. Faced-cloth is used for the long straight coat and crêpe de Chine for the frock, attractively pleated and to which a lace jabot provides a dainty finish. Frock and coat match exactly—in the season's new green, grey Krimmer trimming the coat. (Debenham & Freebody.)

You will be able to do justice to yourself in the tango, in a model of black satin-beauté and black silk-net—the personification of grace, with its waisted bodice and flowing skirt. (4 guineas.)

As pretty as the frock it will cover! An evening coat of black velveteen, stencilled with gold and lined with velveteen in one of the Season's new shades. Note the generous wrap-over and full sleeves. (69/6.)

This attractive model with the fashionable two-tiered skirt, is carried out in gold or silver metal lace over tissue. Lace, becoming and uncrushable, is a favourite fabric for Dance frocks. (4½ gns.)



Frocks with Flowing Lines

WHEN one of the best known teachers of dancing in England—if not all over the Continent, since he broadcasts so frequently—told me that this winter he would be teaching and perfecting the Waltz, rather than teaching any of the new dances, he found it difficult to explain why. It was not until I suggested that the dance dress of to-day made the lilt and swoop and grace and yielding of the Waltz so much more effective than any of the dances now in vogue, or in the future, that he realised how Madame La Mode had, all unsuspected and unrecognised, influenced modern dancing all the time!

It is the dance frock, with its new flowing lines, its skirt that, somewhere or other, manages to touch the ground, its perceptible waist line that has also brought about that new position in dancing known as the Vis-à-Vis.

In this the woman stands in such a way that she is looking directly over the man's right shoulder, while the line of her right leg almost follows the line of his right leg. Her left arm touches his right arm from elbow to shoulder, her fingers just resting on the shoulder instead of, as in the days of the old Fox-Trot, being right round his neck to the centre of his collar.

This vis-à-vis position is used most of the time because it makes the inevitable hesitations so easy, and also renders the many "outside" steps possible without any ugly motions of the body. In the new skirts, which are long either behind or in front or at one or both sides, this position looks delightful.

I NEVER realised how impossible the old Charleston would look in a long frock until I saw one of our many Indian visitors dancing it in a *Sari*; no wonder that only the vaguest suggestion of the Charleston lingers in the Quick Step, just as a knowledge of the Black Bottom helps in that transference of balance that gives grace to some of the Yale Blues movements, although the old ugly Black Bottom step has gone. For years the Waltz languished; elderly dancers longed for it, but did not dare to voice their desire for fear of being classed as hopelessly behind the times; the young people thought of it as something belonging to the days of their ancestors! Gradually, imperceptibly, it began to come back—at first hardly distinguishable from a variation of the Fox-Trot; then evolving from this stage to a dance definite, and yet with only one rule carried over from the old days of the Viennese Waltz—that there should be a definite closing of the feet once in the three steps, however fleeting the "close" might be.

Here is a lovely beaded model, straight of line but allowing freedom of movement for dancing. It is to be found in white and gold, black and silver and in all the nicest of the new shades. (3 guineas.)

A flowing cloak that will not crush your Picture frock, however "billowy" its skirt. It is reversible, one side being tinsel, with a multi-colour stencilling and the other velveteen. (65/9.)

"An invitation to the Waltz" that cannot be denied (1) takes the form of a graceful frock of the Picture variety, made of soft, supple Chiné taffetas, with a deep, transparent hem of black Chantilly lace. (5½ gns.)

Invite you To the Waltz

TO pass the kind of test, given to those who teach it in the provinces by the London teachers, to whom they come twice a year for instruction, would mean, for most of us, a month's hard practice.

Look at the floor when any band plays any Waltz in any hotel or club; every age is dancing it; it rejuvenates the middle-aged; it gives to the young something of that touch of sentiment without which, although they may not know it, they are incomplete.

And perhaps the greatest merit of the Waltz is that, while the new and graceful steps are so really beautiful, the simplest Waltz has none of the ugliness of the badly danced Quick-step, Yale Blues, or Fox-Trot. "You cannot walk a Waltz, you must dance it," said a teacher to me the other day. That, perhaps, is the secret.

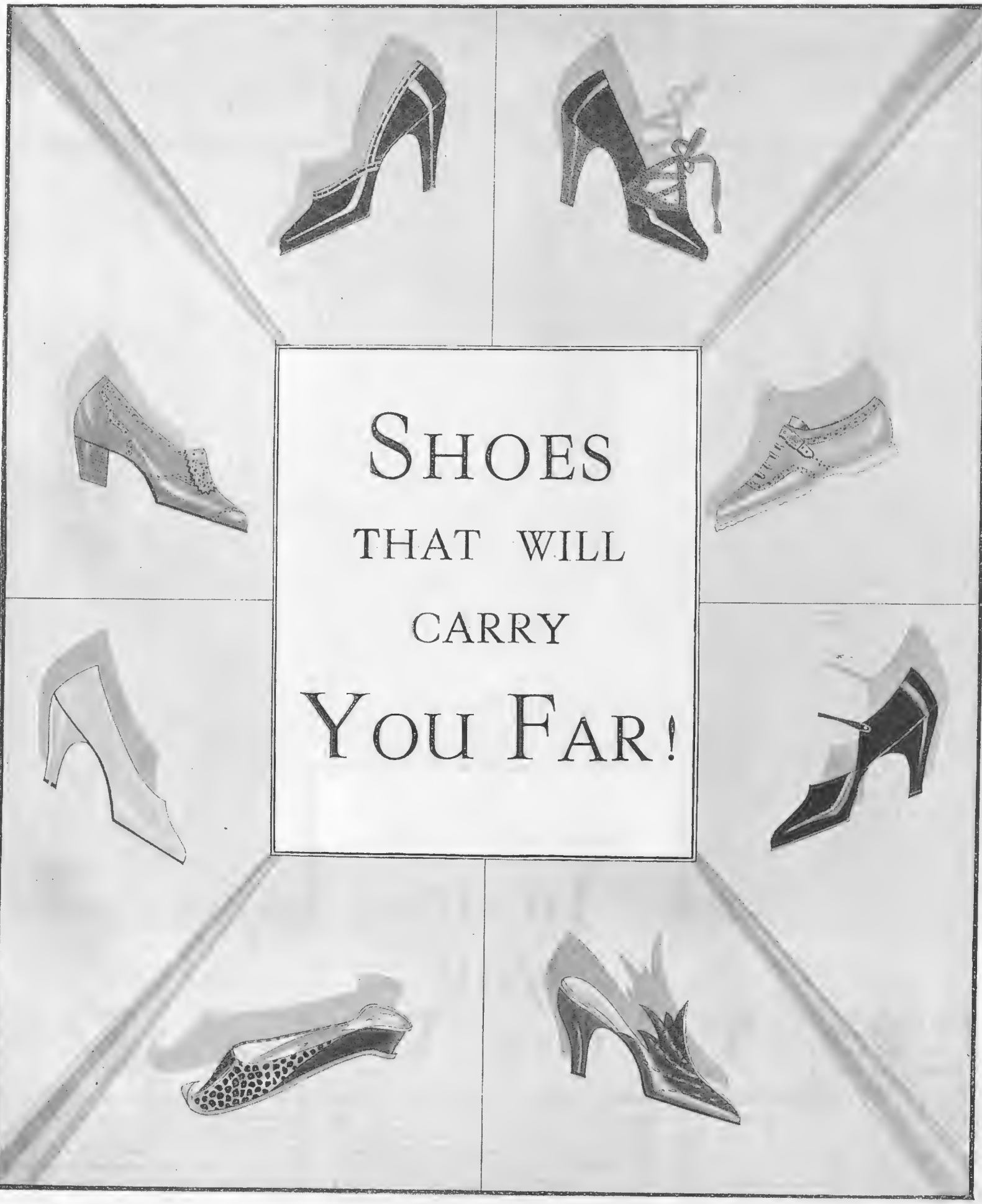
WHAT else is the new dance frock doing for dancing? Is it only bringing dreams back to the ballroom? It may make the Tango possible to the average Britisher; it is almost certainly going to make that amusing little experiment, "The Stop Trot," popular. For isn't the "Stop Trot" reminiscent, really, of some of the "step" dancing of the Spanish dancers in their swirling skirts and tight bodices. You know what happens in this, of course? You dance a Fox-Trot of the fairly quick variety and now and again the musicians play only one note in a bar of music and stop while the dancers carry on the rhythm with some quick little steps—*one*, tap, tap, tap, *two*, tap, *stamp*! Here is the gaiety people demand, which, at the same time, suits the longer skirt! Some of the new dances (which will, of course, take some months to establish themselves or slowly fade until we forget that they were ever suggested) have the same possibilities. There is the "Twist," which is danced to any smooth Fox-Trot, and which has certain eccentricities of time reminiscent of the Tango, and there is the Polka 1929, which is an attempt to retain the rhythm of the old Polka while making it less fatiguing.

IN one of the new bands there is a harp! Isn't that the final tribute to our new mode, to our black or white frocks and coloured shoes, our hair with curled up ends or little knots in the nape of the neck, our flat necklaces of precious stones, our new tiny jewelled combs?

The fact that among the new H.M.V. records are the Waltzes "Again," "When You're in Love," "Little Mother," while the Columbia have recorded the "Merry Widow" Waltz, the "My Hero" from *The Chocolate Soldier*, is yet another indication of how popular the Waltz is becoming.

SO when you go to your dancing classes this winter, remember that to learn to dance is so much more important than to learn new steps: that lessons first and plenty of practice second will allow you to do justice on the dance floor to all your new dance frocks.

JOAN WESTON EDWARDS.



THE left-hand shoe at the top of the page is carried out in patent piped with grey kid, the same model being obtainable in Marron kid piped with tan, and also in white kid with a black kid piping. (48/-.)

AT the top of the page on the right, patent and black Lizard-Calf are combined in a most effective model, with a Louis heel and open-work saddle. (65/-.) This is also to be found in a combination of brown suède and brown Lizard-Calf.

BELOW it comes a sports shoe that combines practicability with a thoroughly smart appearance. It is carried out in brown Calf, is specially soled for wet weather and has an attractively brogued Scotch tongue over the gore. (45/-.)

BELOW it—Golfers please take note!—is the ideal golf shoe, soft, light and strong, and is carried out in tan calf, with a crêpe rubber sole and heel, laced over the insteps with an additional supporting strap. (48/-.)

THE becoming Court shoe for evening wear is carried out in satin and dyed to the exact shade of frocks, costs 50/-. And immediately above is the latest in bedroom slippers, taking the form of a parti-coloured Persian Mule. (35/-.)

THEN comes another satin shoe, with a strap, that dyed "to match" is priced at 52/6. And lastly, a Leaf Mule for the boudoir, carried out in bright-coloured kid in various attractive colour combinations and decorated with gold thread. (45/-.)

BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

The Need for Safeguarding.

DEAR SIR,

The impending general election is one which should occupy the minds of all who have the interests of the nation at heart. The programmes of the Liberal and Labour parties show no real or sound policy of bettering the conditions of trade and unemployment. Their main election chances will depend on the courage of the Conservative leaders to adopt safeguarding wholeheartedly.

Most people accept Mr. Baldwin as a sound, honest, hard-working man with the wish to do his utmost for all classes of the State. But has he the courage and force of character to carry through the vital issue—safeguarding—in spite of the dissensions of some of his colleagues?

Your contributor "Samuel Johnson" puts Socialistic propaganda in a very clear light when he says:

"It teaches people to look to the State instead of their own efforts and to other people's savings instead of their own earnings, not merely for maintenance of themselves and their families and for the education of their children, not merely for relief from all ordinary hazards of life such as sickness and unemployment, but actually for a greatly increased leisure and for a much higher standard of living."

The teaching of this propaganda has already had a great effect on the nation and it is the middle class who have felt the burden.

May we hope that the policy of safeguarding is taken up with more courage and enthusiasm by the Conservative leaders, and there will then be no doubt of who will be in power after the coming election.—Yours faithfully,

NORMAN SANDEMAN.

The Demand for Safeguarding.

SIR,

What a sane, clear and clean periodical is BRITANNIA, but oh! can you tell me why every Government is so chary of safeguarding by means of protective duties? I would your first page could be written in words of fire across London.

I am a stenographer, up against the usual foreign productions everywhere, and it seems to me that a small percentage of help could be made by the people themselves if they determined to purchase one or two articles weekly of English manufacture.

Finally, there is much truth in the remark I recently read, "The country has the Government it deserves."

I guarantee there is a woman with the needed stability and common sense, and I am equally positive there is a man.—Yours faithfully,

DAMARIS FARR.

A Nationalist Party Wanted.

SIR,

Industrial remedies prescribed by party politics are becoming, instead of an industrial panacea, a mere political cancer, eating away the heart of our already fast decaying trade.

Let Tory, Liberal, Socialist and Communist sink their differences and form a Nationalist party to save our million and a half of unemployed. Let us forget our insularity and take our cue from our brethren of the *Entente Cordiale*, who in 1925 united to save the franc, or from the Italians, now one and indivisible, regaining lost prestige as one body politic. Well may we sigh for the good old days.

"*Then none was for a party:*
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."

Yours respectfully,

"MCDEP."

Unpopular Patriotism.

DEAR SIR,

As two humble but loyal citizens of the British Empire, may we be permitted to record our appreciation that BRITANNIA has refused to be drawn into the sycophantic adulation of the League of Nations with which we are growing so sickeningly familiar. Supporters of the League, and particularly members of the League of Nations Union, are strangely sensitive with regard to their pet movement. They seem to look upon it as sacrosanct; a thing not to be touched, and any attempt at criticism is taken as a studied insult. Those who do not believe in the League are at once labelled as Prussian militarists.

We ourselves have frequently attempted to question L.N.U. speakers, and our queries have been greeted in a most unpacific manner.

The League of Nations is supposed to be non-political, but it is certainly a highly controversial subject, and there is a growing number of Englishmen who regard it as no more than an attempt to secure the survival of the unfit at the expense of the fit.—Yours faithfully,

E. VALLANCE COOK,
C. R. VALLANCE COOK.

Points for Protectionists.

SIR,

Mr. Frankau, in his article "Free Trade or Fair Trade," states that he stands unequivocally for protecting every single one of our industries. The records of the Statistical Society tell us that in 1913 nearly two out of every three pieces of cotton goods imported into China came from Lancashire. In 1925 three out of every four pieces came from Japan. Will Mr. Frankau then tell us how Protection will prevent Japan from taking away from Lancashire her cotton trade with China? I assume that he is aware that our cotton piece goods trade has declined from 7,075,000 yards in 1913 to 4,118,000 yards in 1927.

Secondly, Mr. L. B. Lee, the Chairman of the Calico Printers' Association, in a recent speech said, "Last July a well-known engineering firm in this country obtained an order for the complete equipment of a large cotton mill to be built in Egypt. A still more interesting fact is that the British Government, through its Export Credits Scheme, financed the purchase and export of machinery from this country for the partial equipment of a mill recently erected in Budapest specially designed to compete with Lancashire's high-class trade in the Near East." Again I ask, how will Protection combat these circumstances?

Thirdly, Lord Joicey stated last December that "for years we have been manufacturing and exporting machines for all industrial purposes, and now we find the customers to whom we supplied them are able to produce cheaper than we can, and are supplying many countries with them and what they produce at much less cost than we can." Here again, how will Protection deal with these circumstances?

Fourthly, you publish an article, dealing with the Federated Malay States, by Alec Waugh. In the 1870's Cornish tin mining was in a flourishing condition, the yearly average of production between 1873-82 being 14,114 tons. Then British interests opened up tin mining in the Federated Malay States, where tin is mined by Chinese labour receiving the equivalent of 7s. per week, and so Cornish tin mining declined from 14,432 tons in 1883 down to 3,547 tons in 1924, whilst the export of tin from the Malay States increased from 18,000 tons in 1885 to 44,000 tons in 1924, and so the Cornish tin mines have been throttled through the exploitation of cheap Chinese labour in the Malayan tin mines.

How, I would ask Mr. Frankau, will Protection restore the Cornish tin mining industry?—Yours faithfully,

BERTRAM H. TUBBS.

The Right to Migrate.

DEAR SIR,

I was very much interested in Mr. Wm. Walker's article, "The Irish Invasion of Scotland."

As Mr. Walker says (in a different context) "Scotland cannot have it both ways." Ireland must take her position either inside or outside the Empire. If she remains a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, she has a right to all the privileges of citizenship. I have always understood that the unrestricted right to emigrate and settle down in any part of the Empire was one of these privileges. If Ireland is denied that privilege, it must be conceded that she has the option of seceding and refusing allegiance to the English Crown.

Would Mr. Walker be prepared to allow her that option if they deny her people free entry into Scotland? If Mr. Walker was acquainted with the dark and disreputable history of the "Scotch Planters" in Ireland, he would see that Ireland is only getting her own back.

It is strange that we hear so much clap-trap about the "Irish Invasion of Scotland," and nothing about the Scotch Invasion of England. To my mind—I hope I am wrong—this outcry against the Irish in Scotland is not primarily the outcome of an economic problem, but rather of religious bigotry. Mr. Walker almost admits so much. Some time ago a certain church dignitary, evidently irritated by the fact that the Irish "increased and multiplied" in some areas, stigmatised them as "those low-grade Irish." I think it is very much to the credit of "those low-grade Irish" that they do not believe in any form of race-suicide, but the gentleman in question did not pause to consider that point of view.

If Scotchmen wish to sound the pibroch of propaganda, they are perfectly free to do so, but, for goodness sake, let them not do it at the expense of a nation which, as things are at present, holds a more exalted position in our Commonwealth of Nations.—Yours faithfully,

R. E. VEILLÉ.

Why Boys Won't Emigrate.

DEAR SIR,

In your article entitled "Canada's El Dorado" your contributor remarks as strange the fact that British boys do not respond to appeals for boys to go to the Dominions.

I have recently left school and I am now connected with an Australian firm, so that I see and hear a good bit about Australia; I feel that I should very much like to go to one of the Dominions.

Yet what are the prospects? One constantly hears of people leading a hand-to-mouth existence in Canada or Australia after emigrating from England. Very few people seem really to like it and get on well.

It seems that British boys have to go on to the land and eventually have farms of their own. I shouldn't mind that, although commerce interests me more than anything else; but what happens to those who do try?

Most of those who recently went to Canada for the harvesting have returned penniless. In Australia it is a problem how to get the Australians out of the cities and on to the land. If the Australians fail, what chance is there for Britons?

I, for one, am not going to leave my native land, my relations and friends, for such uncertain prospects.—Yours faithfully,

RICHARD E. FORD.

Faked Antiques for America.

SIR,

Your contributor, "Samuel Johnson," says that it would give him "infinite pleasure to be the one man in Europe making easy money out of our late allies" (meaning the Americans).

Some are doing this. The head expert on art and antiques of the United States Customs Department says that American travellers returning from Europe are bringing amazing quantities of so-called objects of art and faked antiques for which they have paid fabulous sums, and are not worth the cost of shipping.

He specifies pictures—alleged English and other old masters—and "old" English furniture. To one who knows something about art and antique objects this fleecing of the innocents is both amusing and pathetic.

AMERICAN.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Injustices to Ireland.

DEAR SIR,

From Ireland I offer three comments on Mr. A. Webb's article dealing with Ireland.

Ignorance of Ireland is so profound and so widespread in England that it would have been wise to have made it clear that he wrote almost entirely of the Irish Free State.

It is interesting, with the general sense of his article in one's mind, to read these words of your agricultural correspondent in the same issue:—"... the forward policy of the Irish Free State as regards agriculture is well worthy of study. ..." In the seven years since the Irish Treaty was signed, despite the destruction wrought in Southern and Western Ireland, the country is paying its way so far as its agricultural products are concerned. The trade returns of Southern Ireland for the past six months show a gain of approximately £2,000,000 on the corresponding period of 1927. This satisfactory result has been brought about by a rise of nearly six per cent. in export trade."

Finally, I would take his last paragraph and have you consider it: "The truth is that the average Irishman will not fight for his rights." Shades of Carson's men and Collins! Try saying to yourself, "No, of course the Irishman will not fight for his rights; he never has fought for his rights; he——" Well, I don't think you will get any further.—Your obedient servant,

W. F. LYLE.

Censorship in Ireland—and England.

SIR,

It is regrettable that in the first numbers of so promising a journal as BRITANNIA so slashing, so erroneous and unfair an attack should be made on Ireland by A. Webb.

It is to him a crime that this country is about to establish a censorship in spite of the fact that we in England have a censorship of films and plays. We in this country have had a glaring example of this by the seizure of a recent novel.

Why, then, this biased attack? There is nothing English or sportsmanlike in it.

As for the statement that members of the Catholic Church practise extensively birth control, I should take this with a pinch of salt.—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE E. STODDART.

[*Other criticisms of Mr. Webb's article have been received from P. Thompson, H. J. D., and R. E. Veillé.*—ED.]

Alcohol and Intellect.

SIR,

May I trouble you with a letter in reply to the reference made by your contributor, "Samuel Johnson"?

In spite of what he says, I am afraid I must still maintain that the famous examples I quoted do illustrate the effects of alcohol or of drugs upon intellect, and do demonstrate the deterioration which follows excess—especially in susceptible individuals. That their intellectual output was governed by—or was the product of—their ingestion of these substances cannot, I think, be maintained. Occasional scintillations of wit may possibly result, but prolonged intellectual effort, or even the work of the imagination, cannot be carried through on "spirit."

The time may come when we may adjust ourselves to run on petrol or ——'s whisky, but I much misdoubt that time is not yet.

Can we say that those whom I mentioned, and many others, would not have written—and equally well—if they had been deprived of alcohol or of drugs? What we may be certain of is that they would have lived longer, and more happily. James Thomson, "diseased in body and mind," died at about 47 years of age; Francis Thompson at 48; Oscar Wilde 44; Lionel Johnson 35; Crackanthorpe 31; Ernest Dowson 33; Verlaine at 52 in a degraded condition; Poe at 40—found practically in the gutter and taken to the hospital to die. Your contributor says of Swinburne that "in his later days at 'The Pines' [he] neither drank nor wrote." Need I add anything to that?

I hope my critic will do me the honour of reading the full text of the lecture from which he has quoted. It will appear shortly in *The Lancet* (I believe) and in the *British Journal of Inebriety*. I shall be pleased to send him a copy.—Yours very truly,

HUBERT J. NORMAN.

Revolutionaries in Government Departments.

DEAR SIR,

Important as is the cleansing of all Government Departments of revolutionary characters, the question which arises with regard to the recent dismissal of a Communist from a Royal Arsenal is not so much the absurd suggestion as to whether or not this was an instance of political persecution, but how any Communist or Socialist who is loyal to the policy of his political party—that of disarmament—can conscientiously work upon the production of munitions of war during peace time.—Yours faithfully,

FRANK THEODORE.

Think and Act Imperially.

DEAR SIR,

No doubt I am one of many who have read with very much interest Mr. Frankau's article on "Free Trade or Fair Trade." This article is surely one containing *multum in parvo*, and if it could be conveyed, not only to the readers of BRITANNIA, but to every member of the nation, in the same clear and concise manner, it would receive the ardent support of every man and woman. Personally, I should wish to see it become the Socialist policy and chief electoral plank—for surely its chief support should be from the workers, whom it affects even more vitally than capital

It is surely the duty of every Britisher to think Imperially and, given the opportunity, act Imperially.—Yours faithfully,

EDITH M. ELLIS.

The Suffolk Punch.

SIR,

To find myself in your pages under the above title rather surprised me. I am always glad to see the dear old Suffolk Punch horse get a little notice, and it is decidedly interesting to see the re-birth of something I wrote during those stirring times. "A sort of beefy chestnut Goliath, etc.," is an extract from an article which I wrote for the *Live Stock Journal*.

I should be grateful if I might, however, correct an error. I had not the fortune to be a Transport Officer, as Mr. Brown describes me, but was in an 18-pounder battery and "Baby," the Suffolk Punch I wrote about, was a member of the 20th Div. D.A.C. Everybody simply loved him, and needless to add he was the pet of the "show." What happened to him after the "cease fire," goodness only knows. Unfortunately I was very badly hit and so lost sight of him. I think the old horse was one of Mr. Kenneth Clarke's, of Sudbourne, in Suffolk. He certainly was a most excellent advertisement for the breed.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD C. ASH.

Trade with Russia.

DEAR SIR,

In Gilbert Frankau's article, "Free Trade or Fair Trade," he makes this statement: "In an article published some eighteen months ago, entitled 'If I were Prime Minister,' ... I called for the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Bolshevist Russia—and this ... Conservatism has done."

Seeing that, as a direct result of that "break," unemployment has increased, might I be permitted to ask if such a proceeding was compatible with true patriotism? In what way, may I ask, has this country benefited by losing so much valuable export trade?—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT J. GRAY.

German Rugby

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest "W. W. Wakefield's Impressions of German Rugby," and was surprised to learn that so little progress appears to have been made since 1890, for I remember when at Neuenheim College, Heidelberg, we played a team calling themselves, I believe, South Germany. They were a heavy lot but we were "all over them." I should have thought that after so many years they would have put a better team in the field. I quite appreciate the fact that Rugger is somewhat different to-day, but still—*tempora mutantur*.—Yours faithfully,

G. T. LUCAS.

Isn't Free Trade Obviously Wrong?

SIR,

If I may supplement Mr. Gilbert Frankau's trenchant reply to Sir Herbert Samuel in your issue of November 2nd, Free Trade obviously is wrong for a nation, seeing that originally it was conceived, not by Adam Smith, but by the French Physiocrats, from whom he took the theory, as being only applicable to the entire world as one economic unit.

Adam Smith, who was keenly patriotic, however, was able to apply the theory to a nation owing to the fact that in his day foreign investment, as we know it, was unknown. As he says—it is the very basis of his whole argument—"Every individual endeavours to employ his capital as near home as he can." From this point onwards he argues entirely on this assumption, that there is no migration of capital out of the country.

I fear that Free Traders have entirely forgotten, if they have ever known, their own theory, which ceased to be applicable to a nation as soon as capital began to be invested fairly freely abroad. Observe that all Adam Smith says is entirely applicable to the world, though it is sheer nonsense, nowadays, as regards a single nation.

There is one point in Sir Herbert Samuel's article on which I should like to touch. Mr. Frankau also deals with it. Sir Herbert Samuel says: "In other words, the object of a tariff must be to raise the prices paid by the consumer. Unless it does that, it will not stop the underselling."

This is a complete fallacy, as, indeed, Sir Herbert Samuel himself shows in his very next paragraph, wherein he says:—

"I am aware that a theory has been advanced that this need not necessarily be so. It is said that cheapness depends largely upon large-scale production, and if plants that are now half idle were employed to their full capacity there need be no rise in prices."

Sir Herbert Samuel appears to think that "the theory has been advanced" merely by optimistic "Safeguarders." On the contrary, the theory, which has been called (by Senior) "the law of increasing returns," was "advanced," to the extent of a whole chapter, by no less an authority than John Stuart Mill, and it is a recognised principle of political economy. Mill's words are: "The larger the scale on which manufacturing operations are carried on, the more cheaply they can in general be performed. Sir Herbert Samuel is quite right; it has been said!

This being so—and even Sir Herbert Samuel, without apparently having studied political economy, seems to recognise the possibility—what becomes of the rest of his arguments? Why should our export trade decline if we are able to manufacture more cheaply than we can now? On the contrary, why should it not increase? I am confident it would. And why should that mysterious friend of the Free Trader, "the consumer"—mysterious because, unlike most people I know, he is never by any chance a producer!—why should he suffer if production costs are lowered?

With all due deference, Sir Herbert Samuel's very suavely expressed arguments strike me as mere electioneering—like our old friend the Big and the Little Loaf.—Faithfully yours,

DOUGLAS GRAHAM

(*Author of "The Truth at Last about Free Trade and Protection."*)

[*Major H. M. Barnes, A. E. Johnston, W. B. and B.M./Z.R.L.2, also differ from Sir Herbert Samuel's views.*—ED.]

Scotland Yard's Architect.

DEAR SIR,

I am anxious to correct a statement made by H. L. Adam in the article entitled "Behind the Scenes in Scotland Yard."

He states that it is generally known that it was originally intended for an opera house. May I say that I know this to be quite untrue, as the present building was erected by my late father specially for the police, as the accommodation in the old building further up Whitehall towards Charing Cross was inadequate.—Faithfully yours,

A. M. MEEN.

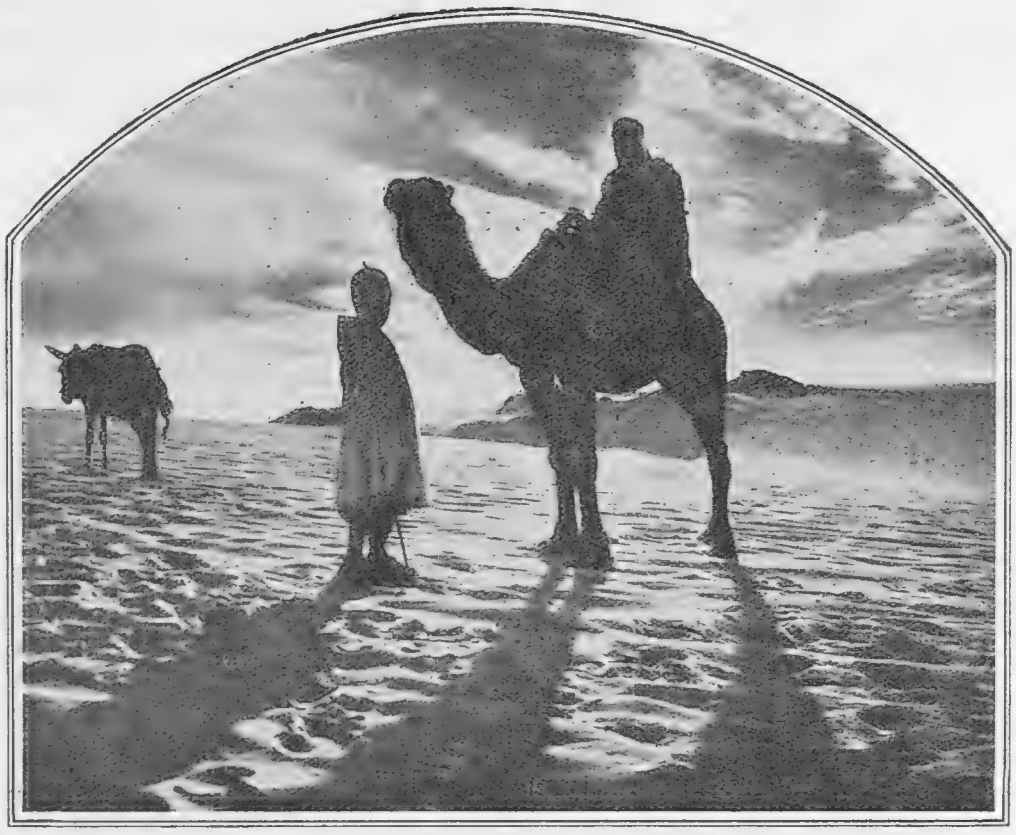
The First V.C.

DEAR SIR,

I remember seeing the late Admiral Bythesea in the early '70's at Simla, and was told that he was the first recipient of the V.C. in the Crimea.—Yours truly,

A RETIRED OFFICER (Indian Army).

THE TRAVELLER



THE SPELL of the DESERT

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

IN spite of its barrenness, its vastness and its apparent emptiness, there has always been a tremendous fascination about the desert. Ever since the day when Robert Hichens first published "The Garden of Allah," public attention has been focussed upon it more and more by some of the most striking films of the day and by a succession of books of travel and fiction of all kinds. Such films as "The Sheikh" and "La Chatelaine du Liban" and books like "Beau Geste," Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert" and Kipling's "The Light That Failed" have shown that there is in these bare and deserted places a spell and a charm quite different from anything that can be experienced elsewhere.

The Smell of the Desert.

It would seem at first that vast stretches of sand and dunes scorched by a burning sun was the last place likely to produce anything bordering on the romantic, yet the traveller who has been there and seen it will tell you that it has an indefinable but very definite attraction, an attraction that acts like a magnet when we are away from it, and tends to draw us back again and again.

"The smell of the desert," which Kipling mentions, is a very real thing, probably unnoticed by us the first time we visit these regions. But when at last we return again to the places of sand and sun we suddenly seem to remember it, and our hearts leap.

I remember once leaving the desert after spending some three months there with a feeling that I had really had quite enough of it. Indeed, the day I left, I felt that I never wanted to see it again. And yet, only nine months later, when my profession took me there quite unexpectedly once more, I felt a thrill at the first scent of the desert and the first view of the rolling dunes that I never should have imagined possible. Was it really conceivable that I had never wanted to set eyes on it again?

To many the desert is just a flat sandy region, peopled by a few dirty nomad Arabs with some camels, a few tattered tents, an indeterminate number of grimy children and some sheep and goats. So that it is no wonder that they are surprised and enchanted to find fertile oases supporting large and thriving cities hundreds of miles out in the sandy wastes.

Not Monotonous.

Far from being monotonous, the desert is a place of a thousand tones, its rolling dunes with their deep shadows and wonderful lights and changing hues, giving us a vista never quite the same for two moments together. Each dune 'valley' seems to present a new aspect, a different shape and a subtle difference of colour that never tires the eye or lets the interest flag. Such cities as Tozeur and Gardaia and Laguart are almost unbelievable. For days we travel over rolling dunes of infinite variety of shape, ever moving, ever changing slowly as the desert breezes shift the surface sand hither and thither. Nothing comes in sight, save the tents and camels of the nomads.

Now and then, with luck, we may meet or sight a desert caravan coming apparently from nowhere in particular and moving at slow and regular camel pace to we know not where. Sometimes, among the high dunes, we find ourselves looking down on such a caravan halted for a rest, and with a passing exchange of greetings we dip down the other side and they are lost to our sight as completely as though they had disappeared off the earth. Sand wherever we turn the gaze, with here and there a sturdy plant to show us the desert is not altogether dead.

White Houses and Minarets.

Then suddenly in the dim distance we glimpse a line of green and white patches lying low on the horizon, and behold, as we draw near to it hours later—for one can see a long way in the desert—we discern the white walls and domes of the native houses and the minarets of the mosques peeping out of the oasis of palms, and to our astonishment, palaces and busy streets, and crowds thronging a market place. Fruit, vegetables, pots and pans, saddlery and burnouses, knives and trinkets are for sale to the dusty white clad multitude, who talk and laugh and shout and jostle.

There are camels bearing gigantic loads, veiled women and ragged children, dogs and fowls, warriors and beggars, street performers of every kind, and as we thread our way through the narrow streets and dark arches or along the pathways among the palms, the sunlight piercing through the waving leaves and shining on the still surfaces of the water ponds, we can hardly believe that we are separated from the outer world by miles and miles and miles of nothing but sand.

Desert Cities.

The march of civilisation and progress have brought many parts of the African desert within easy reach of the traveller. Touggourt, in Algeria, once an isolated desert city, cut off on every hand by the sands and only attainable by caravan, can now be reached by train from Biskra in a day.

It is a town of surpassing interest, a great part of the streets being in the form of tunnels, so that those who move about in the heat of the day can avoid the intense light of the African sun.

Magic Names.

Egypt and the Soudan, of course, are still more famous. Even Cairo is a desert city! And then there are Helwan and Asswan, Luxor and Khartoum. What names! And now by rail or along the Nile these distant cities can be reached in comfort and ease under the most favourable auspices. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine, as you travel along in the desert train, that you are passing through a land once infested by Dervishes, where only a few years ago the camel was the only means of transport.

In winter, the desert night is cold, as the day is warm, but always the sky is blue by day, and by night the stars seems infinitely bigger and nearer, while the moon is unbelievably lovely. No silence seems so intense as the silence of the desert at night, for there is little to make a sound. At early dawn the camels grunt and a gentle night breeze shifts the loose sand with a quiet hissing sound. Sometimes when near a village or town or a lonely Arab encampment, the weird sound of native music is wafted to us across the desert sand, coming and going as the wind moves and drops.

And then silence again.

A. H. d'E.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London,
accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

JUST lately I have been sent a number of hands by correspondents who ask for my opinion as to the bidding. Some of them are rather interesting, and I propose, therefore, to deal with them in these columns. However, before I do so, there is one point that I want to make quite clear. As far as playing a hand is concerned, there is usually either a right or wrong way of setting about it, but with declaring this is by no means always the case. Sometimes, there are several alternative calls, all of which are equally sound, and an enormous amount depends on the attendant circumstances. I can therefore only say what call I would have made myself together with my reasons, and I will be very pleased to hear from any of my readers who may, perhaps, hold other views.

Score Game all. Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
2 ♥	No	No	2 No trumps
3 ♥	No	No	3 No trumps
No	No	?	

Y's hand is:

♠ Ace, King, 6, 2.
♥ 9, 6.
♦ 7, 4.
♣ Ace, King, 10, 6, 4.

A Hand of Hearts.

Personally, I have no hesitation in saying that 4 hearts is what I would have called. It seems to me that the position of the cards is so very obvious. Z has obviously got a long string of hearts—probably six or seven at least—without the Ace, whereas B has a correspondingly long suit of established diamonds, and the Ace of hearts in addition.

Assuming this diagnosis to be correct, there is likely to be very little profit in a double—probably a matter of 200 at the most—whereas it is almost a certainty that the game can be won in hearts. Even if it was the first game, I think I would still have a shot for the game, as a profit of 200 will boil down to very little if it so happens that Z could have made four tricks in hearts with a possible 64 or more for honours in addition. I am told that when the hand was actually played, Y doubled the three no trumps and defeated the contract by one trick—100 points! Also that his partner would have won five by cards in hearts to say nothing of holding double honours.

This is a typical situation that is of frequent occurrence. Certain players will support their partners up to three or four tricks if they have five of his suit, but they absolutely refuse to do so on outside strength. In these days of calling on four card suits, you certainly want to satisfy yourself that your partner has length in his suit before you assist him to any extent, but in a case like this his trump strength is never for a moment in doubt.

A Wrong Call.

The following has been sent to me from Purley.

	♠ Ace, Queen, 7, 6, 5. ♥ Ace, 8, 4. ♦ 9, 6. ♣ King, 4, 3.	
♠ 4, 3, 2. ♥ 5, 3, 2. ♦ Knave, 10, 5, 3. ♣ Knave, 6, 5.	Y A B Z	♠ Knave, 10, 9, 8. ♥ Queen, 10, 9. ♦ Ace, King, Queen, 8, 7. ♣ 10.
	♠ King. ♥ King, Knave, 7, 6. ♦ 4, 2. ♣ Ace, Queen, 9, 8, 7, 2.	

Game all. Z Y 21.

Y dealt and called a spade. B one No trump. All pass.

Z led the 8 of clubs. Result, AB made a grand slam.

I can quite imagine that B thought himself extremely unlucky, but at the same time, I cannot help thinking that he rather deserved what he got. In my opinion, his correct call was undoubtedly 2 diamonds.

Why Z did not call 2 clubs I cannot imagine. He and his partner were already 21 up, and Y had already bid a spade. Surely, in that case, he must play for the rubber!

I quite see that he thought that B would probably fail to make his contract, but even so, he is likely to reap a very poor reward by way of penalties in comparison to the profit that the rubber would give him.

No Trump Call.

There is a great tendency to-day to bid no trumps on the hands that are really suit calls, and it is a very bad fault. It is not that you are likely to fail to make your no trump contract, but you do not give definite enough information to your partner. A no trump is a very vague call, and if the bidding becomes high, it is often of immense value to your partner to know exactly in what suit he can find quick tricks. If you have to choose between a weak no trump and a solid suit call, it is always advisable to choose the latter.

Answers to Correspondents.

"NOSNIKTA."

Z (dealer)	A	Y	B
2 ♦	No	No	2 ♠
3 ♦	No	No	3 ♣
4 ♦	Double	?	

Y's hand is: Spades, x, x, x, x, x, x. Hearts, A, x. Diamonds, x, x. Clubs, Queen, x, x.

Y should say "No bid."

"H. V." (Chalfont).

I regret to say that you must lose your bid as the correct lead from queen, knave, x, x, against a no trump call is undoubtedly the "fourth best."

"J. D." (Putney).—Spades, A, K, J, 10, x x; Hearts, A, J, x x; Diamonds, x x; Clubs, A.

Holding the above hand I would call "one" spade. I fail to see the idea of making a preemptive call of "four" as you suggest. In the first place your strength in spades is by no means overwhelming, and, secondly, you have nothing whatsoever to fear from a Heart call.

"R. P. M." (Woking).—The "Bath Coup" is the term applied to a certain method of play which consists of not playing the ace on your opponent's king when you hold both the ace and knave. You thus retain the command of the suit, and in the event of its being led again by the player holding the king queen, you will thus win two tricks in it instead of one.

The "Dechappeles" coup is a different thing altogether. This merely consists in sacrificing a high card from your own hand, in order to provide your partner with a card of re-entry, *i.e.*, if you lead a King and it is taken by the opponents with the ace, you thereby provide your partner with a card of re-entry if he happens to hold the queen.

Mr. Jack Dalton will be very pleased to answer any questions as to Bridge, which should be addressed to him c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.

When do we start?

Adelphi: 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.25 (Ger. 6622)

Aldwych: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 2304)

Ambassadors: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)

Carlton: 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)

Comedy: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri. 2.30 (Ger. 8978)

Criterion: 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)

Daly's: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)

Drury Lane: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)

Duke of York's: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous" "*Historical*" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)

Everyman: "The Silver Box" *Drama*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Hampstead 7224)

Fortune: 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" "*Historical*" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)

Gaiety: 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)

Globe: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8724)

Haymarket: 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)

Hippodrome: 8.15 "That's a Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)

His Majesty's: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)

Little: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)

London Pavilion: 8.15 "This Year of Grace" *Revue*
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)

Lyceum: 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)

Lyric: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)

New: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)

Palace: 8.15 "Virginia"
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6834)

Playhouse: 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)

Prince of Wales: 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)

Princes: 8.15 "Funny Face" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3400)

Queen's: 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9437)

Royalty: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)

St. James's: 8.30 "The Return Journey" *Fantastic Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)

St. Martin's: 8.15 "77 Park Lane" *Farce*
Matinees: Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3416)

Savoy: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)

Strand: 8.30 "High Treason" *Melodrama*
Matinees: Tues. and Sat. 2.30 (Ger. 3830)

Vaudeville: 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat. 2.30 (Ger. 3815)

Winter Garden: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)

Wyndham's: 8.30 "To What Red Hell"
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3028)

MISCELLANEOUS.

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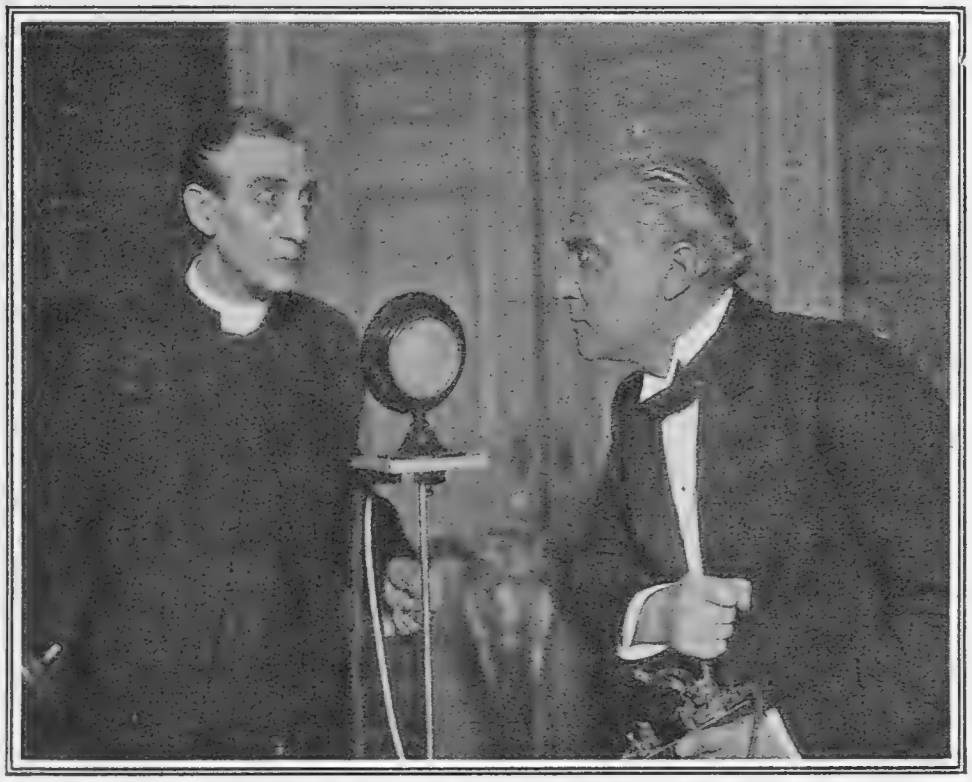
AT THE THEATRE

PLAYS *with a* PURPOSE

By Maitland Davidson

"High Treason." By N. Pemberton-Billing. (Strand.)

WHATEVER its fate, I feel that Mr. Pemberton-Billing's anti-war play "High Treason" has elements of popular success; and for this reason. It may be tub-thumping—a facile characterisation that many have voiced—but the hand that thumps the tub has in some circumstances a good deal of influence with the world. A necessary premiss is that its resounding wallops should be set in motion by a sufficiently ardent enthusiasm on really big world-issues—and that condition at least the play seems to me to fulfil. Another and more important reason, seeing that we are dealing primarily with a play and not a principle, is that in spite of its propagandist flavour it is never dull.



The Crucial Moment: The Bishop (Mr. Saintsbury) and the Premier (Mr. St. Barbe West) at the microphone in "High Treason" just before the broadcast message about the declaration of war.

Subtle it is not, but it is unusually "meaty" melodrama, composed by an evidently agile brain upon subjects which in themselves cannot fail to interest anyone whose thoughts occasionally run to a tune even a demi-semi-quaver higher than what's for dinner or shopping at the sales. It does not tell us anything particularly new about politics and the currents that make for war or peace, but it does at least talk about them in a manner informed and arresting, however sensational and inconclusive. And in a manner, above all, that is dramatically entertaining, which is after all the prime consideration in the theatre.

An Effective First Act.

Up to a point, indeed, the play promises something more than the intelligent melodrama I have tried to indicate. The first act, in which the stage, as it were, is set, strikes a significant note. We find ourselves at 10, Downing Street, with the Prime Minister endeavouring to cope with the activities of a great international League of Peace, at the head of which is an unworldly Bishop. This association has grown to great dimensions, and the real secret of the P.M.'s opposition seems to lie in jealousy of its power, as well as the fact that its existence is regarded as a menace to "all those who look, for the security of their vested interests, to the armies of the world." This Premier is, in fact, a self-seeker and time-server, as are his two chief allies, a newspaper magnate (made up to look like the late Lord Northcliffe) and an Archbishop. The Primate is especially hard on the Bishop, whom he accuses of lack of patriotism, to which the latter retorts: "Was Christ an Englishman?" And the act ends with this exchange of thrusts:—

> ARCHBISHOP: And thus you renounce allegiance to your King.
>
> BISHOP: But not to the King of Kings, my lord.

The talk, you will observe, is on somewhat bombastic, loud-speaker lines, but as one of the characters puts it, "There's many a true word spoken in Hyde Park"—a phrase in which the author might have been embodying in advance his own reply to prospective criticism.

That Theatrical Murder.

Unfortunately, in the second act the possibilities of the piece as drama begin to fade away, in proportion as the atmosphere of melodrama thickens. It is now six months later, and the country is on the eve of a probable war—a war that the Prime Minister favours, apparently more with the idea of confounding the League of Peace than anything else. The newspaper owner takes down, at his dictation, notes for a leading article which is to appear in his paper the following day, when war will have been declared. A microphone has been set up—oddly enough, in the journalistic Napoleon's house—for the head of the Government to broadcast the fatal news at midnight.

But, with surely strange optimism, he still cherishes hopes of getting the Bishop on his side; still more strangely, having asked him round for a last appeal, he is rash enough to hand the Bishop the message to give to the unseen waiting multitudes. With the seeming guilelessness of the dove, the holy man accepts the document, takes up his stand before the "mike" and—tells the world there isn't going to be a war. Whereupon the enraged politician goes for him with the tongs and the Bishop promptly shoots him dead with a revolver that had been rather too obviously placed on the table shortly before. Then the curtain comes down with the Bishop on his knees, reciting the Lord's Prayer, still for the benefit of the listeners-in.

The Trial Scene.

This sounds ridiculous as one writes it down in cold blood, and is certainly a staggering blow for the finer dramatic sensibilities; yet the play survives, even with the added corollary, subsequently presented to us, that the death of this one man was sufficient to stop the whole war. That is, indeed, the main defence put forward for the Bishop when, in the third act, he is tried at the Old Bailey for murder. That the play should so survive, and indeed keep interest alive to the last, is a testimony both to the author's sense of dramatic effects and to some very excellent acting.

The final touch of all, as I saw it on the first night (I hear there has been some cutting since) was the most ingenious of the three. After witnesses and counsel had done their bit, the Judge summed up at great length; some thought the speech too long, but it both had quality and was wonderfully delivered by Mr. Fisher White. Then, with his last words, the curtain fell—leaving the verdict to the consideration of us, the audience. It was a surprise, and a refreshing one.

Splendid Acting.

Mr. Billing, as already noted, is very finely served by his interpreters. Foremost among them, and not merely as protagonist, is that finished older-school actor Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who makes of the Bishop a figure that through all the violences of melodrama remains instinct with the true fire of the gentle fanatic.

Even non-journalists can enjoy the audacious and most amusing caricature of a super-journalist by Mr. George Bealby; Mr. St. Barbe West is delightfully smooth and persuasive in his cabinet portrait of a villain; Mr. James Whale and Mr. Victor Stanley add "character-studies" of outstanding personality; in fact, the company one and all make invaluable contribution to the illusion of reality.

Mr. Reginald Bach is wasted in the part of the P.M.'s rather tiresome young secretary, but has done first-rate work as producer; while Miss Ursula Jeans, the only woman in the cast, has little to do and does it very well. She is an actress of some achievement and much promise.

A Commonplace Tragedy.

"The Silver Box." By John Galsworthy. (Everyman).

While heartily disagreeing with the conservatism of the literary cynic who counselled the world, whenever a new book was issued, to read an old one, one cannot help finding occasional virtue in a dramatic revival, in special circumstances—chief of which circumstances being, of course, the enduring purpose and worthiness of the play to be presented to an audience of a later generation (and in the theatre a generation does not necessarily amount to as much as even ten years).

I ventured the other day to doubt the advisability of putting on again "The Mollusc" (in spite of the individual brilliance of its present cast), but this was because it was never more than a trifle, and

trifles, as everyone knows, grow flat and soggy in no time. The case of Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box" is very different, and the little Everyman Theatre in Hampstead has played a very good card in re-staging it.

This tragedy of commonplace life is without doubt one of the theatre's minor masterpieces, and the more indelibly so for being concerned with the ordinary and the sordid. Just here and there it shows a slight boot-mark of time. Few matrons of to-day, I imagine, even in the furthermost of respectable suburbs, would regard it as a convincing proof of their charwoman's complete and utter depravity that a first child had been born to her immediately after or even before marriage. Few fathers of to-day would be quite so pompously moralistic as Mr. Barthwick, M.P. But the main stream of tragic irony remains undisturbedly effective; the drunken boy of a moneyed family who pinches a harlot's purse on an impish impulse is still quite convincingly whitewashed by his father's reluctant cheque; the charwoman's husband who, with far more provocation and indeed definite invitation, pockets the silver cigarette box belonging to the boy's family, might still quite conceivably be hauled up before the "beak" and be sentenced to imprisonment. And with what magnificent economy of sensation Mr. Galsworthy achieves his crucial moments! (So much so that I have even once known an audience of chocolate-chewing *dummkopfen* at a minor theatre to greet the whole affair uproariously as farce.)

One of the Great Performances.

The two previous times I have seen this piece Miss Ada King, the original player of the part, was the charwoman. And by a strange coincidence, on the same page of the daily paper on which I saw a preliminary announcement of this Everyman production, I also read in a column of theatrical advertisements: "Miss Ada King. Disengaged." I then looked back to the paragraph in question and found that the Mrs. Jones of this occasion was to be Miss Una O'Connor.

A very admirable show Miss O'Connor puts up, too—but I could not help feeling a keen pang of regret that it had not been found possible to engage Miss King. Her performance in this part is one of those few things that stand out in big block letters from a more or less slippery theatrical memory which goes back I-don't-dare-to-say-how-many years. To me she is and always will be—and I say this with no prejudice to her successor or successors—the one and only Mrs. Jones.

Must they Do It?

"*The Perfect Wife.*" *By Vincent Douglas.* (*Embassy.*)

Talking of the outlying theatres—which have now a very definite place in the scheme of things and are growing in importance as London grows in population—there is another Hampstead playhouse of recent origin which has possibilities so far rather undeveloped. This is the Embassy at Swiss Cottage, a very comfortable house, much larger and more luxurious than the Everyman, but vastly inferior in its programmes.

It started with a promisingly human play by a new author; followed with a "mystery" piece of almost incredible futility; and its third venture, which I saw a few days ago, was a comedy called "The Perfect Wife," by the late Mr. Vincent Douglass, which in spite of a cast that included Mr. Sebastian Smith, Mr. Frederick Cooper, Miss Christine Silver, Miss Nadine March, and Miss Muriel Martin Harvey, was singularly empty and silly.

"What is your opinion of this disastrous estrangement?" asked one of the characters "Their love is mutual" declared another with unbelievable bromidity, and poor Mr. Cooper had to burst out on one entrance with such a prehistoricism as "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" The only truly amusing moment in the whole evening was when Miss Martin Harvey, as a pert maid, was paralysed by the news that the instructions for removal from a Putney villa had been cancelled. "Thinking we was movin" said she, horror-struck, "I've just been and told the girl next door just what I think of 'er."

I cannot help feeling that some managers make a considerable mistake in the way of under-rating the intelligence of their audiences. In this particular case, I understand that the management of the Embassy had before them an offer from Mr. Jack de Leon, of the Q Theatre, of the reversion of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Nancy Price in the cast (I have already expressed my high opinion of this production) but it was refused, in favour, presumably, of this rather lamentable stuff. There is no accounting for tastes.

Mr. Leslie Henson in "Funny Face," obviously an appropriate title for the new musical comedy at Princes.

The Eternal Henson.

"*Funny Face.*" *Music by George Gershwin.* (*Princes*).

When it comes to a matter of Mr. Leslie Henson, I hardly feel that anything in the way of criticism is necessary. From long experience, I have come to the conclusion that no musical play in which he appears could ever be a failure, and that about 99 per cent. of such productions are inevitably bound to be screaming successes.

Funny Face has a provocatively facetious title, yet if you can manage to penetrate into the inner fastnesses of the Princes Theatre (where the 24s. per stall was presumably only a first-night price) you will agree with me that it is justified, and more, by the deliciously devastating antics of Mr. Henson's own plastic countenance.

He is the only comedian I know of who can get drunk on the stage to our unalloyed delight; in his hands this primitive and out-moded jest takes on entirely new insignificances. He talks nonsense with an air, and when to his fellow-comedian Mr. Sidney Howard's toast of "King George for England!" he ripostes "King's Cross for Scotland!" we feel in our mesmerised bones that here we are in the presence of the wit of the century.

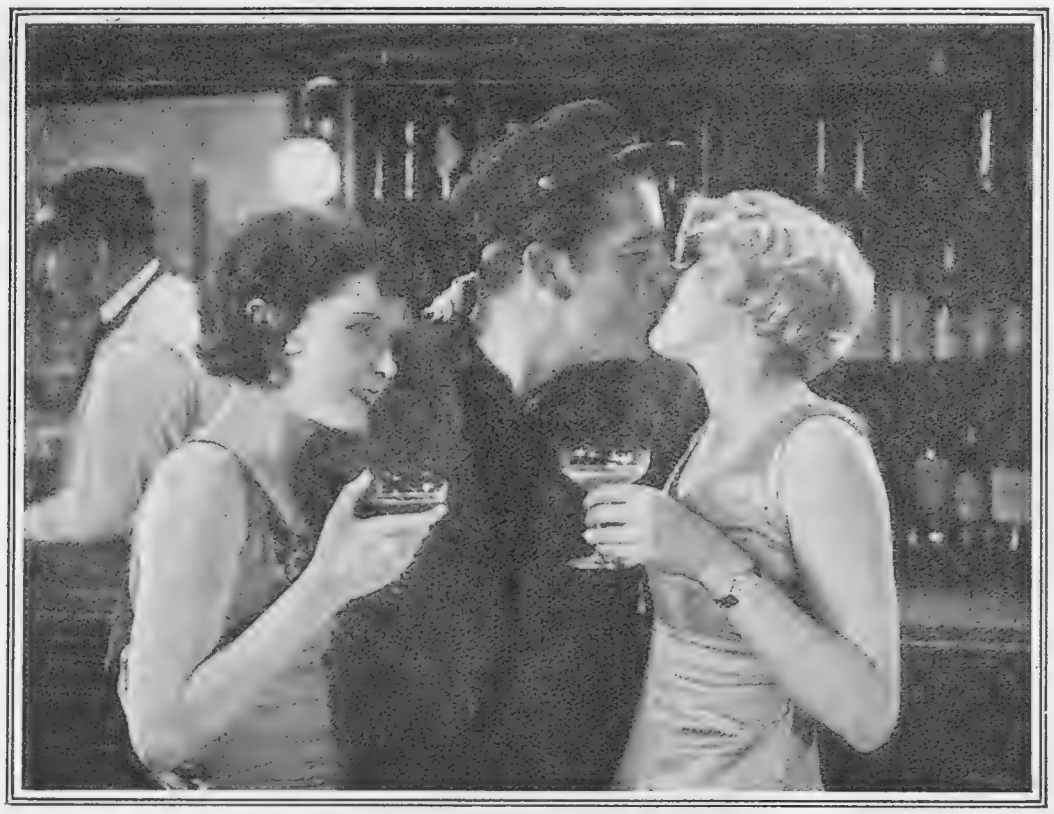
There are also in this show the Astaires, brother and sister, Adele and Fred. It is an accepted tradition that we should also admire them immensely. I don't. I think they are somewhat over-rated. They are light on their feet, but so are quite a number of English dancing couples. But, frankly, all that matters in *Funny Face* is Mr. Henson, and he is, I should say, always good for a run of about 100 nights anyway on his own.

A Drinkwater Sketch.

Making his variety debut at the Coliseum, with a sketch entitled "John Bull Calling," Mr. John Drinkwater has chosen the not too novel topic of a John Bull, ill in bed, being attended by doctors of different political opinions, and in spite of a cast including Mr. Charles Carson, Mr. Stanley Lathbury, Mr. Scott Sunderland and Mr. Frank Cochrane, it cannot be said that it proved more than moderately entertaining. A pert little "Miss Britannia" was its brightest feature.

A Charming Britannia: Miss Yvette Pienne in that character in Mr. Drinkwater's "John Bull Calling" at the Coliseum.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN



All the (more or less) nice girls love a sailor: The Captain's Son (Reed Howes) enjoys himself ashore in "Hell Ship Bronson."

PERSONALITY *on the* FILM *By* Maitland Davidson

Chinese Heroine in a British Picture.

"Show Life." British International Pictures. (Capitol.)

IT is so refreshing to find a British film on the screen at one of the leading London cinema theatres that one is almost inclined to overlook the fact that its heroine happens to be Chinese. The picture I refer to is "Show Life," made by British International Pictures.

I was prejudiced in favour of this picture, of course, from the first on account of its origin. Undoubtedly art is international, but at the same time one cannot escape the very human weakness of hoping that the very best art will prove to be that of one's own nation. I can't say exactly that this picture—which will be at the Capitol next week—is an absolute top-notcher or prize-baby in the way of screen art. But it certainly is a very interesting and even absorbing drama of its own more or less conventional kind; as screen conventions run, I mean. And, furthermore, by the outstanding performance of its "star" it is lifted a long way above its literal merits. Here for the first time taking a leading part, Miss Anna May Wong leaps instantly and electrically into the front rank of movie actresses.

Beauty and Individuality

This we ternised Chinese girl has a perfectly wonderful allurement, which is particularly engaging after the surfeit of ordinary £500 a week fluffy screen stars who appear to come of an all-Hollywood parentage. She possesses the kind of beauty that suggests mystery instead of powder-pots: a sly-ish beauty, and yet with that great breadth between the eyes which one associates with honesty, frankness, and the straight mind.

The story she appears in is not one of especial distinction, except that which she herself bestows on it. She is a poor Malay girl who lives all alone in a great harbour town—no location named—and wanders along the shore to pick up crabs and mussels and things for food. Some loafers of sorts try to collar her for their own purposes while she is on this pathetic quest, but the hero (Mr. Henry George) properly puts it across them and takes her along to his own little humble home.

Those Cabaret Artists.

He is, meanwhile, terribly in love with a cabaret artist, Gloria—they seem to insist on having those names in cabaret shows—and doesn't take any real notice of poor Wong, or Song, as they call her in this picture, in spite of the fact that she really has, as any spectator of the film could have told him, ever and ever so much more S.A. (the now standardised abbreviation—I think Elinor Glyn invented it—of Sex Appeal).

Well, he gets her to take part in his music hall turn as a human target—he throws knives all round her, just as the woman in the Quinteros' play "Fortunato," peppers bullets round its pitiable eponymous hero. She sticks to him like a faithful dog, but the Gloria woman turns up again and ensnares him once more. Money is needed, however, to keep the Glorias of the world going, so Jack—that's *his* name—tries to rob a train with a lot of money in it, but makes a mess of the affair, and only gets a lot of steam into his eyes from the engine instead, which temporarily blinds him.

Here Anna May gets her chance. She goes on as a turn on her own, and makes a *grand succes*, her idiot boy being quite content to believe that the large cheques come from Gloria. The secret being discovered at last, Jack goes to the Roof Garden where she is performing to enormous applause, and for some reason not altogether explained, catches her eye to such an embarrassing extent that she falls on to one of the swords round which she is dancing, and gets a mortal wound. Dying, when he has brought her home, she cries: "I'm so glad your eyes are better, Jack," and so the curtain falls.

On the whole, this is a notably good picture, on which I am glad to be able to congratulate this British enterprise.

Rough-stuff with a sea Tang.

"Hell Ship Bronson." W. & F. Picture. (Astoria)

By way of contrast to the subtly feminine allurements "featured" in this film, we get the apotheosis of masculine rough-stuff in "Hell Ship Bronson," which you will be able to see at the Astoria next week. Here again there is a predominant personality, that of Mr. Noah Beery, who plays the part of a brutal ship's captain with a verve, a zest, an ungallant gallantry that put goodness to shame and make the puling females of this picture who represent all that's right in the world seem rather tiresome little bores.

Watch this man of blood and iron—though with a weakness for chewing apples—as he knocks his crew over like ninepins, defies and quells a would-be mutiny, scornfully mocks a down-trodden wife, and, of course, visits the usual harbour "speak-easy," pushing aside all and sundry men who happen to stand in his path, and quaffing goblets of champagne with the decorative ladies provided by the management.

Personally, I like the first part of this film much better than its later developments, when Virtue and Mother begin to have the upper hand. For Ira Bronson's excellent but oh-so-dreary wife eventually gets round the son whom Ira had hitherto successfully trained to his own Gospel of Hate and Hard Knocks, and directly that occurs the faint strains of a Sunday-School harmonium steal over the mind, and the bottom falls out of the hearty hell-ship affair. Nevertheless, this is a film of character and individuality, and finely photographed.

Flying with Sir Alan.

"Round Africa With Cobham." Gaumont Picture

I have also just seen an extraordinarily interesting film called "Round Africa with Cobham," in which the celebrated Sir Alan takes us in his flying boat from Rochester down the East Coast of Africa to the Cape; and thence up the west coast homewards. It is a very good thing, and the routine of the journey is skilfully broken by interludes in which we meet native chiefs in war paint and ostrich features, and some adorably absurd African children.

PICTURES TO SEE NEXT WEEK.

ASTORIA.—"Hell Ship Bronson." (See this page.)
AVENUE PAVILION.—"Tartuffe."
CAPITOL.—"Show Life." (See this page.)
MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.—"The Trail of '98."
NEW GALLERY.—"The Red Dancer."
STOLL.—Nov. 19—21: "Tempest" (John Barrymore and Louis Wolheim); Nov. 22—24: "Sailors Don't Care," Estelle Brody).
RIALTO.—"The Melody of Love," Movietone "Talkies."

"A new world of entrancing interest for children and their elders."

A Musical Revelation—through

THE NEW PICTURE 'PIANOLA

Alice - - - Just look at this, Mummy, and this; isn't it perfect! Puck and the mountains and the woods, and the silly men who ran after and couldn't catch him, tumbling all over the place.

Len - - - And this! The beasts hunting the men; look at that fat chap running for all he's worth.

Mother - - It's wonderful, isn't it dears? Have you seen these, Uncle Jack?

Uncle Jack - Ah, is this the new Picture 'Pianola'? Martin was telling me about it. He says they've got Chopin, Debussy, Ravel, and a lot of the new men one knows so little about.

Mother - - Yes, indeed. Then there's the life of Wagner.

Uncle Jack - Wagner? That's a large order—easy to go wrong there.

Father - - Yes, but the right man is doing it. Wagner's son, Siegfried Wagner himself; so there's not much room for error. This book tells all about it.

Uncle Jack - By Jove, they *have* organised it. May I look?

Father - - Send a post card to the Aeolian Hall; they'll send you one for yourself. And, take my tip, just go in and see one of their Picture 'Pianola' Recitals; that will tell you the whole thing.

An extract from one of the many letters received by the Aeolian Company. The testimony of this letter opens a new and vitally important line of thought for the parent who appreciates the value of music and rhythm for the young.

I want to express to you our gratefulness for your part in bringing to us our 'AudioGraphic' Piano.

Our evenings together are enriched by real music, and I feel the boys now have begun to develop a discriminating taste for real music.

This of course means to me more than I can express, and my husband joins me in this letter of thanks to you.

"Born and bred in a Briar Patch."
FROM MACDOWELL'S "BRER RABBIT."
Music by Edward MacDowell. Played by Caroline Cone Baldwin. Story written by Percy A. Scholes.

"The children go to sleep and the little sand man creeps away."
FROM THE FAIRY OPERA "HANSEL & GRETEL."
Music by Engelbert Humperdinck. Played by Robert Armbruster. Story written by Percy A. Scholes.

"The happy procession wends along to the place of merry-making."
FROM GRIEG'S "NORWEGIAN BRIDAL PROCESSION."
Music by Edvard Grieg. Played by Rudolph Ganz. Story written by Ernest Fowles.

"Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down, through bog, through brake, through briar."
FROM GRIEG'S "PUCK."
Music by Edvard Grieg. Played by Arthur de Greef. Story written by G. Kirkham Jones.

"The feeling of happiness, with a cry of the soul became a feeling of gratitude."
FROM LISZT'S "GOD'S BENEDICTION IN SOLITUDE."
Music by Liszt. Played by Siloti. Story written by Percy A. Scholes.

The Picture 'Pianola' opens the gates of a new world

of entrancing interest; for the children a host of new play-fellows, for their elders a band of new comrades.

'AudioGraphic' Music is probably one of the most remarkable contributions to musical enjoyment that has been made in recent years.

Composers, pianists, conductors, writers, all those whose life's work has been toward the popularisation of music—to make music more beloved and better understood—have welcomed 'AudioGraphic' Music as one of the most powerful helpers that they have ever had.

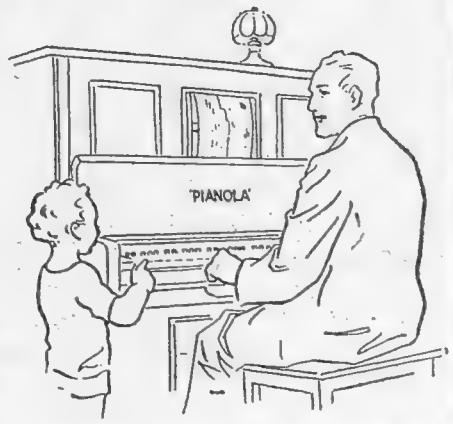
YOU CAN PURCHASE
THE PICTURE 'PIANOLA'

including the use of the vast Aeolian libraries of Music Rolls in the easiest possible manner. Under the new Aeolian scheme of payments out of income, you need pay

NO DEPOSIT

FULL VALUE WILL BE ALLOWED FOR YOUR PRESENT PIANO AND A MATTER OF SHILLINGS PER WEEK COMPLETES PURCHASE.

Call and see the 'AudioGraphic' Picture 'Pianola' at the Aeolian Hall, any afternoon, at our 'Pianola' Recitals, or write to-day for New Illustrated Booklet J.E.3 which tells you all about 'AudioGraphic' Music and the Picture 'Pianola.'



"As you play, so the story is unfolded before your eyes."

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY LTD.
Aeolian Hall, 131-137 New Bond Street, W.1

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

TRAFFIC SIGNALLING

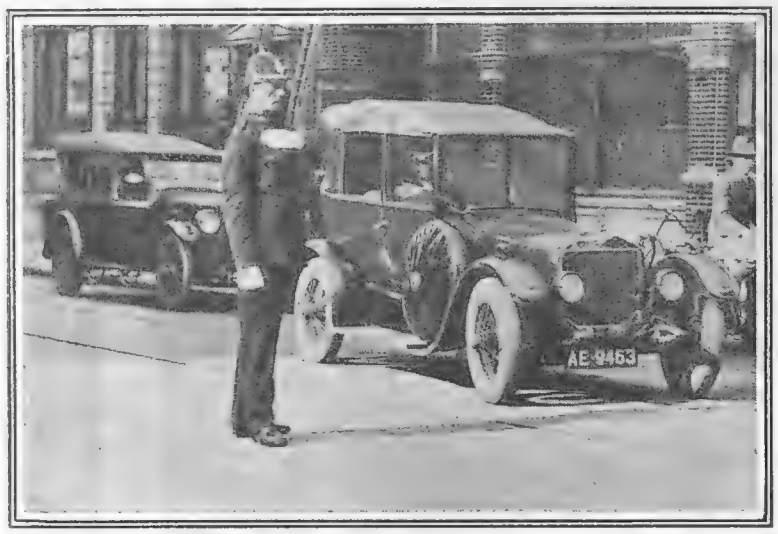
By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

Lighting-up Time, Sunday, November 18.

London	4 38 *p.m.*
Manchester	4 40 *p.m.*
Glasgow	4 37 *p.m.*
Plymouth	5 0 *p.m.*

Physical Jerks to Disappear.

IT appears to be generally recognised that traffic conditions have reached a stage at which some more certain methods of signalling than that which is usually performed by hand is essential. Whether mechanical indicators will ever be compulsory in Britain, as they are already in certain countries on the Continent it is difficult to say; but something in the nature of a controversy is raging as to the respective merits of electrical and mechanical devices. Since in this country we have become accustomed to the use of the driver's hand, it seems probable that a duplication of this method by mechanical means is most likely to be effective, and there are several devices on the market, operated by various means which extend either a metal "hand" or an arrow to indicate the intentions of the driver.



The Bristol Traffic Signal: Helping the Point Duty Police.

One which was exhibited at Olympia, and seems to meet the requirements as well as any, is the Bristol. This took the form of a shaped hand, carrying a small reflex lamp for night use, mounted on a bracket at the right hand side of the windscreen. It was operated through the medium of Bowden wires, so that there is no likelihood of the controlling mechanism failing without the driver's knowledge, and it is equally useful to indicate to following traffic or to the point duty policeman the direction in which it is intended to proceed. The principal advantage of such a device appears to be that it performs with unfailing perfection the signals which we have learned to understand.

Some of the gadgets which have been introduced from time to time involve the learning of a new code of signals, and while they may be perfectly efficient from the mechanical and electrical point of view, tend rather to confuse than to assist traffic which is composed very largely of beginners who are not too sure of themselves. Since "hand wagging" is so liable to be carelessly performed, or neglected altogether it is desirable that a uniform device should be fitted to, and used on, every car.

The Scottish Motor Show.

WHILE the Scottish Motor Show is generally regarded as a duplication of the Olympia Exhibition, at which the northern agents display models which have already been seen at Olympia, there is often much of interest to be seen that has not been publicly exhibited before. Also, manufacturers themselves consider the Scottish show of sufficient importance for a direct display, even though their models may be seen additionally on several agents' stands. No fewer than sixteen car manufacturers and importers are represented among the exhibitors this year, among them being the Daimler Company, General Motors, Leyland, Vauxhall, Bean, Citroën, Standard, Clement-Talbot, Humber, Beardmore, and Dodge. And, last but not least, Scotland's only motor car manufacturing firm, the Arrol-Aster Company.

The show opened last Friday, and closes tomorrow night, and has had a most successful run. Its interest is even more comprehensive than that of Olympia, since the "heavy" side of the motor industry is represented as well as the private car, coach building, accessory, tyre, fuel and oil sections. The Scottish Motor Trade Association, the organisers of the show, are to be heartily congratulated not only upon the success of the exhibition, but upon the efficiency of the organisation which was so considerable a factor in the achievement of that success.

Scotland's Motor Car.

CONSIDERABLE pride is taken in North Britain in the Arrol-Aster, which is not only the solitary Scottish-made car, but is the only British vehicle with a single sleeve valve engine. Thoroughly up to date, the makers list two models, a light six of 17-50 h.p., and a straight eight of 23-70 h.p., and several examples of each, with various kinds of coachwork, are displayed. Those who are interested in the mechanical side of the motor car—and it is to be presumed that there are still some motorists who do not let carriage comfort overshadow the importance of engineering efficiency—would do well to study the operation of this engine, and in particular the almost uncanny functioning of the camshaft which operates the valve sleeves. As an example of ingenuity it would be difficult to find the equal of this single sleeve system—which, incidentally, is not so new that one is unable to find records of its durability and efficiency.

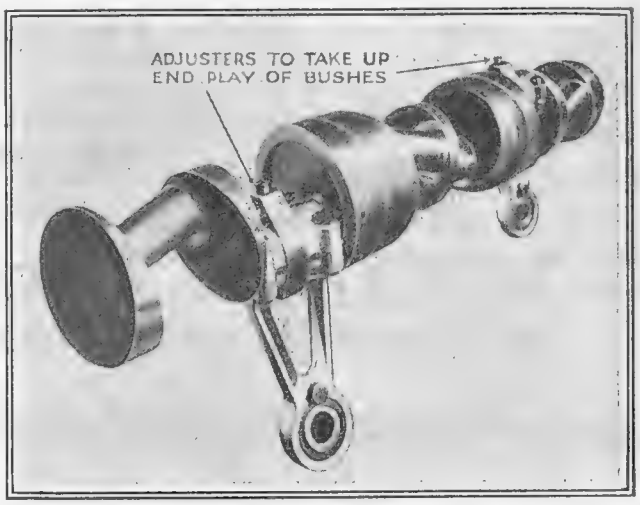
The Sunshine Road.

SO many correspondents have written asking for more complete details as to a journey to the South of France than it has been possible to give in the various references that have been made to Monte Carlo, in connection with the forthcoming Rally, that a few further words of advice may be appreciated. In the first place, then, do not attempt to cross the Channel except under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association. It is possible to go unaided, but the fulfilling of the various formalities would deprive the trip of every vestige of pleasure. Put yourself in the hands of either of these organisations, and you will see nothing of any formalities.

On the other side, the tourist is met by a representative who attends to the documents, procures *essence*, and generally speeds the traveller on his way in a remarkably short space of time. The first step, then, is to join the R.A.C. or A.A., the second to notify the chosen organisation of the date of the projected crossing, giving plenty of notice on account of the limited accommodation for motor cars on the Channel steamers, and the third to place one's self unreservedly in the hands of the club or association. Routes will be provided, advice given as to the best maps to purchase, and the whole business of the crossing undertaken.

The cost of taking a car to France deters many people from making the trip, and undoubtedly it is difficult to justify the rates charged except on the grounds that the railway companies do not really want our custom! A laudable effort was made last season to institute a very much cheaper service, and it is understood that motorists patronised it with almost embarrassing celerity. The freight is generally based on the dimensions of the car, and if the wheelbase happens to be just an inch over the specified length at a certain charge—well, one is unlucky!

So far as the Customs duties are concerned, this is all undertaken by the motoring organisation. A sum of £50 has to be furnished as a deposit, and the remainder of the duty covered either by a banker's guarantee, or by an insurance which can be taken out for quite a small fee. The £50, of course, is returnable when the car re-enters England. It is merely a precaution taken by the Customs people against the possible sale of the car abroad, when the full import duty would naturally have to be paid.



An uncanny valve shaft. Fitted to the Arrol-Aster single sleeve valve engine.

Improving Continental Conditions.

So far as the cost of motoring in France is concerned, against the slightly higher cost of petrol and oil has to be set the fact that hotel accommodation is rather less expensive, at least in the provinces. There is not very much in it, in any case. Conditions are rapidly becoming even better than at home, especially in the case of the *routes nationales*, and it is now possible to motor right through to the Riviera without encountering a single patch of pavé, except in the towns, or any road that may not be described as first class. Mostly the surfaces are almost perfect, and the roads are so straight, hedgeless, and unbroken by blind side turnings that high speed can be maintained for hour after hour, and surprisingly great mileages put up in the day. The run down to Monte Carlo, a matter of 800 miles from London, can be easily accomplished in four days, without spending too long on the road each day; it can be done quite comfortably in three days by those who are a trifle more enthusiastic.

THE difficulty of accustoming one's self to driving on the right is quite imaginary, the only danger being that as the roads are so unfrequented, when another car is met, in the early stages of the tour, forgetfulness may cause the driver to bear to the left. Just at first, therefore, it is well to tell the other occupants of the car to shout, "Keep to the RIGHT" on such occasions; but it is unlikely that any real difficulty will be experienced. In towns, of which there are few of any consequence on this particular road, there is no difficulty at all, since the other traffic is setting the necessary example.

THERE is one large town on the road—Paris—but this may easily be avoided, if, at Pontoise, the direction for Versailles instead of Paris is sought. From Versailles, one makes for Fontainebleau, and continues south on the great highway through Sens, Auxerre, Chalons-sur-Saône, Lyon, Avignon, Fréjus and Cannes to Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton—where you will. There are, of course, several routes to the south, although this is the most direct and the easiest for the stranger to follow.

If time is no object, a much more beautiful road lies to the eastward, among the foothills of the Alps. But all this sort of thing can be settled in consultation with the very efficient touring departments of one's motoring organisation—and it is worth while to adhere rigidly to their advice in regard to hotels. A great deal is said and written of the excellence of French country hotels in comparison with our own, but the average British tourist is unlikely to find the accommodation at all to his liking. In the larger towns the hotels are beyond criticism, and at times even in the country one finds the most amazingly modern and well-equipped hostelries, but it isn't safe to trust to luck.

Cost of Transport.

JUST a few concrete details as to cost of transport. By the Dover-Calais or Folkestone-Boulogne route, the charge would be £3 15s. each way for an Austin Seven or a Morris Minor; £4 15s. for a Morris Cowley or Oxford; £6 10s. for an Austin Twelve or Hillman; £8 10s. for a two litre Crossley or 16-50 h.p. Humber, and £10 for any car the wheelbase of which exceeds 10 feet 6 inches.

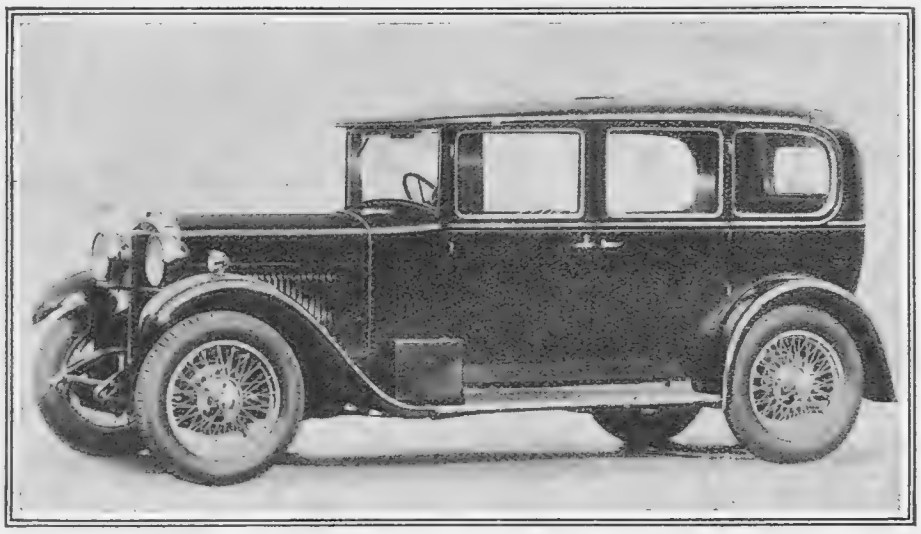
On the Newhaven-Dieppe route the charges are slightly lower, though only for cars exceeding 9 feet 6 inches—such as the Crossley and Humber mentioned above, and all larger vehicles. And, finally, by the Townsend service, opened last July, in each case the return fare is the same as the single fare quoted above. Motor cycles, it may be mentioned, cost £1; with sidecars, £2; and three-wheeled cars, £3; single in the case of the railway company's service and return in that of Townsend Brothers.

An Efficient Lighting Gadget.

IN passing, it is worth while to remember that in France some form of dipping device is almost essential, since the law is very strict on the subject of dazzle. Headlamps must be dimmed, dipped or extinguished on meeting nother vehicle, and as on the long, straight stretches this "other vehicle" is visible for many kilometres ahead, it is frequently necessary to do without the headlamps for quite protracted periods.

French motorists mostly use a spotlamp, arranged so that the action of switching off the headlamps automatically switches on the spotlight. This is quite sound and serviceable; but our system of dipping and deflecting headlamps is much better from the driving point of view, while completely satisfying French legal requirements. The latest arrangement of the Lucas system of dipping and deflecting reflectors, controlled electrically, is particularly pleasant and efficient to use. No effort is required, as with some of the earlier mechanically-operated dipping systems, and as the control is merely a small two-way switch, it can be fitted on the steering wheel itself, so that it is not necessary to move one's hand away from the wheel.

Trying Out The Hillman 14



OF all the moderate powered, relatively inexpensive family cars on the British market, probably the Hillman Fourteen is one of the best known. It is a roomy, comfortably-bodied and reliable vehicle which is economical to run, easy to drive, and especially designed with the needs of the owner driver in view.

Engine	*Four cylinder, 72 mm. by 120 mm.; 1954 c.c.*
Tax	£13
Brake h.p.	35.
Brakes	*Compensated four-wheel; easy adjustment.*
Gearbox	*Four speeds, right hand change; 5 to 1, 7·75 to 1, 12·8 to 1, and 19·9 to 1.*
Ignition	*Magneto.*
Clutch	*Single dry plate.*
Springs	*Semi-elliptic all round; four shock absorbers.*
Electric equipment	*12 volt Lucas.*
Price	*Safety saloon,* £375.

The engine is a four cylinder of dimensions involving a £13 tax, and while it is not perhaps super-efficient in regard to high revving capabilities, it performs its task smoothly and quietly, and is pleasant to handle. The top speed performance is quite good, although in order to obtain rapid acceleration it is necessary to drop into third gear. Since the gearbox control is easy, and calls for little special skill in order to execute a reasonably clean change up or down, this cannot be regarded as much of a hardship. The steering is excellently light and certain, and the brakes light to apply and positive in action.

Regarded simply as a motor carriage, the Hillman is a praiseworthy example of British practice. It is well upholstered, and the seating angles and so forth give remarkably good passenger comfort. Among the accessories which will be appreciated is the Lucas system of electrically controlled dipping and turning headlamp reflectors, the switch being fixed on the steering wheel itself.

In the case of the model tested, it was found that the length of the steering pillar was such that for a small woman driver it was impossible to adjust the sliding seat so that both arm and leg reach were suitable. With the seat right forward so that the pedals could be reached, the steering wheel lay in the driver's line of vision. This seems to be a simple matter to remedy by alteration of the steering gear—probably a greater rake and a shorter column would make the car equally suitable for a six-foot driver, or one of less than 5 ft. 2 in.

Apart from this small matter, the Hillman was found to be a car on which long runs could be accomplished quickly with a minimum of fatigue, and it is certainly fitted to take its place in the front rank of British family cars.

It is obvious that the Hillman Co. have an eye to Imperial business. Their new design of coachwork conforms with the growing demand to supply a vehicle of better appearance, more pleasing lines, and more fully equipped. From personal experience I can say that the Hillman Fourteen is a thoroughly reliable motor car.

Tray Method of Transport at Folkestone.

Flood Tactics.

FEBRUARY Fill-Dyke is the proper season for floods, and those who have already been subjected to inconvenience on this score have a just and proper grievance against the Clerk of the Weather, Jupiter Pluvius—or the local authorities who year after year make no provision to carry off surplus water from essential roads. The Thames Embankment has at last been put in order at the points where floods caused tragedy scarcely twelve months ago, but smaller rivers on the outskirts of the Metropolis, which last year overflowed their banks, will do so again if they have the slightest provocation, for all that the local councils have done to prevent it.

The main point, however, is to learn the best way to handle a car in order to pass safely through deep water, and to learn what is the maximum depth which can be negotiated with a given car. To take the last point first, the exact depth is governed by the height from the ground of the lowest vulnerable point in the car's mechanism. Obviously, if the magneto or carburetter is under water, it is unlikely that the engine will continue to function. Even though the body of the carburetter is not submerged, it is possible that the air intake is sufficiently near the surface for water to be drawn in with the air.

In most cases the components mentioned are quite a reasonable distance from the ground, however, and if the continued progress of the car depended upon these factors only we should not suffer from much inconvenience. But there is another point which few people consider in relation to the negotiation of water splashes—the exhaust pipe. Ju t try, when the engine is running, stopping up the outlet with a thick rag. The engine stops almost at once, and so it does if the tail pipe is under water. On many cars this pipe is almost the lowest part of the chassis, and if a case arose where it was positively essential to pass through flood water which would submerge the pipe, it would be possible to proceed by attaching a length of hose or other piping and carrying the outlet above the danger level.

It is well, therefore, to examine one's own car with these ideas in view. Discover the exact height of the lowest vulnerable point, and then one always knows for certain just what depth of water can be taken in safety. There is an art in travelling through water, however, and taken the right way a much deeper splash can be forded. It is unwise to plunge wildly into the water, of course; but it is almost equally dangerous to drop into bottom gear and crawl through with the engine revving fast. Since a comparatively low road speed is advisable, it is usually better to drop into third, or second with a three-speed gear box, and to take the crossing slowly and calmly. The engine will then be merely ticking over, so that if the lower half of the flywheel does happen to be under water, it does not splash the magneto and carburetter, while the lower gear will give plenty of power if a hidden obs acle is in the path of the car.

The penalty of becoming stalled in a water splash is not so terrible as many people imagine. The car probably has to be towed to dry land, but if the submersion of the exhaust pipe was the only cause of the engine stoppage it will run again without further attention. Probably water may also have penetrated into the contact breaker case on the magneto, but that is easily wiped dry. The process of drying out the carburetter is rather more toilsome, and generally involves removing the instrument completely from the engine.

The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce will be pleased to advise readers on any subject connected with motors or motoring. Enquiries should be addressed to them, c/o "Britannia," and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

"TAKE UP PELMANISM"

Sir John Foster Fraser's Appeal—How to Kill Depression and Morbid Thoughts.

SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER, F.R.G.S., the well-known author and special correspondent, is a great believer in the value of Pelmanism.

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Boredom		Restlessness
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—Optimism	—Organising Power	—Tact
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—Judgment	—Forcefulness	—Driving Force
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Gordon Richards.

By "BLACKFRIAR"

"IN this life we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

I am reminded of Thomas Gradgrind's philosophy when I read some of the arguments advanced by opponents of the "Tote," and the entire disregard of actual facts which they often display. Even so, I was surprised the other day to read an article by Edgar Wallace in which the famous writer said, "There are quite a number of poor scare-cats . . . who really believe that the Turf would be improved if the human bookmaker who charges 1 per cent. were replaced by a machine which charges 10."

Now Mr. Wallace has always been an outspoken critic of the "Tote." He does not want to see it introduced into England, because he considers it will be harmful to the sport he loves so well, but when he publishes such an obvious distortion of the truth I can only think his dictaphone is playing him tricks.

On the face of it such an inference is absurd. The 1 per cent. referred to, of course, represents the Government tax. So our friend the bookmaker makes his daily trips to the racecourse, paying the railway fares, admission charges and other expenses for himself and one or two assistants for the sole purpose of taking certain backers' money and passing it all on to winning backers less the 1 per cent. which in duty bound he sends along to Mr. Winston Churchill. Unfortunately every one realises that bookmakers are keen business men, not philanthropists, and statements like these do more harm to the cause their creators would serve than if they remained silent.

Hitting the "Little" Man.

That the Totalisator has certain disadvantages even its advocates will agree. For one thing it is bound to hit course bookmakers very hard, and will surely lead to the extinction of all the "little" men and their satellites, thereby increasing the unemployed army. Few great reforms have been introduced without hurting some people, however, and when such reforms have been for the good of the majority the infliction of hardship on a small section has been justified.

But this minority will not feel the pinch yet awhile. It is more than likely, I hear, that the proposal to institute the Pari-Mutuel as a temporary measure will be scrapped, the Betting Control Board having been converted to the view that the Totalisator is the only possible alternative to the prevailing system.

As the smallest of these machines, which can be built, I believe, at a cost of £5,000, cannot be erected under six months it is a reasonable assumption that "the old firm" will still be in sole command of the field when next year's Derby is run.

Lack of a definite policy seems to be handicapping the whole affair. There appears to be no one capable of putting his hand to the task and carrying it through to the desired end. The difficulties facing the Control Board, of course, are manifold. Apart from the general ignorance of the system and the natural antagonism of the bookmakers, some of the racecourse companies are adopting an attitude of apathy towards the change, largely because they have been given to understand, I believe, that the only pecuniary advantages they can expect from it will be the very problematical one of increased attendances.

Photo: W. A. Rouch

The late Mr. P. P. Gilpin, trainer of Pretty Polly, Spearmint, Spion Kop and three Cesarewitch winners.

The Late P. P. Gilpin.

No trainer of the present day has had so many brilliant equine performers through his hands as the late Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin, whose death occurred in Ireland last week after a long illness. During a career on the Turf of over 30 years he achieved many notable triumphs, but, of course, his chief claim to fame was as the trainer of that wonderful mare Pretty Polly, whose solitary defeat in England—by Bachelor's Button in the Ascot Gold Cup of 1906—was regarded at the time as a national tragedy. It is a moot point whether she or Sceptre was the greater mare; but if judged purely from the standpoint of popularity there is little doubt the verdict would be for the heroine of Clarehaven Lodge.

It falls to the lot of few trainers to have a Derby winner in their stable; which makes it all the more remarkable that in each of the years that Gilpin won the race—in 1906 and 1920, he had in his charge another three-year-old probably also good enough to gain the Epsom classic. As a matter of fact, Spearmint was only a substitute at Epsom. The hopes of the stable had been centred in Sir Daniel Cooper's filly, Flair, who had easily won the One Thousand Guineas. But her breakdown a few weeks before the race gave Spearmint the chance to achieve world fame, and he proved a really good winner.

Follow "Blackfriar."

"Blackfriar's" winners last week-end included Wall of China (5 to 1 against); Rolie (4 to 1 against); and Sargo (6 to 4 against).

When Spion Kop won in 1920, a stable-mate of his was Comrade, who was surely one of the biggest bargains ever made on the Turf. Purchased originally for 25 guineas, he was unbeaten as a juvenile, and after Spion Kop's success at Epsom, was sent over to France to win the Grand Prix in the colours of M. de St. Alary. Comrade was not entered for the Derby, but Gilpin always maintained that had circumstances permitted, he would have been good enough to win in Spion Kop's stead.

Lord Derby's Luck Out.

It is a great pity the weather was not kinder last week. It largely spoilt what would have been a great four-days' racing at Aintree. Except for Wednesday, fog was in evidence each day, and on Friday, when the Autumn Cup was run, it was only possible to see the starts and finishes of the various events. Many of the favourites seemed to lose their way in the fog, and the result was that, on the whole, the bookmakers had the better of the argument. The numerous followers of Lord Derby's colours had a very bad time of it, for not once did Stanley House provide a winner—a rare circumstance at Aintree.

Sans Changer's failure in the Cup was a big enough disappointment, but an even heavier blow was the defeat of Cap-a-Pie in the Lancashire Handicap. The stable had banked on his victory above all others, but he ran up against a better horse at the weights in Blackness. The margin of victory was not a big one, yet there can be no question that Mr. Gerald Deane's mare won very comfortably.

The Manton folk were more hopeful than confident about her chance. Her main objective was to be the Derby Cup; but it was felt that as she had not done much work for some time, a race was just the thing needed to bring her up to concert pitch.

Derby Cup Chance Gone?

Seeing that she has earned a ten-pounds penalty by that success, it would seem that her chance of winning the Derby Cup again has vanished. That, however, is not the view of Manton, who believe that the benefit she derived from her Liverpool race will offset the disadvantage of the penalty. All the same, I shall look to Cap-a-Pie to turn the tables on her this afternoon. Incidentally, this will be the last appearance of Blackness on a racecourse. She goes to the stud afterwards.

It is rather surprising to see that Mrs. Drummond has withdrawn the well-handicapped Royal Falcon in favour of Ox and Ass. The latter will need to make tremendous improvement on his running in the Free Handicap to hold any chance.

Like the Cambridgeshire, the Derby Cup usually is won by one of the younger brigade; but I cannot get away from the excellent chance seven-year-old

KNUD

holds. This Yorkshire-trained candidate has not been seen out since easily beating Burnside and seven others over a similar distance at Doncaster in May, and earlier he had run fourth in the Chester Cup, Blackness, giving 17 lb., being among those behind him. If Pollock

has got him at his best—and I know he has been in strong work lately—Knud, with only 7 stone to shoulder, looks a most attractive "each-way" investment.

Rimell's Achievements.

Reverting to events at Liverpool, I must tender a word of congratulation to T. Rimell, the Kinnersley trainer, who not only turned

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Syntony's owner.

out the winner of the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, but saw his own horse Rolie virtually run away with the November Handicap Hurdle, while Promptitude, whom he trains for the Scottish sportsman, Mr. J. D. Robertson, came within an ace of lifting the Autumn Cup. That is an achievement of which Rimell, who has been training only a very short while, can be justifiably proud.

It was only the more powerful finish of Fox on Plantago that turned the scale against Promptitude in the cup. In saying that, I do not wish to disparage the efforts of the younger Rimell, who really rode an excellent race. This good-looking, unassuming boy has made great strides in the saddle this season.

Sans Changer ran only moderately well. When we first caught sight of the runners about a quarter of a mile out, he was well enough placed, but when the final pressure came, he could not pull out the extra pace. The much-expected Irish horse Athford, cracked about the same time; the Mail Fist, as in the Cambridgeshire, ran well throughout without being quite good enough. It seems to me that this useful horse would be better suited to a mile course. Mr. Boyd Davis seemed particularly confident that Dark Lantern II would win. "He is as good as past the post," he said to a friend of mine. The market soon got wind of his optimism, and the price shrank in accordance, but W. Balding tried to make all the running on the top weight and failed lamentably. It was a very tired Dark Lantern that came in at the tail end of his field.

Grand Sefton Finish.

History reveals that few "Sefton" winners have achieved Grand National fame, but in Skun Prince, who beat May King and Rampant in as thrilling a finish as one could wish to see, Rimell trains a 'chaser that may develop into a winner of the most famous steeplechase in the world. He is still young as 'chasers go, being only a seven-year-old, and if he does not possess much speed, he is a fine bold jumper. He belongs to the Warwickshire sportsman, Colonel P. D. Stewart, whose colours he carried to victory several times last season, but the "Sefton" is by far the biggest thing he has accomplished.

On the whole, the 'chasers seen out at the meeting were hardly up to the usual Aintree standard—a point which was emphasised when the six-year-old Overdraft, who was running in selling plates last season, easily beat the deteriorated Ruddyglow and nine others for the Valentine Steeplechase on Friday. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the race was that all but one of the runners completed the course—a tribute to the skill of their amateur riders who could not have had a very clear view of the obstacles owing to the fog that prevailed. Mr. R. Bennett, who rode the winner, had had only one mount at Aintree previous to his success.

Should Tubed Horses Compete?

A point that struck me was the large number of horses—jumpers as well as flat-racers—who were tubed. The practice seems to be on the increase, which I think is regrettable. It is our proud boast—with how much justification I am not prepared to say—that we carry on this great business of racing largely for the benefit of the breeding industry. It follows then that all the horses that are raced should at least be sound in wind and limb. They do not allow tubed horses to run in France; why then should we? This is another reform that the Jockey Club might well institute, and having regard to the fact that these horses can have little or no value for breeding or export purposes this should be sufficient justification for such a move on the part of a body that stands for all that is good and proper in racing.

The Starter's Powers.

One of the unluckiest losers at Liverpool was Fleeting Memory. Made favourite for the Stewards Handicap, he was the chief victim of one of Mr. Firth's worse starts. How good a thing he would have been had he got off with the rest was proved when he failed by only a neck to catch Early Summer who made the best use of the advantage she was fortunate to gain at the start.

I think it is time the starter was empowered to recall a field when he realises he has made an unfair despatch. Incidents like these, where the public see their money lost at the start, do more harm to racing from the turnstile standard than some of the other so-called evils.

Syntony's Improvement.

Another horse who lost his race at the start was Lucky Tor, who was beaten by a short head by Syntony, for the Grosvenor Cup. In this case, however, it was the horse's own fault, for he repeatedly refused to face the tapes and was finally last away. He made up the lost ground and was able to take the lead about a furlong from the post, but the effort had taken so much out of him that he was unable to withstand the challenge which Harry Wragg delivered soon after.

Syntony is unquestionably one of the most improved fillies in training. As a juvenile she could not win a modest selling plate. Yet this season she has won half a dozen races in good class company. Her success is only another example of the remarkable luck which has dogged Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen this season, and which touched its zenith, of course, when Felstead won the Derby.

"Crack" Juveniles at Hurst Park.

In the few years it has been in existence the Great Two-Year-Old Stakes at Hurst Park has been won by some good horses, like Diomedes, Bella Minna and Guards' Parade, but I doubt whether the race has ever held out such promise as that in prospect to-morrow. If Reedsmouth (or Mr. Jinks), Totalisator, Grand Terrace, Brienz, Beachcomber, Arabella and Welcome Gift are seen in opposition we should have one of the most illuminating two-year-old contests of the season. Particularly interesting to me will be the display of Grand Terrace. I am still far from convinced that he beat Reedsmouth and Arabella on merit in the Middle Park Stakes.

If Totalisator is deputed to run for Beckhampton he may justify the hopes that have been centred in him. He should at least improve on his performance at Newmarket where "greenness" obviously handicapped him.

The very consistent Welcome Gift will doubtless be started, but in spite of his many wins he lacks class, while Beachcomber may also fail for the same reason. It seems to me that the most probable outcome is a victory for the Chattis Hill stable, whether Reedsmouth or Mr. Jinks is the one chosen to represent them. In any case the race should give us some valuable pointers to next season's "Classics."

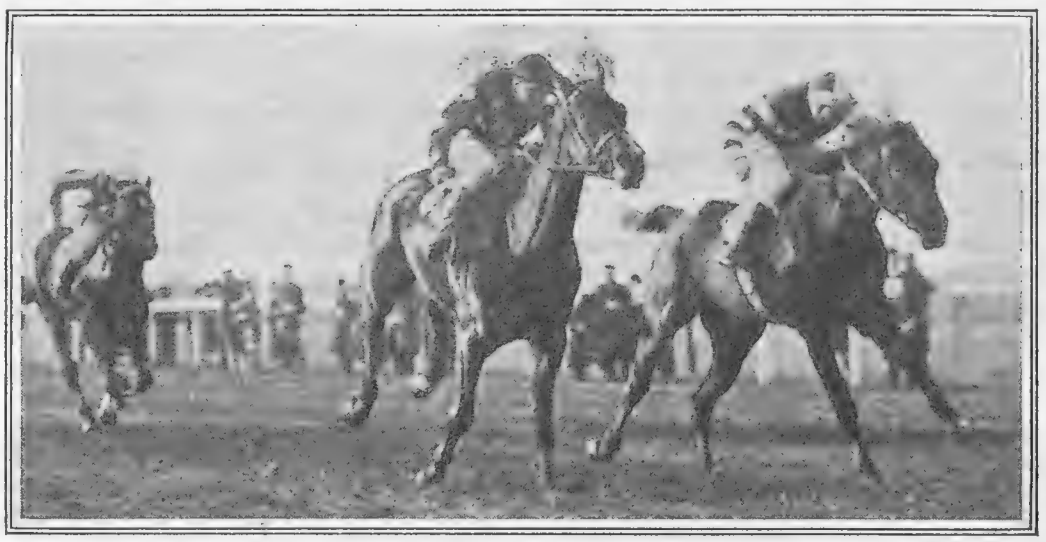
Week-end Selections.

DERBY, FRIDAY.

Stainsby S. Plate.—Pedlar.
Drakelow S. Plate.—Pure Fur.
Friary Nursery Plate.—Cherry Picker.
Derby Cup.—Knud (each way).
Chaddesden Plate.—Bachelor's Vow.
Quarndon Mdn. Plate.—Treasure Island.

HURST PARK.—SATURDAY.

Petersham S. Plate.—Philanthropy.
Mitre S. Plate.—Scroll.
Sheen Plate.—Alan Malone.
Great Two-Year-Old Stakes.—Persse's Selected.
Autumn Plate.—Tiber.
Syon Plate.—Somer Moone.



Silver Spoon (winner) fighting out the finish with Mittagong of the Lord Mayor's Handicap at Windsor.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

CONCEITED COMMITTEES

By Gerard Fairlie

LAST week I had a tilt at those who play the game so slowly that they are a positive nuisance to golfers. Pursuing my announced intention of criticising the various things which have cropped up during the recently completed season, I have a word to say this week on a matter scarcely less important. It affects the pleasure of the average golfer just as much as the pleasure taken in the game by the tiger. I am referring to this stupid question of yardage.

In a moment of temporary insanity St. Andrews decreed that it would fix a scratch score for every course in the land, thereby hoping to gain some measure of uniformity in handicapping. This scratch score was ascertained chiefly from the lineal measurement of the course.

The thirteenth at Addington ; an ideal one-shot hole.

There have been two results from this monstrous mistake. In the first place no uniformity of handicapping has been achieved ; scratch players from the Puny Puddle Golf Club continue to be annihilated by scratch players from any first class club. Yet these men will continue to be rated at scratch at Puny Puddle until the cows come home, for this is a form of conceit to which all classes of men are peculiarly prone, and this conceit is responsible for the scandal of overstretched links as well.

The Full Shot Cult.

In order to be able to say that the scratch score of the course is fixed by St. Andrews at, say, seventy-seven (which sounds quite reasonable) some local committees are prepared to go to almost any lengths in order to find a yard or two more here and there. They don't seem to realise that a hole which was laid out as a one-shot hole loses its character entirely if made into a drive and a pitch. They don't seem to have the intelligence to see that if they only left the holes alone, to be played as intended by the course architect, they would present more difficulties, since each shot would have to be played properly, than mere length can ever hope to present in these days of highly perfected golf balls. The crux of the matter is that they are terrified that some tiger will come along and " make the course look foolish " by breaking seventy ; they never stop to think that by putting into use a ridiculously far back tee they are probably placing a bunker out of reach and thus making this dreaded possibility even more likely.

Championship Courses.

Presumably they think that a long course is a good one. In this belief they could not possibly be more mistaken. A good course is a course which presents difficult and interesting shots of all varieties, with perhaps a couple of long holes thrown in as a sop to the big hitters.

A member of a certain club committee, who was defending to me the action of this committee in extending its course for an open meeting beyond all reason, remarked airily that anyway the championship courses were always extended for the championships. It is true that they are, but the factor which my friend omitted to remember when putting forward this argument is that these courses are so built that they can stand the extension ; in other words the reason why they are extended is that it is desired to make them more difficult, not merely longer. No bunkers meant for an erring tee-shot are placed out of reach, to make my meaning more clear. The club to which this gentleman belongs has a course which is definitely more easy when extended because on these occasions one may swipe into the blue from nearly every tee with no fear of punishment should one fail to keep the correct line, whereas off the normal tees all drives must be very carefully steered indeed if the flanking bunkers are to be avoided.

I should like to see these scratch scores for courses, as fixed by St. Andrews, duly unfixed by that august body. They have given such a marvellous chance to the small minded and conceited among club committees to ruin the game for most of the players, golfers at any rate who take an intelligent interest in the course on which they are playing.

And if only they would realise it, quite a few of these committees have really first class courses except on competition days.

A Good Hole.

The thirteenth hole on the Old Course at Addington must be one of the best one-shot holes in the country. The illustration to this paragraph gives a very good idea of it as seen from the tee, and it will readily be realised that to reach the green requires a very accurate shot indeed.

I have seen this hole played very often, but only in two ways successfully. Some people—the more skilful—play a high drifting shot which starts on the right hand edge of the left hand bunker and comes in a little to pitch on the centre of the green, where the gentle slope will help to prevent the ball from running too far. Others, less tigerish, aim for the bank on the right of the green and, having hit the ball, kneel down and pray. If luck is with them the ball will take the slope and run on down to the green, probably somewhere pretty near the hole ; but there are all sorts of things which may prevent it. A kick to the right, an unlucky pitch against too fierce a portion of the slope, both would be fatal. And anything in the nature of a hook from the tee means the loss of the hole for certain.

There is no bunker to catch a topped drive, but there is a ravine which serves the purpose just as well.

To add to the beauty of the hole from the golfing point of view there is the beauty to the eye. Summer or winter it matters not, at any time of the year the spectacle presented from the tee is pleasing. The time has not yet come when all of us start gambolling in mud and stating that we are playing golf, but it will have soon and then those who have the opportunity to play on the Old Course at Addington should never miss it. The turf, all the year round, is wonderfully dry.

The Hare.

A friend of mine, having read my article of last week on the tortoise and the golf course, proceeded to ring me up at the first opportunity in order to congratulate me on the sentiments expressed. This was gratifying, since this friend is an experienced and very well known golfer. But he also reminded me, since we were speaking of tortoises, of the hare.

Israel Sidebottom no longer plays as much competitive golf as he used to, which is a pity, as his cheery personality is missed by all his friends. But if anybody is the hare, he is. Once, there happened to be a thirty-six hole competition on the same day at two of the clubs which he belonged to, clubs situated some twenty miles apart from each other. Sidebottom decided that he would compete in both. He did, playing first thirty-six holes on the one course, bicycling the intervening distance, and then playing thirty-six holes on the other. What is more, he won both competitions in good figures.

A little intensive practice of this description would do a lot of our modern players a whole world of good. I should like to see some of our slow players compelled to play at least three rounds in the day or not at all !

A Question of Aptitude.

C. M. Buchan, for years the brains of the Sunderland and Arsenal Association football teams, has signalised his retirement from football by winning the Middlesex amateur golf championship. This is no mean effort, for Middlesex is not one of the weaker counties.

The Professional Championship

By F. Gordon Lowe

D. Maskell's Victory.

THE third and deciding match for the Professional Championship of Great Britain and the Macleod Cup were won by D. Maskell, who defeated Charles Read, the holder, at Queen's Club last Saturday by 6—2, 6—3, 3—6, 6—3. Maskell, who started life as a ball-boy at Queen's, gave a pleasing exhibition of aggressive tennis and had few of those lapses which characterised his previous encounter with Read. It was probably Maskell's controlled speed which upset Read's usual steadiness.

In a poorish light the older man seemed to have difficulty in sighting the ball and his length was not too good; he was sending up short returns to Maskell's forehand which met with drastic punishment. Read perhaps intentionally played an ultra-defensive game all through; he was obviously waiting for Maskell either to win or lose a point since he could not win it himself. Read's failure to put the ball away on the few occasions on which he came up to the net proved costly. All the same, on the day's play Maskell would have given most of our amateurs a close run. In a previous practice game it had taken Sharpe, playing at his best, all his time to beat him.

Read Struggles Hard.

Try as Read would, things would not go quite right for him. Maskell was clearly calling the tune all through the first part of the match, although the holder in pulling up from 5—2 against him to 5—4 in the second set gave the ultimate winner some anxious moments.

Read's great effort came in the third set, which he won, Maskell during this period becoming inaccurate. In the fourth set Read again fought hard and made some wonderful recoveries, but Maskell was not at his best. Read, therefore deserves the greatest praise for pulling up from 4—1 against him to within a point of 4 all. There was one tremendous rally in the eighth game, which Read just lost and which if he had won might have made all the difference to his interests. In the next game, after a dramatic struggle in which Read several times saved the match point, Maskell served his way to a great victory.

The Queen's Club Nursery.

The winner's future career and his subsequent performances against the professionals of the Continent will be followed with keen interest. He can also be relied upon not to part with the cup without a great struggle. Maskell, however, can be challenged by any professional in the world. The title is not merely confined to English players, as many suppose. Maskell is not a great player, but has the distinct makings of one. Let us hope his instructional duties at Queen' will not prevent him devoting much time to the match-playing side of the game. It is appropriate that Heirons and Read, who have previously held the title, and now Maskell should all have learnt the game at Queen's Club, perhaps the chief nursery of professional tennis. I suppose Queen's has furnished more young professionals who were trained originally as ball-boys, to the game at large than any other institution or club in the world.

The Riviera Ban.

Reading between the lines, it looks as if the French Federation will remove the tournament ban as far as it concerns Riviera tennis at their meeting in Paris to-morrow. Although a few Riviera clubs in the past have been accused of profiteering out of players, it would be a serious thing for the majority of them if they were deprived of their Annual Tournament. I know one club, for instance, that expects to make at least £800 out of its international meeting and would be hard put-to to make both ends meet if it did not. Then, again, the tournaments in Italy are becoming increasingly attractive and far less expensive than those along the French coast. Once, therefore, the Riviera players have been forced to cross the frontier they may never return!

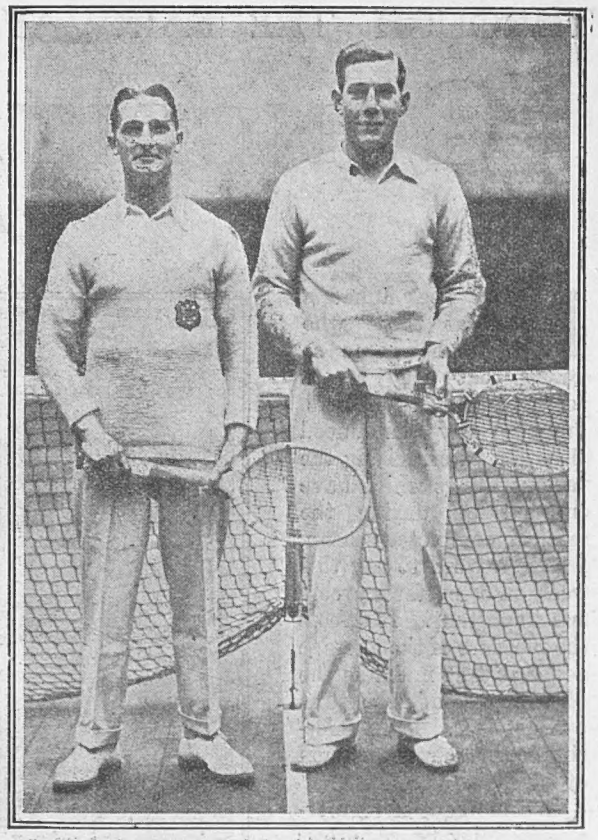
Wimbledon or Paris?

A critic expressed the opinion the other day that if the challenge round of the Davis Cup was by any chance held at Wimbledon as the French Federation hinted they would like it to be, the chances of France holding the cup would be considerably diminished. As a matter of fact, just the reverse would probably be the case, and the French would stand more chance at Wimbledon than anywhere else. Lacoste and Borotra, especially the latter, are both more deadly on the perfect grass surface of the Centre Court than on their own hard courts in Paris. This may also apply to Brugnon, while Cochet just now is equally deadly on any surface. The French players, too, do not seem quite so much at home before their own crowds; they, no doubt, have very much the same feelings as a young player does when he has to perform before his relations.

The Fate of the Davis Cup.

Apropos the French Davis Cup team an eminent authority stated the other day that he doubted whether the French would ever lose the Davis Cup; he seemed to think they would go on drawing farther away from their various rivals. His argument was that the French were the greatest athletes in Europe before their Revolution, and that they were now just recovering their hereditary skill at games.

Certainly the present French Davis Cup team are all wonderful athletes. They also possess just the right imaginative temperament for lawn tennis, which English players possibly lack. Personally, I believe that when the big four of France give up, though this will obviously not be for some time, the balance of power will pass to some other country. Italy, Germany and possibly ourselves may have a say in the destiny of the Davis Cup in the dim future, to say nothing of the young players of Australia and America. Then there is Japan, who may soon be in a position to make another serious bid; the last was in 1921, when she reached the challenge round.



C. R. Read (left) and D. Maskell (winner) of the Professional Lawn Tennis Championship Final of Great Britain, at Queen's Club.

Beamish is Right.

I see Beamish, the well-known ex-amateur, has been taken to task for saying that the average Englishman is too content to merely play his games rather than to work at them. Beamish also says that we shall never produce champions unless we do take them more seriously. I am sure he is right, and I am tired of the excuse always being brought forward when a Championship is lost that we prefer to play all games moderately and therefore cannot be bothered to specialise in any one of them. Certainly as far as tennis is concerned this excuse cannot hold good, as the majority of our leading players probably put in as much or more time at the game than the players of any other country. No, the true reason in lawn tennis is that we probably do not use our brains sufficiently while we are at it or make a real study of the finer points of the game.

Winter Practice.

Now that there is a lull in competitive tennis which began early in the year and only recently finished at Cromer, the ever increasing band of tournament enthusiasts can take a well-earned rest, and begin to put their house in order for next season. Too much tournament tennis undoubtedly tends to retard rather than help progress. In a tournament a man or woman must play to win and must cover up weaknesses. Strokes, by a ceaseless round of competitive tennis, are apt to become too mechanical and defensive. Now is the time, during the next few months, to strengthen any weaknesses, whether it be your backhand, your volleying or service, and to indulge in care-free practice games; these latter should be singles and will help to speed up your game to a surprising degree. Tactics and footwork should also be studied.

FIXTURE LIST.

November 24th, 26th, December 1st.—Covered Court Tournament (artificial light), Queen's Club.

December 10th.—Annual General Meeting of the L.T.A. at 2.30 p.m., River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

FROM THE TOUCHLINE

Richmond v. 'Quins: Palmer breaks away with the ball.

THE RUGBY COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

By Mitford Brice

EVERYBODY'S prophecy is nobody's certainty. In the course of this week I have had six "certain" tips, all non-partisan and all well-informed, for the eventual winner of the County Championship: Somerset, Yorkshire, Kent, Lancashire, Middlesex and Warwickshire; which merely proves that there is no certain tip and that this season's championship is a thoroughly open, sporting affair. Indeed, I do not think the interest in this excellent competition has ever been so keen as it is this year. Whichever teams battle their way into the final, we are assured of a fine, lusty game with plenty of healthy and, I hope, noisy partisanship on the touch-line. Inter-county rivalry has definitely become a reality and is no longer confined to a handful of the Northern counties.

It will be remembered that the present system, which was introduced in 1921, divides the country into four sections—North, Midland, South East, and South West; the four sectional winners providing the four semi-finalists. The winners of the South Eastern and South Western sections meet in one semi-final; the winners of the Northern and Midland sections in the other.

This system ensures a definite North *v.* South final, which is played in the North or South in alternate years in the particular section of the competing county. For instance, this year's final is due to be played in the South. Should Cornwall be one of the finalists, the game will probably be played at Camborne; should, however, Kent or Middlesex be the Southern representative, Twickenham is likely to be the venue.

History of Championship.

Since the championship was first launched in 1889, trial has been given to four different systems of which the existing one is generally considered to be the best. Yorkshire, a power in the land of all sport, lead with nine wins; Durham have won six times, Devon and Gloucestershire five times, Kent three times and Lancashire, Northumberland, Cornwall, Midlands, Somerset, Leicester and Cumberland once each. Since the War the figures are: Gloucestershire three times, Yorkshire twice, Cumberland, Leicester and Kent once each.

Considerable progress has already been made towards establishing the winners of the respective sections. Yorkshire, the existing champions, are playing good football in the Northern section, their latest victory over Northumberland revealing solid all-round strength. In the same section, Lancashire scored a somewhat unexpected win over Cumberland at Workington. Cumberland, who are notoriously difficult to beat in the mud in which they normally revel with such success, appeared to have the game in their pocket, but a converted try within a few minutes of no-side snatched the game out of the fire for Lancashire, and enabled them to slush their way to a wholly meritorious victory. In the Midland section, Warwickshire, who were leaders of their section last year, are still unbeaten; they are specially blessed in the all-important matter of team work, because they draw largely on the Coventry XV.

The Southern Sections.

Middlesex and Kent are joint favourites for the South Eastern section, but Middlesex, with a dazzling and somewhat polyglot array of talent at their disposal, should kick themselves hard if they fail to reach the semi-final. Dr. "Jimmy" Russell Cargill, the well-known Middlesex secretary, is efficient and hard working, although previous disappointments have mellowed his enthusiasm with a caution that in his case is both natural and national. Wise men do not count their puppies before they are weaned, and although Middlesex have some justification in hoping to figure in the final for the first time since the War, they realise that Kent have a nice young side who might conceivably spring a surprise.

Last year's finalists, Cornwall, have been beaten by Devon in the South Western section. Nor did that lying jade "form" prepare us for the defeat of Gloucestershire by Somerset, who now look as if they might be the eventual winners of their section. A Somerset *v.* Middlesex semi-final would have a peculiar interest owing to the fact that these two counties are old-established rivals; it would be a dog fight worth going many a mile to see.

Devitt's Speed.

Tom Devitt doing 18 miles an hour down the wing at Twickenham brings the crowd to its feet; but Sir Thomas Devitt, Bart., doing 45 miles an hour along the high road has incurred a fine of £2. I hope he will not be discouraged; he must remember that there are no speed traps on the touch-line at Murrayfield!

From the Touchline—*continued.*

An anxious moment: The Amateur International at Belfast.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Un-British ?

I have been asked by a correspondent whether I do not consider it "un-British, since it is unjust and unsportsmanlike," that a suspended footballer should be punished without having the right of presenting his case in person to the F.A. No man, he argues, should be condemned without being heard.

My reply is that such a procedure would seem to constitute an injustice at first sight. But there is another side of this picture which is not sufficiently appreciated by most people.

When a referee reports a player to the F.A., that body calls upon the player's club to state in writing their and his version of the incident that caused the rumpus. Although the strictest discipline is essential to the welfare of so vast an enterprise as professional Soccer, I am in a position to state that the F.A. give every possible consideration to the arguments put forward on behalf of the player.

Moreover—and I wish to stress this point—a written statement, calmly and logically drawn up by the interested club, will in the majority of cases present a more potent defence than any that the player is likely to advance in person. If the player were allowed to state his case verbally, the element of human nature would react against him rather than for him. With the possibility of suspension hanging over his head, he would probably become indignant, voluble, disjointed in his arguments, angry and possibly abusive; I venture to think that in nineteen instances out of twenty the player would weaken his case by presenting it himself.

Remember, too, that a great number of professional players are young men recruited from some agricultural or colliery district; they are not business men, callous to Board meetings, their minds trained to distinguish between the essential and the irrelevant. Imagine a young fellow of twenty-three who, three years ago, was working in the pits of Durham. He is reported for misconduct on the field. He claims the right to appear in person before the F.A. Imagine the atmosphere of the committee meeting that sits to deal with his case; picture the strangeness of his surroundings, the ever-present consciousness of the importance of the occasion, the solemn production of documents, the grave faces of the committee.

Picture the effect of all this on his mind. Surely the chances are that not nineteen out of twenty but ninety-nine men out of a hundred would become confused and fail to do their cause full justice? Can't you imagine him saying to his friends afterwards, "When I got there, I couldn't say half the things I meant to; I wish I'd had some one to speak up for me"?

To my correspondent I say this. Should he at any time find himself "up agin the law" he will be well advised to seek out a solicitor rather than conduct his own case! In football administration, the clubs are the players' solicitors. However un-British the system may appear on the surface, I am definitely of opinion that the player derives greater advantage from it than he would were he to become his own counsel.

The Decline of Captaincy.

An old International and a former captain of Notts County was bemoaning to me the other day the lack of authority exercised by the modern League team's captain. In his days a captain was a captain in deed as well as in name; he had a considerable voice in the selection of his team if he did not choose it altogether.

Nowadays the captain of a League team is rarely coached or encouraged in the duties of leadership; directors choose the team and managers dictate the tactics. Of course directors vary; some clubs are lucky in having men who know their job and do it well, while other clubs are directed by men who have no qualifications other than vanity. In the latter case, the club becomes a medium of cheap glory and the captain of the team is no different from the other players in that he is a pawn for the amusement of the directors and the adoration or execration of the crowd.

One well-known "pro" told me recently that the only duty left to a captain nowadays, and the only thing expected from him was the tossing of a coin to decide the choice of ends. He prophesied that even that simple privilege would soon be withheld; in fact, he drew a moving picture of an elegantly hatted director walking into the centre of the field, calling "heads" and winning the toss, and then returning to his seat amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

TO-MORROW'S chief Rugby matches are:—Blackheath *v.* Cambridge, which should give us an interesting line on the 'Varsity match in view of Oxford's defeat at Blackheath's hands; Yorkshire *v.* Lancashire; and Newport *v.* Gloucester.

THE M.C.C. "DOWN UNDER."

EVERYONE seems to be rummaging amongst his sporting vocabulary to find words with which to pay fitting tribute to the brave deeds of the M.C.C. team in Australia. Batting and bowling triumphs follow each other in rapid succession; England is in the ascendency, England is favourite for the Tests, English cricketers are the object of the whole-hearted admiration of all Australia. It is indeed a rotten time for the Jeremiahs.

The success of D. R. Jardine is particularly gratifying. Those who have known him from his boyhood days have always predicted that he would be an England player; he is an almost faultless bat, and I stated in these columns in September that Jardine would "make a pile of runs" in Australia. I remember almost the last words that A. P. F. Chapman said to me the day before he sailed, "They'll never get Jardine out." When I agreed with him that our batting was abnormally strong but ventured a mild fear that our bowling, apart from Tate and Larwood, was less impressive, he at once said, "If our bowling has its shortcomings, the Australian bowling is weaker still. We are going to win."

Patsy Hendren appears to have taken on a new lease of life. He chose the Champion County match at the Oval to cast aside the somewhat lethargic play that had become his habit and to show us that there is no more naturally aggressive batsman in England than himself.

At least nine of the M.C.C. team have definitely "made good"—Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Jardine, Hammond, Hendren, Leyland, Chapman, Tate and Larwood. That leaves a wicket keeper and one more bowler. Chapman will not find the choice between Ames and Duckworth an easy one. Ames is the better bat, Duckworth slightly the better wicket-keeper. The last bowler would probably be Freeman who, although he has not yet proved himself to be a real danger to the opening batsmen, has shown all his old propensity for causing havoc amongst the "rabbits."

A Sixer! Patsy is playing as well as ever.

Dr. R. H. Bettington, whose engagement to Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman's younger sister, Miss Marian Lowry, has just been announced, has been selected to play for the Australian XI *v.* the M.C.C. in the match which starts to-day at Sydney, which is Bettington's home town. His ability as a slow spin bowler may conceivably gain him a place in the Australian XI at a time when the Australian selectors are at their wits end to find a bowler who is likely to subdue the apparently unsquashable English batsmen. As a bat he can be equally formidable, his centuries against the West Indies and Kent at the end of last season being marked by rare power and certainty.

It is significant, too, that in the innings against Kent he made most of his runs at the expense of Freeman whose bowling holds no terrors for him.